Michel Gay

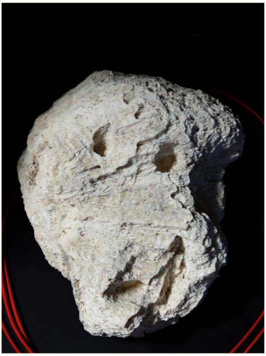
Rien:
que des débris

Vertiges
JEAN YVES COLLETTE ÉDITEUR

LORSQUE LES MOTS n'apparaissent pas là où on devrait normalement les retrouver, quand ils ne parviennent plus à remonter à la surface au moment voulu et que l'on voit bien, de plus en plus en tout cas, que la signification de si nombreux d'entre eux s'embrouille, risquant de complètement s'effacer, alors, au moins et heureusement, il arrive que des formes, des couleurs ou des images captées çà et là – parfois même de seules ombres – réussissent encore à créer du sens ou ce qui s'en rapproche.

Voici, photographiés, des objets aperçus, trouvés, façonnés, détournés ou de simples bouts de papier et de carton découpés, colorés, fixés, puis rassemblés et ordonnés pour que se recompose un brin de mémoire, pour essayer de capter un peu de réalité et imaginer, pourquoi pas, une parcelle d'avenir ou d'éternité. Et puis, tandis qu'on y est, tenter d'échapper au désastre à peu près complet laissé derrière – précisément : derrière soi – après avoir (*croyant* avoir ?) aimé, vraiment beaucoup aimé. Sans doute maladroitement. Aimer ? Vraiment ? Vraiment avoir aimé ? De toute évidence, *en réalité, oui* : pour rien.

I



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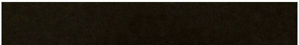

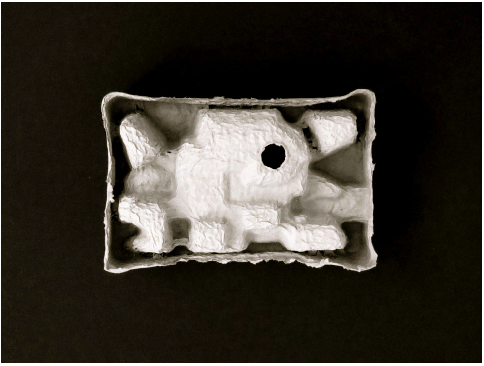

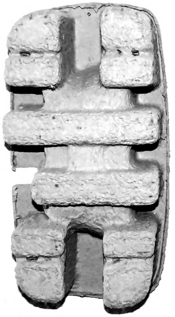

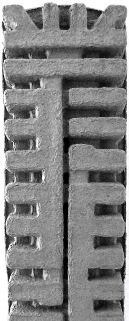

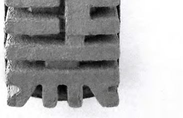

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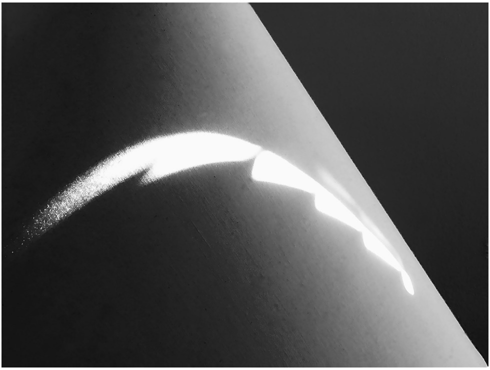

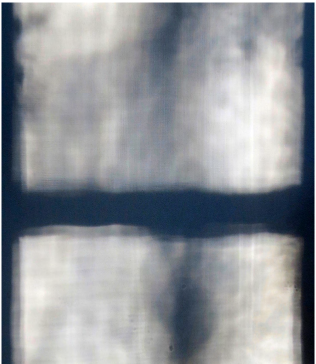

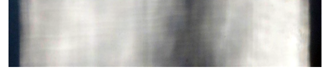

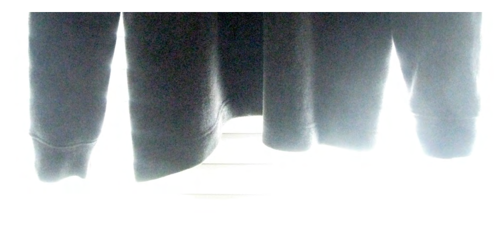

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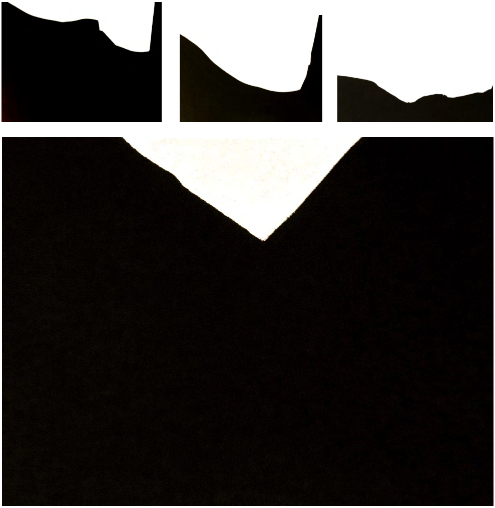

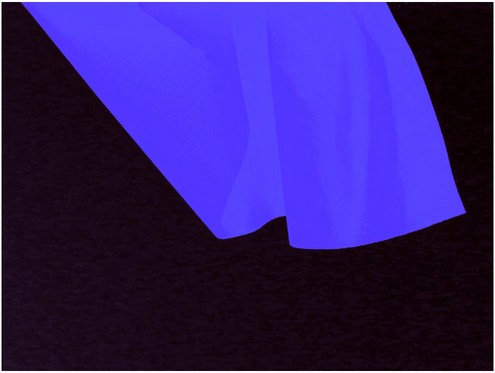

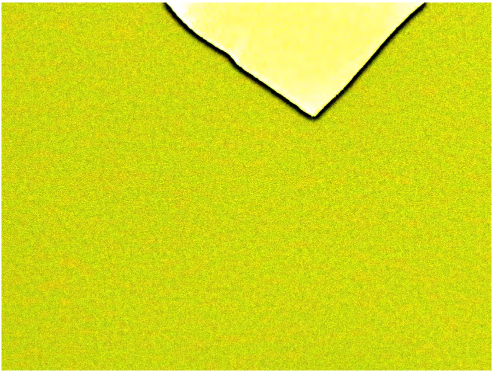

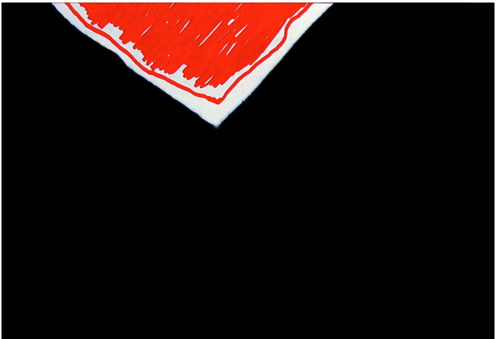

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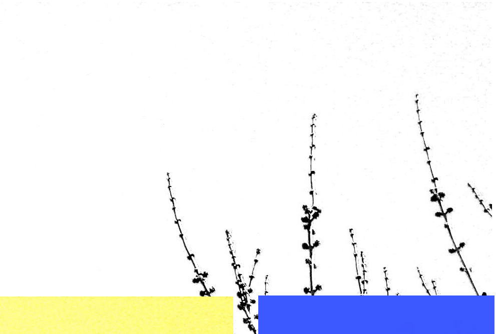

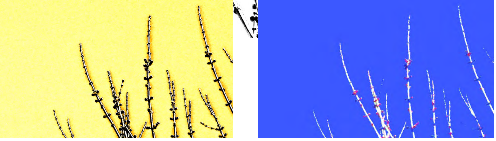

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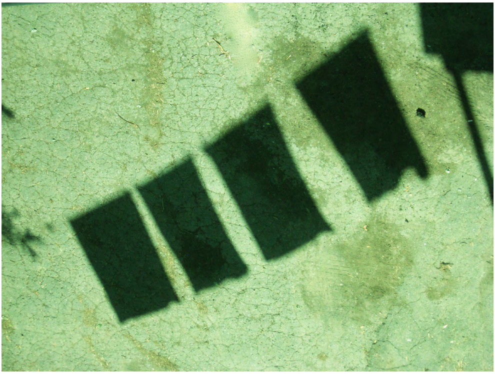

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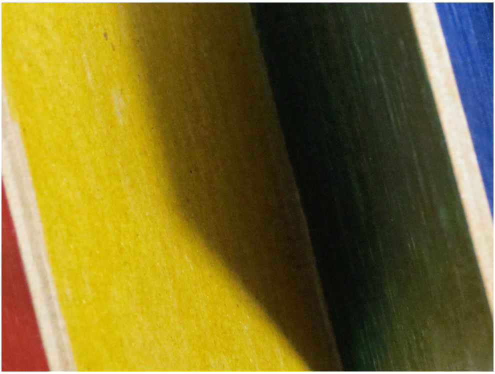

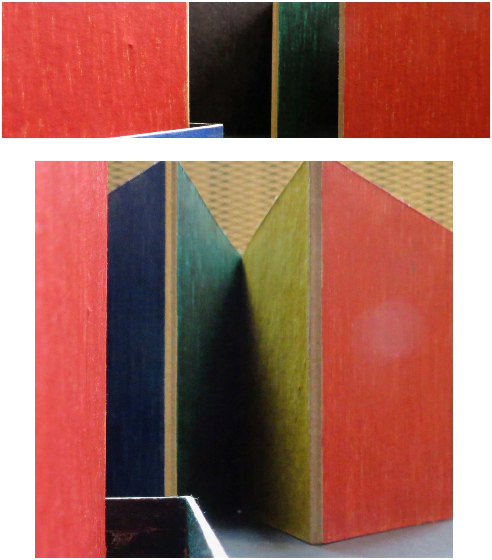

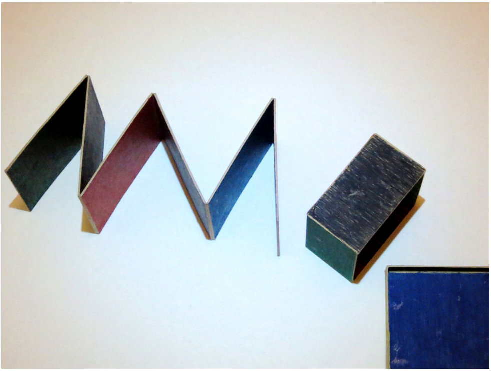

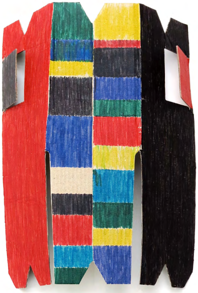

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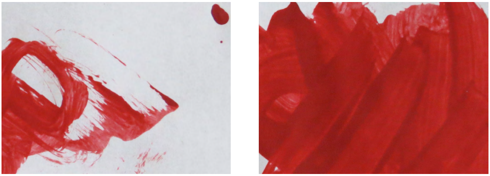

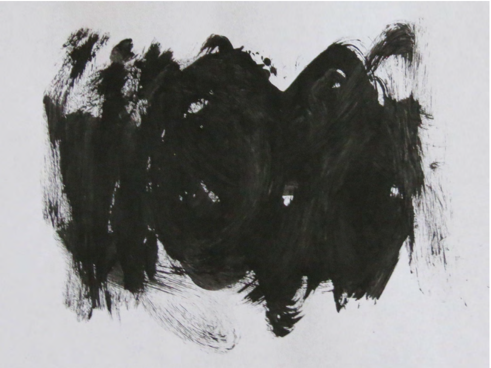

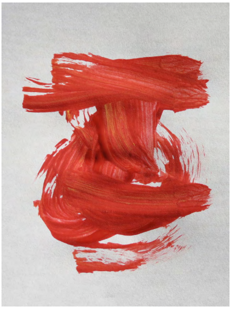

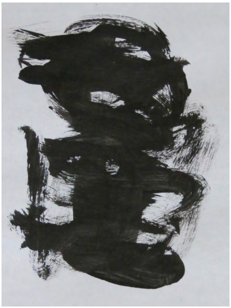

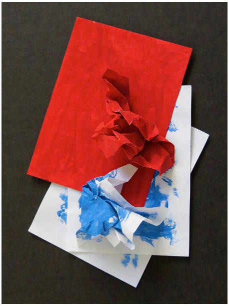
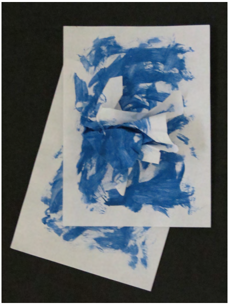
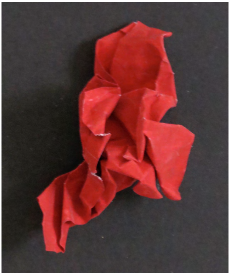
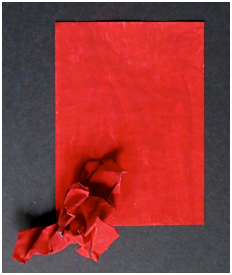

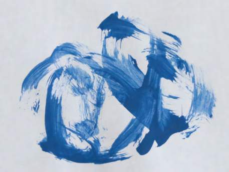

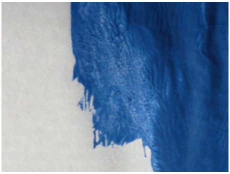

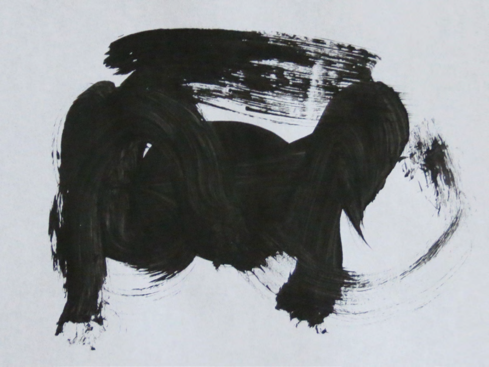

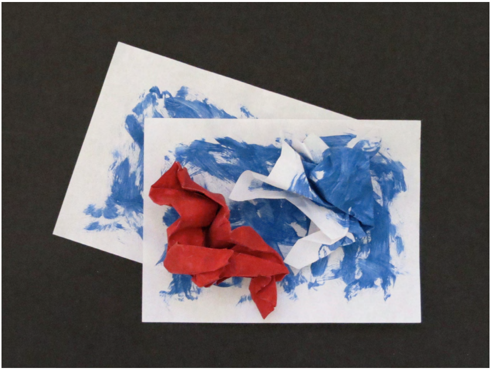

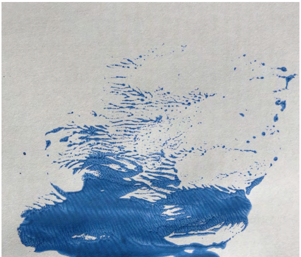

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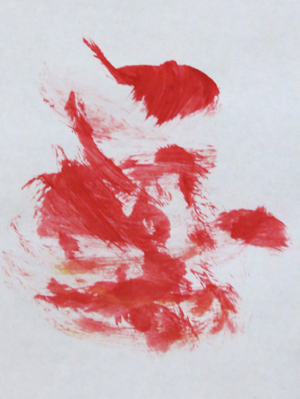

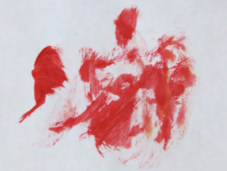

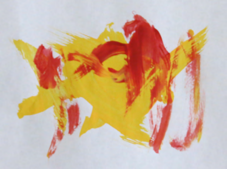

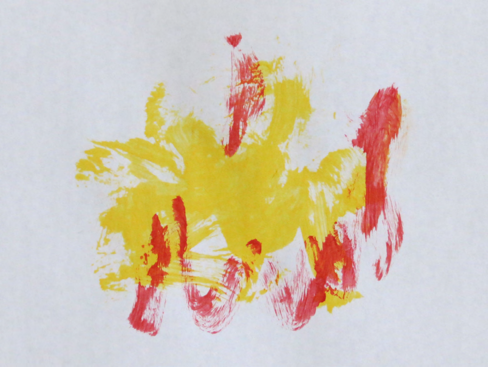

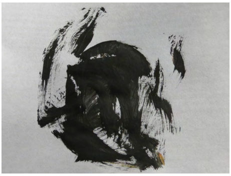

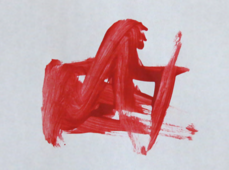

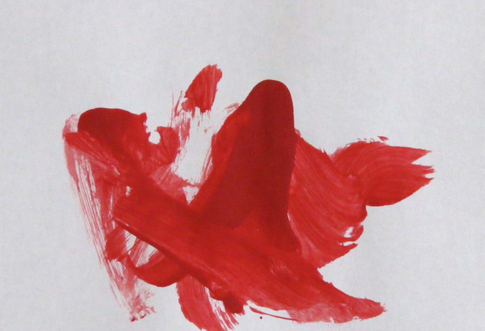

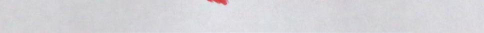

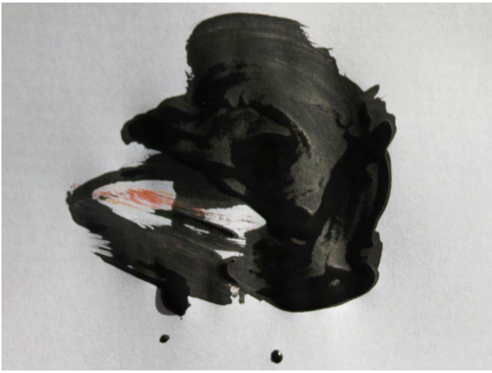

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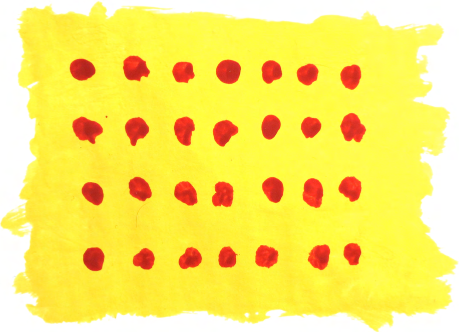

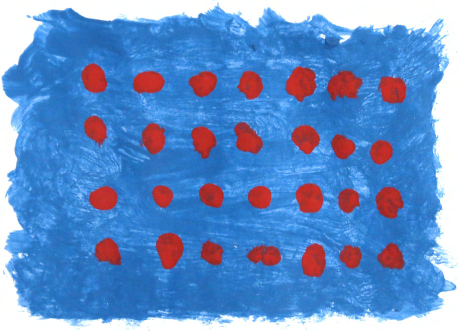

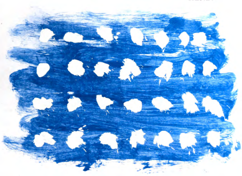

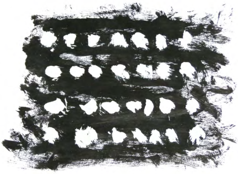

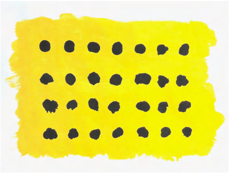

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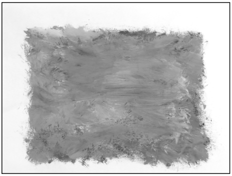

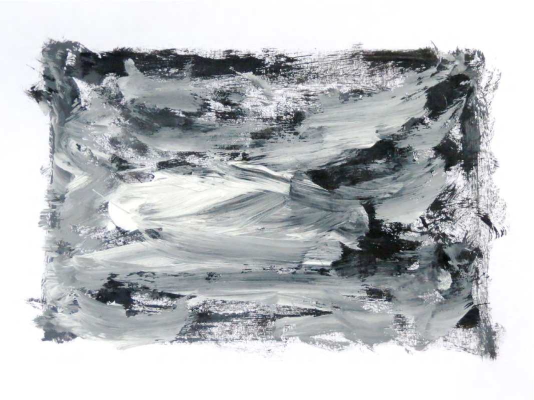

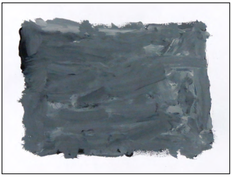

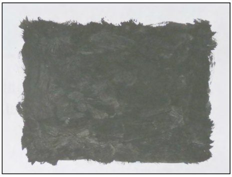

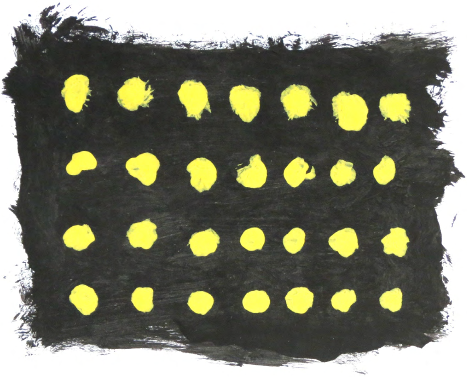

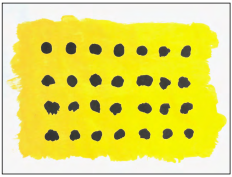

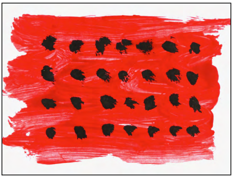

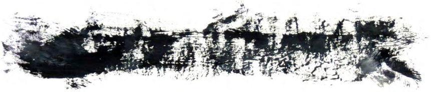

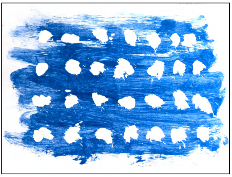

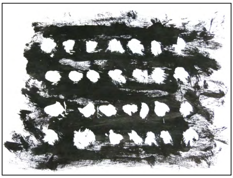

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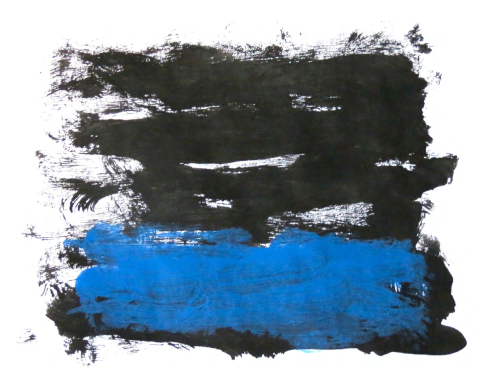

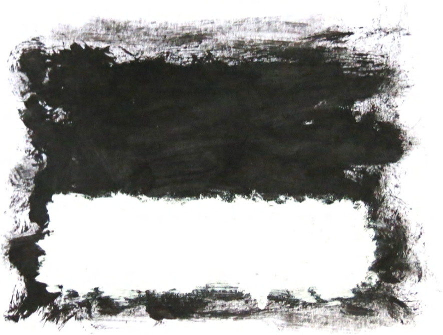

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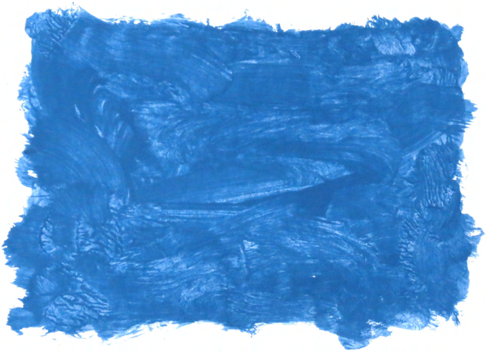

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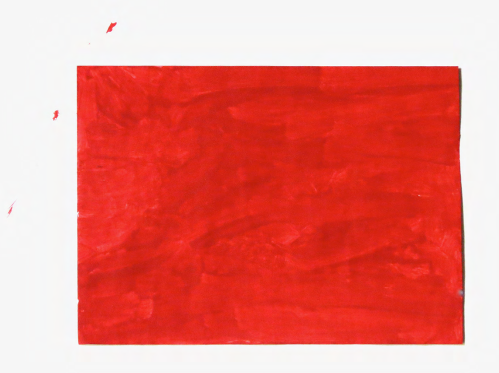

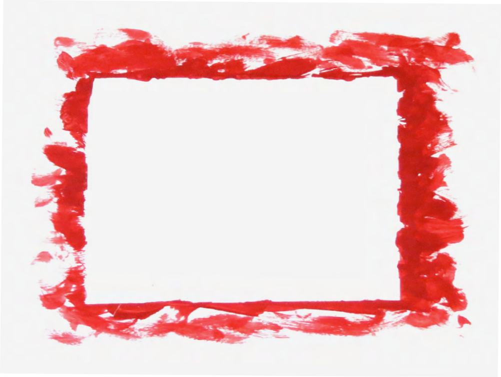

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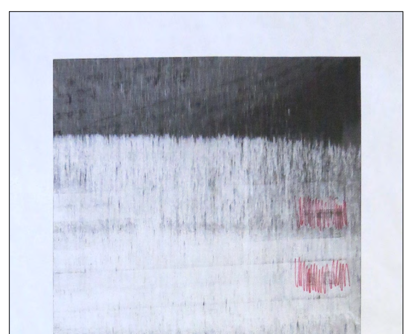

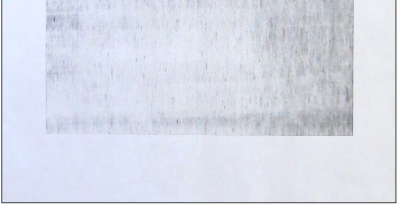

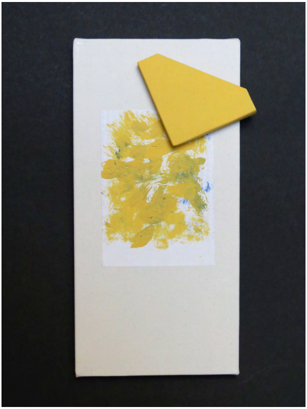

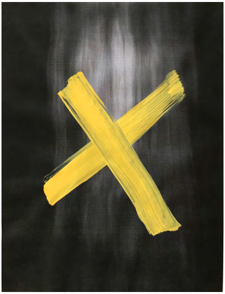

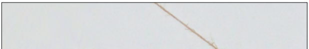

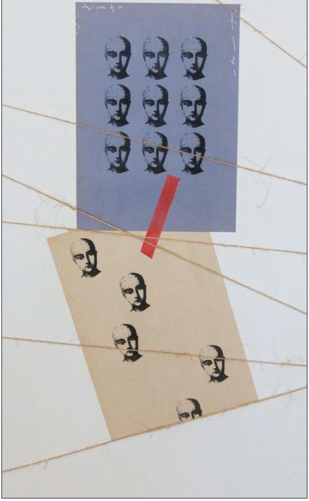

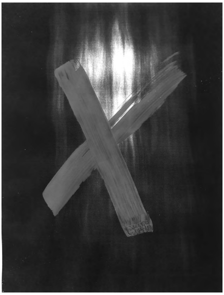

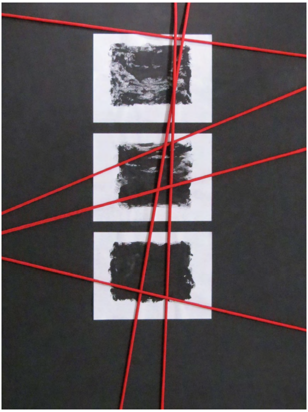

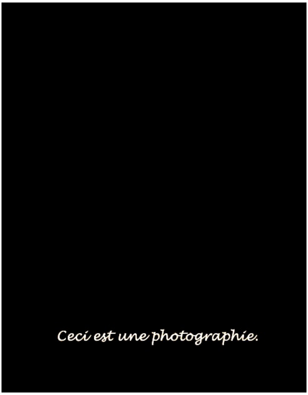
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Rien : que des débris
de Michel Gay.

Tous les éléments regroupés dans cet ouvrage
ont été trouvés, créés, assemblés ou choisis par l’auteur
qui les a photographiés.

En couverture : *Autoportrait sans lunettes.*

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