

# analyst;

1. (psychoanalyst);  
*a person who conducts analysis;*

To ask questions.

To look through the eye of the needle;  
*to sew or pierce with or as if with a needle.*

**Does the one who asks the questions pose the harm?**

*The mother is a key figure in psychoanalytic theory. You can apply her here. Apply her in both theory and practice.*

*There is no such thing as too many questions for the good mother...*

*Ask her things in a fashion that is quicker than she can answer.*

Are you ready to become a mother?

When will you be a mother?

What kind of a mother are you?

*And if you are not yet a mother, you'll change your mind and want children. They all do.*

Who are you as a woman?

What happens to the individual when they can't cope with the response of the child?

How is a mother good enough?

Are you good enough?

What defines good enough?

What are you lacking?

What language are you most likely to speak in?

How many tongues does the mother have?

*The original mother inhabits a position beyond time. Your mother must mother you and you must mother your mother. The mothering is endless.*

What is your current attachment style?

How many ears can the mother grow?

How can I reconstruct the mother to represent darkness?

How long is the longest gestational period you are capable of?

How far can we extend the pregnancy?

How any orifices can you birth from?

How long is a piece of string?

Why is the sky blue?

Mummy, do you love me?

Mummy, do you love her?

Mummy, do you love your analyst?

Mummy, what is love?



# analysand;

2. (mother);  
*a person undergoing psychoanalysis;*

To respond without responding.

To be the primordial mother / to be the fly;  
*confusion; disorder; upheaval; tumult; chaos.*

**Can an insect ever keep still?**

I am the fly. My eyes are made of a million stars — glittering jewels that cast me in a wisdom that I do not feel. I am hovering and buzzing and forever lost. I am continually searching, but cannot find the correct questions. I multiplied and was left with an appendage that needed my support. It happened swiftly, within a night. I am still drawn to warmer weather and other conversations. My mind is captured elsewhere. Your hand constantly slips from mine. I do not have the energy to grasp you. My body is regularly manifested in the dreams of others. They see me as abrasive and brazen. In truth, I am full of fear and uncertainty. I am fragile, beyond your wildest imagination. I am flying, five feet tall, but am marked as pest by most. I will always feel smaller than. Am I still a woman? Am I still a single entity? Have I every been singular? Women are multifarious by nature, but I cannot fit into the prescribed channels before me. I cannot make room for you aside me. I am searching for a straight route, but am coming up with curves. I do not fit within a standard trajectory.

*A dream of a fly or flies generally represents a minor problem or obstacle that you must face. It means that you are being annoyed and irritated by friends or others and that you are perhaps contemplating a foolish action as a result. ... Flies in dreams can also represent feelings of guilt or a plan that has broken down\*<sup>(1)</sup>. Where is my mother? How am I expected to mother when I need to be mothered myself? Who is looking after me? Flies need dark places to crawl into at night. We are lonely creatures. I am in need of comfort too.*

I suffer from melancholia. I guess you could cast me as hysterical, or absent. That's what they would have said. Is absentia just a silenced form of hysterics? *I couldn't find the sound in my throat to express my duress.* She told me that years ago, with small children held on her hip, she wondered if she should have remained single? *She said, My life could have been so much easier.\*<sup>(2)</sup>* For some sufferers of melancholia, creative practice can bring foresight, direction and resolution. Her daughter and my daughter will make in order to decipher. They are bound within this maternal making energy. Artists generally understand one another. Mental health was not as well understood when I began my lifecycle as a fly. The place of the mother was often relegated to make room for the man and the child. She wasn't always up to stepping back. She still isn't. Insects are often invisible to us. I am trying to fly within the dark corners of the room, so as not to catch their attention, but am drawn back to the light. The warmth overtakes me and fear has no space momentarily. I want to fly in the freedom of this feeling forever. A hand comes out of nowhere. I am struck down by responsibility. **I did not sign up for this.** As a fly, I have never been offered a contractual agreement. I never had the chance to state my own terms.

*With their efficient structures and rules, insects embody associations with energy, control, death and transformation; they inhabit our space, although they are often invisible to us. Insects enter our psychological borders, confronting our sensibilities with their metamorphoses. An insect's development occurs in a very short time, bursting or physically fragmenting, splitting and separating to become another form of the familiar and unfamiliar\*<sup>(3)</sup>. The self is splitting. Like the spectres that create my glittering eyes, I am carved up into a hundred pieces at once. I am shards of mirror, reflecting light and possibility. But I am close to breaking and my edges remain sharp towards my offerings. She cried and I felt numb. She called and I felt absent. My mind was sparkling in the indirect sun and I was cast with possibilities that extended away from my reality. I was in Surrealist splendour when I closed my eyes.*



# artist;

(child);  
*a person who habitually practises a specified activity;*

To attempt to make sense of it all.

**Mummy, do you love me?**

*I remember her wrapping me in a blanket. I see my reflection in her mirrored eyes. A thousand tiny spectres of me reflect from her. She emanates images of my body. I came from her very being. I am sparkling and sonorous, but she cannot hear my cries; cannot see my reflection clearly. I am too young to wrap myself up in making, just yet. So I will wait, ready to build mirrors of my own creation.*

...

*I think I may be a woman now.*

There is a remoteness when my maternal senses drop out, but I regain myself quickly. I am always distracted by thoughts of making. I make in order to open up questions of who I am now and who I am becoming. I am both woman and child simultaneously. I need to make in order to figure out if I am moving in the right direction. I need to make in order to wrap you up in poetic perfection (and to realise that nothing is perfect — here enlies your brilliance). What happens to the individual woman when she cannot cope with the response of the child? To require solitude to make and to make in order to draw us closer—the creative life is one of great paradox. I need to find out how to seek silence without silencing you. Can I make enough and still give you my attention and love?

...

Can we allow a woman to be a mother still?

Can we allow a mother to be a woman still?

Can we still a woman to be a mother?

Can we still a mother to be a woman?

What can we allow?

The mother figure can be extended and deconstructed and reconstructed in any form you wish it to take. We have never been conventional, so why would we chose a conventional life together? We are all children still. I am bound and anchored and set free by my many multiplicities. How easy, yet boring, life must be for those who are not drawn to questions. As a society we come back to questions of what is good enough. My ovaries are up for public consumption and conversation. *Service all others, but never be too much. Just be enough.* Through making I will extend my openings. The mother in me extends and welcomes and falls down and is uncertain of her future. Do we all have a little mother within us, regardless of whether we have had children? I am both maternal and self-focused.





How does the mother gain control?

How do you discipline?

How do you provide proper nourishment for your offspring?

How do you decipher the difference between learning difficulty and just plain difficulty?

How do you decipher the difference between loneliness and solitude?

How do you sew your hair into the moon?

How do you define the difference between giving and receiving?

How do you ready the body for modes of decay?

How do you keep the worry at bay?

How do you settle into acts of deep listening?

How do you quiet your inner callings?

How do you catalogue a wish for your child?

How do you catalogue (and archive) your growing disappointments?

How do you make in order to decipher?

How does the maternal function within your language?

How can a snake mate with the sky?

Are you still a woman?

Were you ever a woman?

How do you practice patience?

How much pleasure can we allow you as a mother?

How much pleasure can we allow you as a woman?

Are you capable of raising a child?

How do you know when you are ready?

How many grains of sand have stuck to your thighs?

How do you know if you have made the right decision?

***A mother's work is never done.***

I couldn't rest in the resolute structure of my current reality. Things were too prescribed, yet no instructions were left for me. I couldn't continue to bask in the sun. When will her crying stop? Love is a question of perspective. *To find and lose the mother.*

The common housefly is untouchable and isolated, like the forgotten mother. A metaphor that carries on. Disappear, or be it all — an impossibility. There is still so much pressure on the women that have come after me. I am a domestic presence, outside of the maternal, yet ever-familiar. I express sonic offerings when I fly, but they are always interpreted as threat. There is no room for the mother's choral sounds if they do not succumb to the prescribed patriarchal rhythm. I could never keep my voice in line with the other singers. My body is strangely contaminated and has changed shape without my consent. I am marked as expired. I will come back unannounced, and be forever removed when needed for fertilization. *The use of insects in the research supports and undermines the mother who inhabits the space of alterity and corrupt boundaries, representing excess and the madness of repetition.\** (4) Insects embody energy. An insect can be likened to *a contemptible or unimportant person.\**(5) I was trying so very hard to be *good*. The shards of my eyes will inspire her future collages. She'll use her hands and become immersed in the making process. *She will be alright*. Collage will form as both tool and tool kit. She will one day see herself reflected in my many eyes.

I have had four life cycles. I have developed through metamorphosis. I can reproduce with ease, yet my lifespan is typically short. I am of and not of this world, simultaneously. I am straddling the plains of motherhood and womanhood and excess and lack and am coming up with questions and fissures. *My eyes are still sparkling*. I am every-woman and no-woman at all. I cannot remember where my edges begin and end. I am hungry for self-recognition. I look up and see a million moons reflected in my eyes. I am forever in need of food. Striving to consume, never finding enough. I move through life as metabolic fiction. I am always searching for more. It is important for the mother to have interests outside of the realm of the family. I can lay between 75-100 eggs in a batch, but the outside world has not recognized my brilliance. I moved through three larval stages to arrive here. I didn't have the words to explain my experiences, so was cast as ineffectual. I'll always preference damp conditions. I will always sit on the edges of the familiar. I will never stay still for long. The child still seeks stability.

***The fly as a machine.  
A fantastic unit that works so perfectly in its function to contaminate or clean.\**** (6)

(1) Sleepculture contributors, "Flies Dream Interpretation and Meaning", Sleepculture, <<https://sleepculture.com/-flies-dream-interpretation-meaning/>>

(2) Personal conversation with the writer and her mother, 2021.

(3) Simone Kennedy, "Reimagining the mother: The horror and pleasure of reconstructing the 'self' in response to an absent mother," (PhD thesis, South Australian School of Art , 2015), 50.

(4) Ibid., 102.

(5) Dictionary contributors, "Insect", Dictionary, <<https://www.dictionary.com/browse/insect>>

(6) Conversation with the artist, 2021.

I was in the soft fabric of my great-grandmother's body. I was within her tidal offerings. I have been floating in sea-water far before I was birthed. The female lineage of egg-carriers fall in a single line. When you think about giving birth, you must also think about dying. It is this duality that makes us the bravest species. It is through the construction of language that one builds a sense of the world. I teach the child to speak and try to define the new roles I am within. Does everyone feel a sense of lack?

My current attachment style sees me pushing away from others. I need to remember that sometimes experiences are better when undertaken together. We, as women, talk about our comfort alone in the dark, and about our loneliness. Comfort can be found within the folds of other like-minded women. Understanding is to be found within the minds of other artists. We share modes of both detachment and obsession. My thoughts are dominated by the next work, always. Could birth be my greatest artistic creation? I would have a living entity to fuel the production of the work into infinity — *a reason to procreate.*

Should the artist become a mother?

...

***Mummy, do you love me?***

**This text was written by Josephine Mead in 2021 on Boon Wurrung, Wurundjeri woi-wurrung and Gunggandji Country, in response to Simone Kennedy's project, *Pilgrimage to Imago (Journey to a Primordial Mother/Self/Fly)*.**

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