

## **The dead mother**

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Abstract: The death of the mother is a very sad event. Moreover, the death of the mother is a tremendous event for people in childhood, adolescence. When this death occurs due to murder, by the father, and also the presence of the child in the place, the level of horror increases and increases. It is not easy to approach the presentation of these issues. When they are treated from the point of view of artistic creation, the artist faces the challenge of capturing, making visible, an existential emotional experience. The artist has to enter his own confessions or those of others, he enters the painful field of confessional art.

Keywords: dead mother, children without a mother, children of a dead mother, children of a murdered mother, confessional art.

A year ago I wrote the article *The bad mother*, based on the opinions of 3 women artists -Louise Bourgeois, Tracey Emin, Marina Abramovic- about motherhood and doubts about being a bad mother in relation to the excessive dedication that artistic creation requires . and that in an artist mother it generates conflict of love. At that time it was a topic of interest.

A year later I write under the title *The dead mother*. For the III Gender, Museums, Art and Education Congress, this is the theme that comes to mind. The last year was a fast, dramatic year at all levels, personal, economic, political, climatic, technological. Of great changes also for the expression, situation, creation and artistic exhibition. As an artist, I have made situational decisions that put me to full use of my training as an artist. As an artist I see transversally through the different layers of the disciplines, and I want to use that way of seeing to create from there, that would be my professional contribution. This last year was also a total revelation about the situation of women in the world. What I say in this text is written from these two points. I will move away from the contained writing and let myself be carried away by the expression.

When I remembered the text *A Bad Mother*, I was aware that today, March 2016, it would even be a romantic theme. If life is in danger, how to worry if you are wrong.

I have worked in recent months on a project that has reached a production dimension that I did not even imagine. As a result of an artistic workshop at the Museum of Fine Arts in A Coruña, we brought together 5 women to create from emotions and feelings and delve into confessional art (a style of artistic composition imbued with the deepest feelings of its creator). And we enter directly into confessional art, of which Louise Bourgeois is considered the mother. As well as Tracey Emin, the current most prominent representative of this art. Coincidentally, or not so much, two of the central artists of the text *La mala madre*, together with Marina Abramovic.

The result of the aforementioned workshop is the project: Yellow Cell Color Carne Interior. 5 cases of confession art. Coincidence or not, we are 5 women working for 3 months.

Among many confessional questions arose:

What do you think would be the saddest thing that could happen to you? What would be unbearable suffering for you?

We agree on the answer: Let a son die.

I agree, for me it would be the greatest suffering. A bigger thought would be if a child commits suicide. One of the most despondent women I have known with a sad flesh color was a mother whose daughter committed suicide without a history and therefore without consolation when faced with the question Why?

I thought about the loss of my son, and I also thought about the death of a mother for a son. We all have a mother. There is no one who does not focus on theirs, and this approach includes phrases like My mother has abandoned me. I have no mother. My mother died. In my life, these phrases are not so far away when I heard them from my mother, whose mother died when she was 3 years old: I didn't have a mother, she died when I was little.

History is full of motherless children, mothers who lose children. They are usually tragic stories. Stories told as determinants in a biography.

I, who learned a lot from Edvard Munch, immediately visualized the painting The Dead Mother (1899-1900). In the winter of 2008 I lived in Oslo for a month, everything was covered with snow and there were few daylight hours, I visited the Munch Museum almost every day and cried with the intensity of the feeling. At the time, the National Gallery in Oslo had a themed exhibition on Munch's painting The Sick Girl. My level of emotional learning was very high.

munch says:

With the Sick Girl I opened new paths, it was a break in my work. Most of my later work owes its existence to this painting.

In my art I tried to explain life and its meaning to myself, I tried to help others to understand their own life.

Del Grito: I was there, shaking with fear. And I felt a strong and endless scream tearing through nature.

Undoubtedly, Munch's best-known work is The Scream, but as he himself recognized, The Sick Girl was a turning point in his artistic career. Sophie was Munch's favorite sister and she died of tuberculosis at the age of 15 in 1877. Munch's mother also died of tuberculosis when he was 5 years old.

We are born for the fullness of a life path: prenatal period, early childhood, preschool, school age, adolescence, youth, maturity, adulthood, old age. We are born to die but at each stage death is different. The sick girl is alive, we are hopeful that she will recover because we do not want to assume that she is going to die. A great suffering is in that breath of life that expands in time and brings hope, the mother's suffering is unbearable. The girl will die but will remain alive in the vital memory of the mother, who will be able to say moment by moment: If my daughter had been alive she would have been... years old. This is my daughter's room just as she left it. The girl is still alive and even growing. The face of the fullness of life never dies definitively, it remains in the future.

Edward Munch. the dead mother 1899-1900

In this case the mother is not sick, she is dead. She seems physically finite, already in bed with her face and body disfigured by death. The mother dies for the son and is left behind. The boy is left alone forever and must follow him. Mom is an absence, not a presence.

The daughter and the mother die indoors, from an illness, in a bed, accompanied by the family. The relationship between the image of the girl in Munch's painting and that of the adult in the Scream perfectly explains the evolution of anxiety in the life process from child to adult. The child covers his ears and does not scream, it is when he is an adult aware of what happened, of the accumulated experience, when he screams to get out. The crying, perhaps mute, of the child becomes the sonorous cry of the adult already affected by the trauma. The mental pathologies derived from the event of the death of the mother are many and studied.

Where I go? All prewriting is an emotional introduction to the central intention of the text.

In situations of poverty, crisis, war, conflict, greed, lack of scruples, dehumanization... the most affected are always children and women, and the elderly.

With images taken from the internet I can generate the greatest of horrors in your head. War situations, fight, destruction. Mothers with injured children running to save themselves, save the child. Mothers who give up their son so that he can go ahead and be saved. Mothers with dead children in their arms, torn by pain with fresh blood. Dead children, dead children are very impressive, those who die violently with their bodies torn apart. Children approaching his dead mother trying to wake her up. Poor children who are left without a mother, the mother is dead and they have to carry on, and they are outside, and it rains and it is cold or sweltering hot, and there is no solution.

Possible titles of the works: Color of Suffering Dead Flesh. Color of murdered dead meat.

Physical, emotional, sexual violence against mothers in front of their children. And that brutal image is frozen in the minds of the children. The images are harsh but the witnesses are terrible, the

narrations. See the narrator's face. The son continues to grow and continues the vital process, the search for healing from the trauma.

Sexual violence against women, daughters. Girls, a little bigger, a little bigger, until the flesh is no longer fresh blood. Why do many men rape a woman to death?

Mothers love their children. Raped women who become pregnant and have their child and love and care for it. I remember a movie that impressed me a lot. The story of a girl who had been raped and had a son, and she didn't want him, and the girl's brother told her, you have to love him, he's your son. I don't think the value of a mother can be matched by anything.

And all this happens outside, on the street, in outer space, in infinity, in the spread of the epidemic and in the aftermath. In anger, in chaos. Away, and I'm safe. Until one day it happens to you, to me. And if one day you are traveling in an unsafe place and they catch you, they take you away, they rape you.

Dying outside is terrible, and dying inside, at home, violently? Men who kill women who are their partners. Men who cruelly abuse women over time and eventually kill them. Children, children who see how their father mistreats their mother. Children who see how their father kills their mother in front of them, with blows that break the mother. My mother died when I was x years old, my father killed her, I was in front. It was horrible for me, I still dream about it at night. He also killed my sister, I hid under the table. This traumatic event will bombard the son's emotional life to pieces forever. How can dad do that to his son? How can a human being overcome that? I guess with a lot of therapy.

What psychological pathology will be established to define the cases of adults who saw their mother murdered in an extremely violent way.

To say something: The surviving children of the femicide that occurred in place X at the beginning of the 21st century.

The characteristics of the current human habitat favor the appearance of the so-called integrated psychopaths. And so a merciless being: The psychopath in the mistreatment of women. In the book *Face to face with the psychopath*. Vicente Garrido Genoves. Editorial Ariel. Barcelona 2012 (1st edition 2004). A woman tells her story of 16 years of horror because her children ask her to. In the story, the abusive man is referred to as: Mr. Short and Prematurely Bald. In the narration, she names him: Mr. A terrible story of abuse.

Love is presented as an antidote for almost all the ills of the soul. Darwin already pointed out the thought of: What is the role of love in human evolution? I can only think of exploring that way.

Gerardo Hunter. *The evolution of love*. Editorial Platform, Barcelona, 2015.