

NATASCHA STELLMACH – I DON'T HAVE A GUN | WALL TEXT 2013

cont...

And so I ask strangers.

I ask the gentle Doctor who says it's always the clever ones who deny seeing the flames (the longest) and yet I fail to convince myself that I am either clever or in denial so then I visit the rowdy Buddhist and she advises to hold my gaze at the wound while it burns, and the 6-year old in the park drags me over to come play and when I fall off the merry-go-round she picks me up singing, "get on again you sook, you can, can" and then I meet the fisherwoman who never seems to leave the shore, perhaps because she needs to be near water when the hell-fires really kick in. She reveals that the flames do wonders and she's not here to catch fish, she's simply acting it out – the exquisite move of throwing out and reeling in – because it reminds her that she is part of something grand. She insists that I am also doing something rather special and continues to reel in silence. Still, I'm none the wiser.

In bed I tussle into the night with a scary one-armed apparition, obsessively battering and frying body parts, and so I ask the Oracle whether I am possibly losing it and actually cut out for the art highway and the Oracle scolds me for asking it absurd questions and spells out YES STUPID and it's then when I detect that there are indeed embers that have made their way from the hills and into my valley.

As if that isn't enough drama for a crippled flower in a rock n roll blouse, it's rather obvious that my room is now on fire and the paradox is that I can neither move nor see.

What's worse is I don't have a guide-dog or a child to rescue or an ageing parent to care for. I can't work the phone to SOS my friends and my lover is far away (is he still my lover?) and I don't have a house to keep or a mortgage to service or a social security office (yet) or a boss or a team or a meeting or a lecture or a student or a thesis or an exhibition or a distraction or a plan or a drug.

Or a Gun.