1996

TV Men: Artaud

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.4582

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Anne Carson

FROM THE UNFINISHED SEQUENCE TV MEN

TV MEN: ARTAUD

Artaud is mad.
He stayed close to the madness. Watching it breathe or not breathe.  
*There is a close-up of me driven to despair.*

His face is mad.
It was something of fire on which his soul wrote. All this mental glass.  
*Me beating my head against a wall.*

His body is mad.
Some days he felt uterine. Mind screwed into him by a thrust of sky.  
*I run among the ruins.*

His mind is mad.
There was (he decided) no mind. The body (hell) just as you see it.  
*Go throw myself from the tower, gesticulating, falling.*

His hospital is mad.
He noted in electric shock a splash state. What holes, and made of what?  
*Falling to the beach.*

His Mexico is mad.
There was not a shadow he did not count. No opium, no heads on the days.  
*You see my body crumpled on the sand.*

His God is mad.
He felt God pulling him out through his own cunt. Claque. Claque-dents.  
*It moves convulsively a few times.*
His double is mad.
The drawback of being mad was that he could not both be so and say so. *Beautiful jerks.*

His word is mad.
He had to become an enigma to himself. To prevent his own theft of him. *You see my battered face.*

His excrement is mad.
He envied bones their purity. Hated to die *rectified* (as he said) by pain. *Then I fall back.*

His spring snow is mad.
They found him at dawn. Seated at the foot of his bed. Holding his shoe. *And shy away.*