

**Alexander García Düttmann**

**TELL ME I AM NOT MAD**

**Elizabeth Presa**

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Tell me I am not mad she does not want a dumb child I mean a child to whom she has not given birth herself that's why she listens to the voices of the unborn they are all waiting for her every gesture she makes in response brings her closer to them her endurance and her suffering wrought into their glittering crown she does not know whether she will be able to keep them and let them grow whether a force stronger than herself will not ravage her womb the unborn come a long and exhausting way when she recovers her strength their faces appear craggy and furrowed as if they had to bear the mark of mourning a skin made of crumpled paper and creased cloth it takes a lot of labour to deliver but she cannot relate to the world otherwise she would be out of her senses if the pressing demand of the unborn no longer addressed itself to her such insane and excruciating loneliness to wander about surrounded by indifferent children who have transformed themselves into little creatures of intolerable and sad dumbness their eyes wide open devoid of the expression she would have imparted to them if she had slept next to their tiny bodies and imagined their shapes on sheets patiently mended if she had turned and tumbled them around folding and kneading them in one of her generating machines her mouth for example engenders a whole population of small wet wrinkled balls it has taught me to recognize her boldness the disgust provoked by the complacency of insensitiveness inspires her determination not to relinquish her motherly madness to a mad world bereft of her offspring she knows that it is not enough to give him the name of the one who will build an ark and save the species the waterworks projected onto a screen which sheds tears because she has impregnated it with salt she draws a line when you make him look cute before taking his picture she tears apart dismantles wrecks the so-called natural organism she exploits manipulates mutilates the merely given in order to produce repair restore what the stupidity of nature could not bring into existence she uses wax saliva needles cotton thread urine stored in empty scent bottles nothing gets lost in the city dressed with flags she sets out to obtain material for my sculpture an archive and

a shrine in the third year of my consumption the offering downloaded from the net and bundled up after chewing on the printed pieces lovingly she collects what cries out for her terrible attention even my cum which I spread into the void ignoring whether he is heavy with my child or reveling in a false pregnancy to make me believe it is a fact the names of the seducers begin with the same letter a hook wounded her while walking along the beach one night hence she needs to bear him a child his letter infinitely reproduced and rolled up until it makes him decipher the newly born handwriting unfamiliar and inescapable it covers the world envelops him and reaches back to the antipodes her desperate wish to become the last artist I mean the first one not to touch things tell me I am not mad shut up I will stuff the text in your mouth *all that dress and encumbrance of words* you think that his is a painting of a group of Castilian noblewomen I have no idea of what you are referring to I must remove the cobwebs and create the dress myself nobody will catch me knitting for babies you think that this is what I call love I have no idea of what you are referring to I must invent the letter myself in my little nests breeding in the middle of a bamboo forest with the birds banging against the milky windows and the deadly beat of their wings deafening my ears you think that this is what I call a fault I have no idea of what you are referring to I must show you what a fault is by performing an act of penance according to rules I have established myself forget about it if I cannot look over the roofs of Singapore and hear them taking Chinese opera lessons in other words the artist displays a madness entrenched in each and every one of us we are unable to leave things untouched we must give birth to them or else they drive us mad as if they could not exist in any other way being is being perceived but she proves what perception must amount to *ô merveilleux Berkeley, l'irrécusable* namely fabrication share my madness she says tell me I am not mad