

Michal Heiman

### **Lamentation: Do You Remember Orlando, Mother?**

Why, mother, didn't you allow me to develop a "negative hallucination?" Why did you dismiss the theory of representation? Didn't you understand? That there was a screen, introverted, on which images appear? Didn't that pediatrician, that you liked, and I couldn't stand, Dr. Rudich, tell you that only with your help I could think, actually be? You died, mother, and left me with a "hole in the screen" representation.

And I ask mother, why didn't you tell me? I would have understood, together with you, that you were there and yet, you were not, and that even before I was born, you already died. Like Orlando, who was engaged while lying down, "I'm dead," she responded to the one on the horse.



You know mother, like all witches, all mad women. Not one-word... mother...? I am reminded of you in our home in Tel Aviv, in the 60s, a half-lying woman, while I read psychoanalytic writing on the subject of testimony—on soul-crushing events. Reading for us mothers and daughters, the children. Day and night. I will respond to them. One day. Do survivors of trauma have no reflective language? No and no, they have an articulate language of silence, ambiguity, body aching, testimonies come and go, inconsistent, floating, and disappearing; is there anything more precise than this? More shared than this? How many years will it take them to build the dictionary, the index, of the faithful representation of the fracture of the world? A new index/order. We will determine it, slowly. No longer submissive outside and inside the treatment room, nor will we surrender unconditionally to courthouses, and we will not stop writing testimonies ourselves. Who has the monopoly over the representation of symbolic order? Have you left us the representation of the unthinkable, of the unanswerable? Have you left us the art and the writing, the theater and the dance, where we will compress all the hallucinations? And will we cherish the negative ones in the treatment rooms, blurred worlds, autistic, without knowing...?

A dyad of not knowing.

See how, in a few sentences, Virginia illuminates the moment of appearance, the bursting forth, of the birth of the "Dead Mother" (Virginia, who has chosen not to be...). Orlando died and is engaged.

Do you remember Orlando, Mother? "One, two, three, four, she counted; then she heard a stumble; then, as it came nearer and nearer, she could hear the crack of a twig and the suck of the wet bog in its hooves. The horse was almost on her. She sat upright. Towering dark against the yellow-slashed sky of dawn, with the plovers rising and falling about him, she saw a man on horseback. He started. The horse stopped.

**"Madam,' the man cried, leaping to the ground, 'you're hurt!'**

**'I'm dead, sir!' she replied.**

**A few minutes later, they became engaged"**

Are you awake, mother?