




THESE INSTALLATIONS

10 OF

POWER



ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
POWER

ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
POWER

LISA TITUS

MEMORIES
OF
A
WOMAN

LISA TITUS

The door clangs shut and you're glad to be alone again. Morning light pours in through a window far above your head. You're sitting on the floor surrounded by high, white walls, soft and slightly sticky to the touch on the feet. You've looked at these walls so many times, you've memorized every crease and stain. Wrists throbbing, you gently rub them, and remember old sensations.

If you don't want me to talk, you tell me. If you don't want me to walk, you shut the door. If you don't want me to move, you bind me.

You can touch the body but you can't touch me. You can't bind my mind. You can't control all my thoughts. You tell me I'm wrong, I'm thinking too much, but you can't make me stop feeling the way I do.

The light from the window has dimmed. You can't raise your head, with you were dead. No place to hide. No place to escape. Even your thoughts, all your memories, are being pulled into another memory and the night.

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The door clangs shut and you're glad to be alone again. Morning light pours in through a window far above your head. You're sitting on the floor surrounded by high, white walls, soft and slightly sticky to the touch in the heat. You've looked at these walls so many times, you've memorized every crease and stain. Wrists throbbing, you gently rub them, and remember old sensations:

If you don't want me to talk, you gag me. If you don't want me to walk, you shut the door. If you don't want me to move, you bind me.

You can touch the body but you can't touch me. You can't bind my mind. You can't shut off my thoughts. You tell me I'm wrong, I'm the sick one, but you can't make me stop feeling the way I do.

The light from the window has dimmed into evening. You raise your head, wish you were dead. There's nowhere to hide. No place to escape. Even your mind drifts, as you loll into another memory and the night.

The door creaks shut and you're glad to be alone again.
Morning light pours in through a window far above your
head. You're sitting on the floor surrounded by high, white
walls, soft and slightly sticky to the touch in the heat. You've
looked at these walls so many times you've memorized every
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You can touch the body, but you can't touch me. You
can't bind my mind. You can't shut off my thoughts.
You tell me I'm wrong, I'm the sick one, but you can't
make me stop feeling the way I do.

The light from the window has dimmed into evening. You
raise your head, wish you were dead. There's nowhere to
hide. No place to escape. Even your mind drifts as you fall
into another memory and the night.

A large hand reaches for my neck. I crawl deep inside myself.
Nobody can hurt me here. Nobody can touch the body, but you
can't reach me.

I'm in the water, surrounded by people, but they're all
floating in their shadows. They're all looking at me. It's quiet and
safe.

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I'm in the water, surrounded by people, but they're all
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safe.

A large hand covers my mouth. I crawl deep inside myself. Nobody can hurt me there. You touch the body, but you can't touch me.

I'm in the woods - alone. I feel the trees surrounding me, embracing me with their mass. I hide in their shadows. Only the trees know my secret and they'll hide me. It's quiet and I'm safe.

I'm making love and I'm suddenly overcome with fear. Something forbidden and buried is coming to the surface and it's overwhelming me. I can't remember anything, and the rawness of the fear won't go away - can't be explained away.

I'm floating in water, -- tranquil. I am being touched everywhere at once. It's soft and gentle -- comforting. I'm alone but surrounded. I feel loved.

If I think about it, I become overwhelmed. If I talk about it, they'll deny it and that will hurt more. I stay quiet because it hurts too much. I stay silent with my pain.

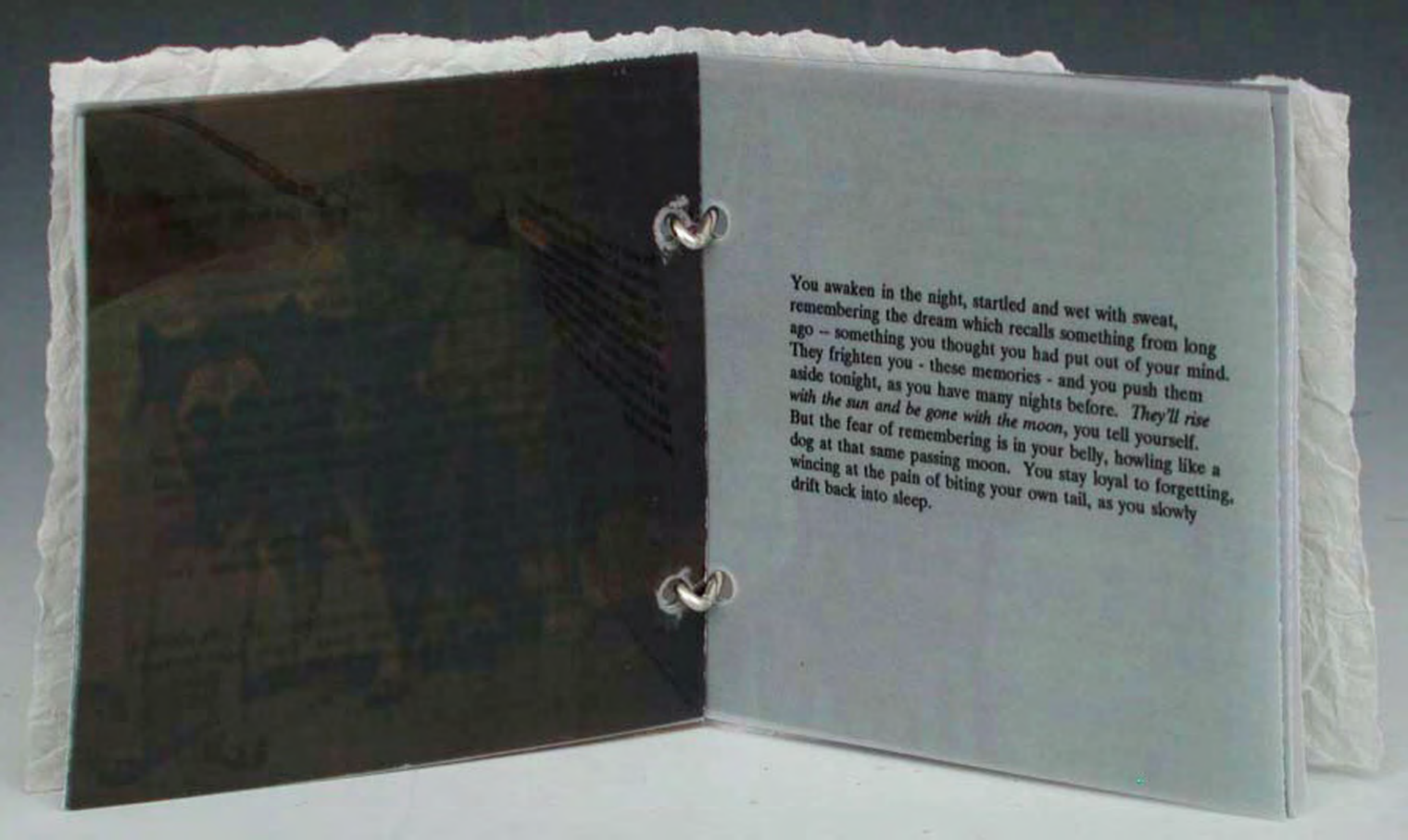
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it hurts too much. I stay silent with my pain.



You awaken in the night, startled and wet with sweat,
remembering the dream which recalls something from long
ago -- something you thought you had put out of your mind.
They frighten you - these memories - and you push them
aside tonight, as you have many nights before. *They'll rise
with the sun and be gone with the moon*, you tell yourself.
But the fear of remembering is in your belly, howling like a
dog at that same passing moon. You stay loyal to forgetting,
wincing at the pain of biting your own tail, as you slowly
drift back into sleep.

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I will not be afraid of the night, the night
 when you are gone, the night when you are
 gone and I am alone, the night when you
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It's dark as you rock back and forth on a surface which shifts slowly in the water. You can't see the edges but you sense them. The air is hot, thick, clinging to your skin and water laps over your feet. You can't stand straight.

THUD. You bump your back on a ceiling that drops and disappears at will and you can't make out who lifts and drops it. The water laps over your feet again and brings with it the smell of gas and oil. All you can hear is the grinding of machines -- levers, gears, wheels -- steady and rhythmic, churning underneath your feet and the quiet, gentle lapping of the water at the edge of your raft.

THUD. You can't stand up and you think your back is going to break for all the hunching over.

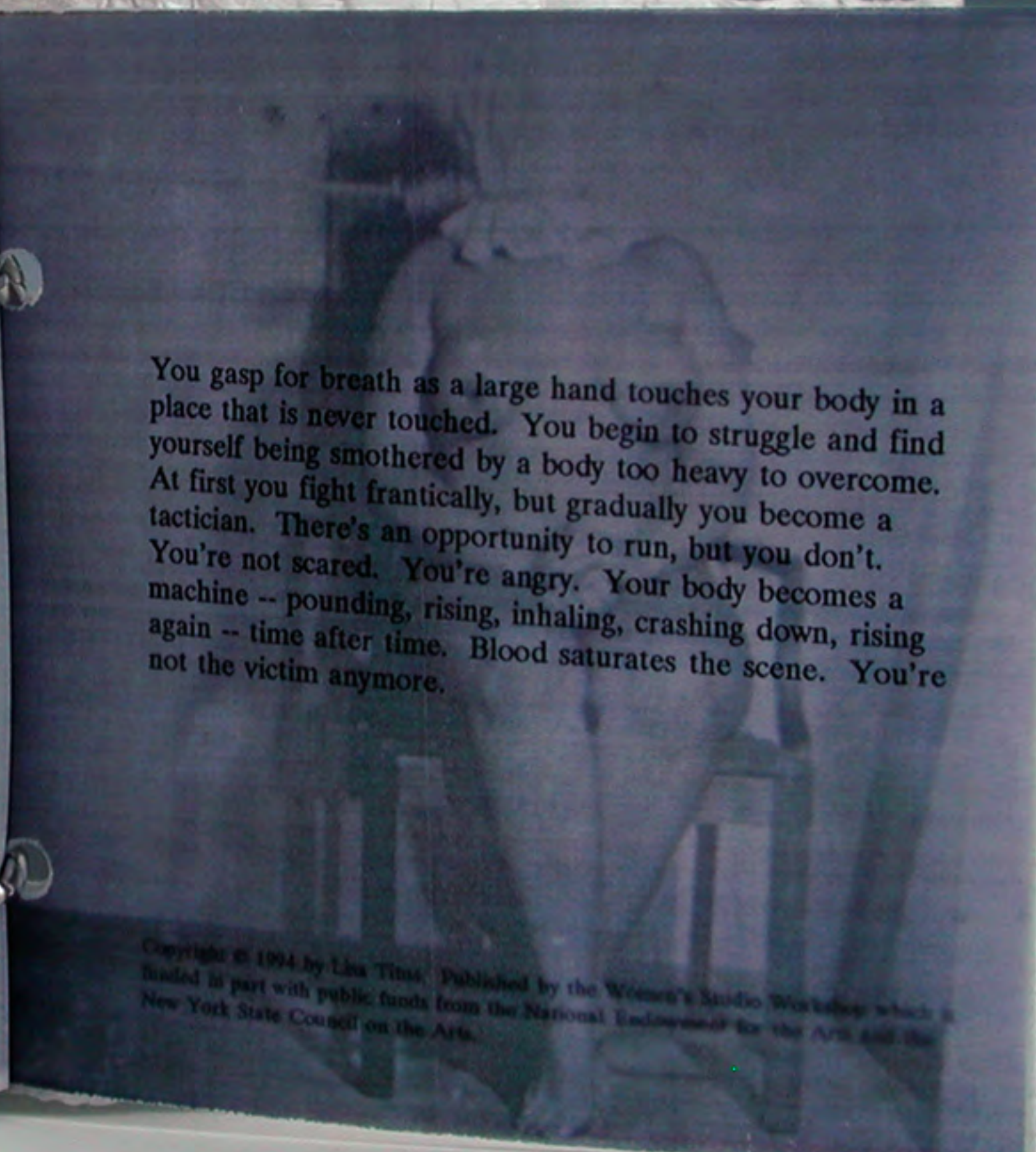
THUD. Something in the corner shines in your eyes from out of the darkness, but you don't bother to turn anymore. You know it's out of reach, -- beyond the edges of the board on which you so precariously balance. Water laps over your feet.

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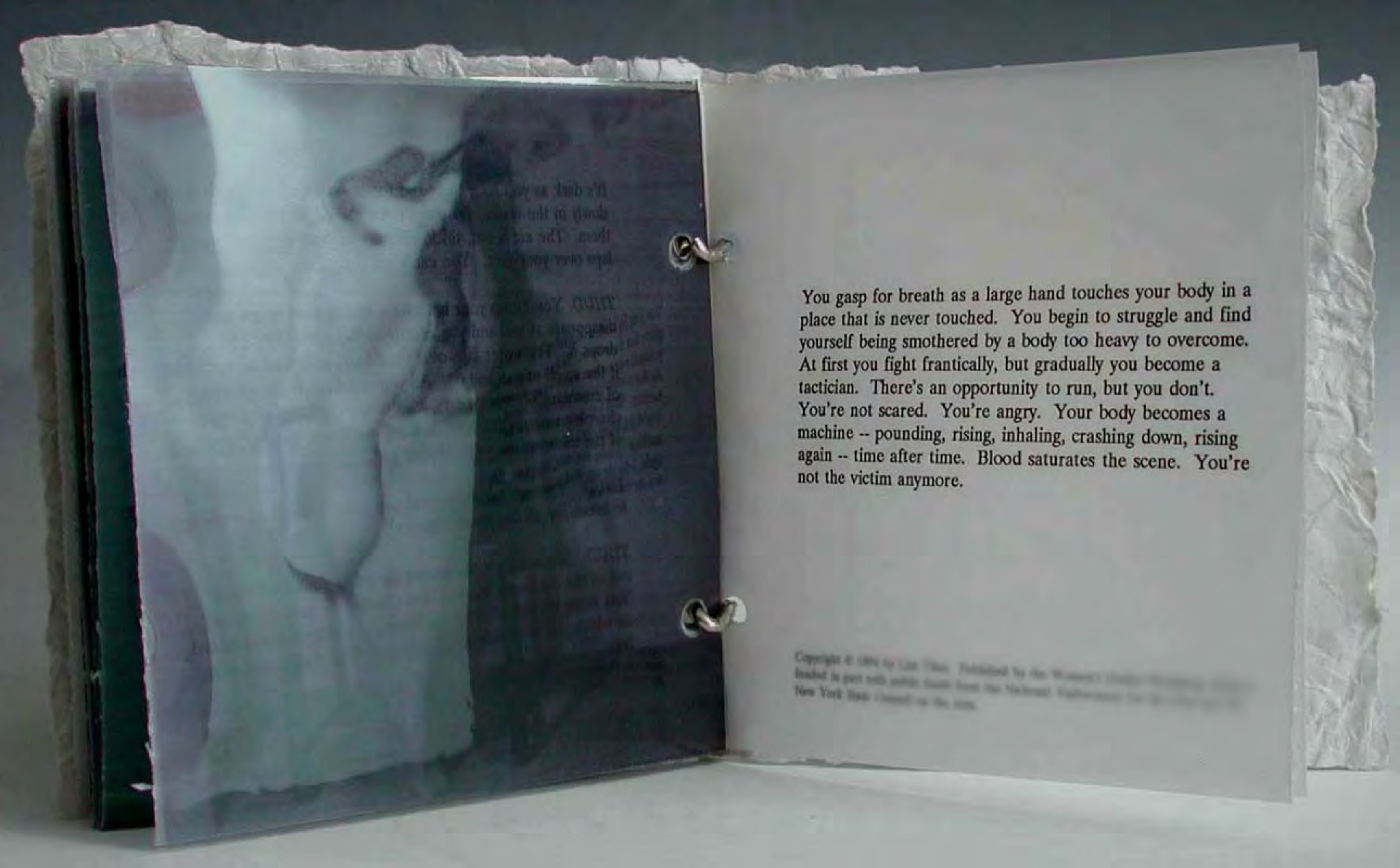
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You gasp for breath as a large hand touches your body in a place that is never touched. You begin to struggle and find yourself being smothered by a body too heavy to overcome. At first you fight frantically, but gradually you become a tactician. There's an opportunity to run, but you don't. You're not scared. You're angry. Your body becomes a machine -- pounding, rising, inhaling, crashing down, rising again -- time after time. Blood saturates the scene. You're not the victim anymore.

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