

Feliza Bursztyn: Welding Madness

Marta Dziwarska

“I, too, overflow; my desires have invented new desires, my body knows unheard-of songs. Time and again I, too, have felt so full of luminous torrents that I could burst – burst with forms much more beautiful than those which are put up in frames and sold for a fortune. And I, too, said nothing, showed nothing; I didn’t open my mouth, I didn’t repaint my half of the world. I was ashamed. I was afraid, and I swallowed my shame and my fear. I said to myself: You are mad! What’s the meaning of these waves, these floods, these outbursts? Where is the ebullient infinite woman who ... hasn’t been ashamed of her strength? Who, surprised and horrified by the fantastic tumult of her drives (for she was made to believe that a well-adjusted normal woman has a ... divine composure), hasn’t accused herself of being a monster? Who, feeling a funny desire stirring inside her (to sing, to write, to dare to speak, in short, to bring out something new), hasn’t thought that she was sick? Well, her shameful sickness is that she resists death, that she makes trouble.”

Hélène Cixous, “The Laugh of the Medusa”, 1976¹

1. Feliza Bursztyn welding in her studio in Bogotá, c. 1979
Courtesy of the Archive of Pablo Leyva. Photo: Rafael Moure

2. Pile of scrap metal in Feliza Bursztyn's studio in Bogotá, c. 1978
Courtesy of the Archive of Pablo Leyva. Photo: Pablo Leyva

