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# TV Men: Artaud

Anne Carson

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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.*