

REDdress Mummy

Works on canvas that feature mummies

'Why do the English have the same word for a swaddled corpse and cuddly maternity?' AS Byatt

In every culture there are taboos about motherhood. Constraints that contain and hold motherhood in ideality, and make her less human. Recent discovery of tatoos on the dessicated skin of mummies, and their close examination has brought new knowledge of possibilities of how they lived in life, there is something so mortal, despite the immortality attained by ancient mummies, that at once deifies and reifies them. The respect they have attained in death, probably did not reflect how they were treated in life.

Cocooned, dessicated, their skin like parchment, preserved mummies have had the life sucked out of them, anachronistically adding red dresses brings them to life, honouring them, yet questioning the way at once we idolize and denigrate real life mothers.

work list with texts:

1. *Mummy dearest*, 150x50x4cm, Mummy she cried, ewhy aren't you up? She was silent. Embalmed in hin perfection. She was just a husk.

The ideality of muotherhood. The judgement. The pain. Almost like the horror of being iembalmed forever.....

2. *Parchment*, 110x80x4cm, bitumen layers on canvas with oil wash

Illuminating tesxts your skin, mother tells all and nothing.

Seemingly submissive she is curled foetus style, as if she accepts her fate only with irony, as the death of mother, and a cocooned eternity in myth. We look for clues try to read her history, some may be marked on her parchment skin, which is shockingly shrivelled, preserved like dried fruit. Prochronistically we project our own illuminations on to her.

