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**THE GOOD, THE BAD
AND THE UNSPOKEN:**

**CASAUNDR
BEARD**

Complex Layers of
MoTherhood

The Good, the Bad, and the Unspoken:



Casaundra Beard

Springfield Art Museum
Springfield, MO
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This body of work is dedicated to my husband Alexander, thank you for being my biggest cheerleader and for your unconditional love and support. Also, to our children, Coraline and Owen, you two give me the courage and strength for everything I do. I love you three more than words can describe.

I also want to dedicate this to my parents, but especially my mother. I hope we can continue to make up for lost time and that you truly know how much I love you. I hope you are proud of the mother I have become.

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THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UNSPOKEN:

COMPLEX LAYERS OF MOTHERHOOD

Art and Design Department

Missouri State University, May 2021

Master of Fine Arts

Casaundra Beard

ABSTRACT

This body of work represents my frustrations about domestic life, by communicating the raw, unfiltered side of how sometimes my anxiety and motherhood coincide. By addressing the harsh stigmas society has towards both anxiety and motherhood, I hope to normalize the reality rather than continue the cycle of these idealized notions of what motherhood is supposed to be. Each piece represents a small seemingly insignificant moment from my average day, but it is when they start to accumulate together that results in an anxiety attack. The titles of each piece are the positive mantras I repeat endlessly to convince myself that I am doing a good job raising my children. Motherhood is anything but easy, and because of that “Good Moms” come in all forms. That is why I have created a platform to discuss; The Good, The Bad and The Unspoken.

KEYWORDS: motherhood, anxiety, childhood, home, family, domesticity, feminism, sculpture, installation, mixed media

**THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UNSPOKEN: COMPLEX LAYERS
OF MOTHERHOOD**

By

Casaundra Beard

A Master’s Thesis
Submitted to the Graduate College
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For the Degree of Master of Fine Arts in Visual Studies

May 2021

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Toy Box Crash, 2021, digital capture. Dimensions vary.

I have a place for every item in my home, I need it to be organized and clutter free. I thrive when my living spaces are simple, and I have a well thought out daily routine, I need to feel in control of my life. Collapsed in the middle of my living room floor, it feels as if I'm living out a scene from a movie where a bomb just exploded. Everything is fuzzy, all I can hear is the sound of my heart racing. A slight ringing starts to overpower my senses as it's getting louder in my head until I'm thrown back into reality.

My kids screaming as they run around causing the dogs to bark as they play alongside them. There's the crash of another toy basket being strung out across the house. I hear yet another email notification on my phone, constantly reminding me that work is piling up and waiting for me tonight once the kids are in bed. I feel like an addict whose itching for a fix because I haven't been to my studio to release my anxiety and pour it into creating. "Can I have another snack?" "Can we watch TV, can we go outside, I'm bored!" I can't count how many times I have heard these phrases today. My house is a disaster, I feel behind on work, not to mention my own homework for class I need to get done, and the overwhelming guilt I feel about being stressed out by my own children is becoming too much to handle until finally, I break. The ringing in my head stops but I realize I'm screaming at my children. I stop and walk away as I try to compose myself, what just happened is the question all three of us are trying to answer. I realize it happened again, another anxiety attack. The floodgate of tears starts flowing down my face as my soul sinks to the floor. What kind of mother am I? Who lets this stress them out that much? I cling to my daughter and wipe her tears and mine away. "I love you; I'm sorry, mommy shouldn't have yelled like that. Deep breath in like you're drinking through a straw and blow it out with a big breath." I do my best to explain that mommies make mistakes too and I will do better.



Structure Without Structure, 2019, plaster. 45”x 40”x 45”.

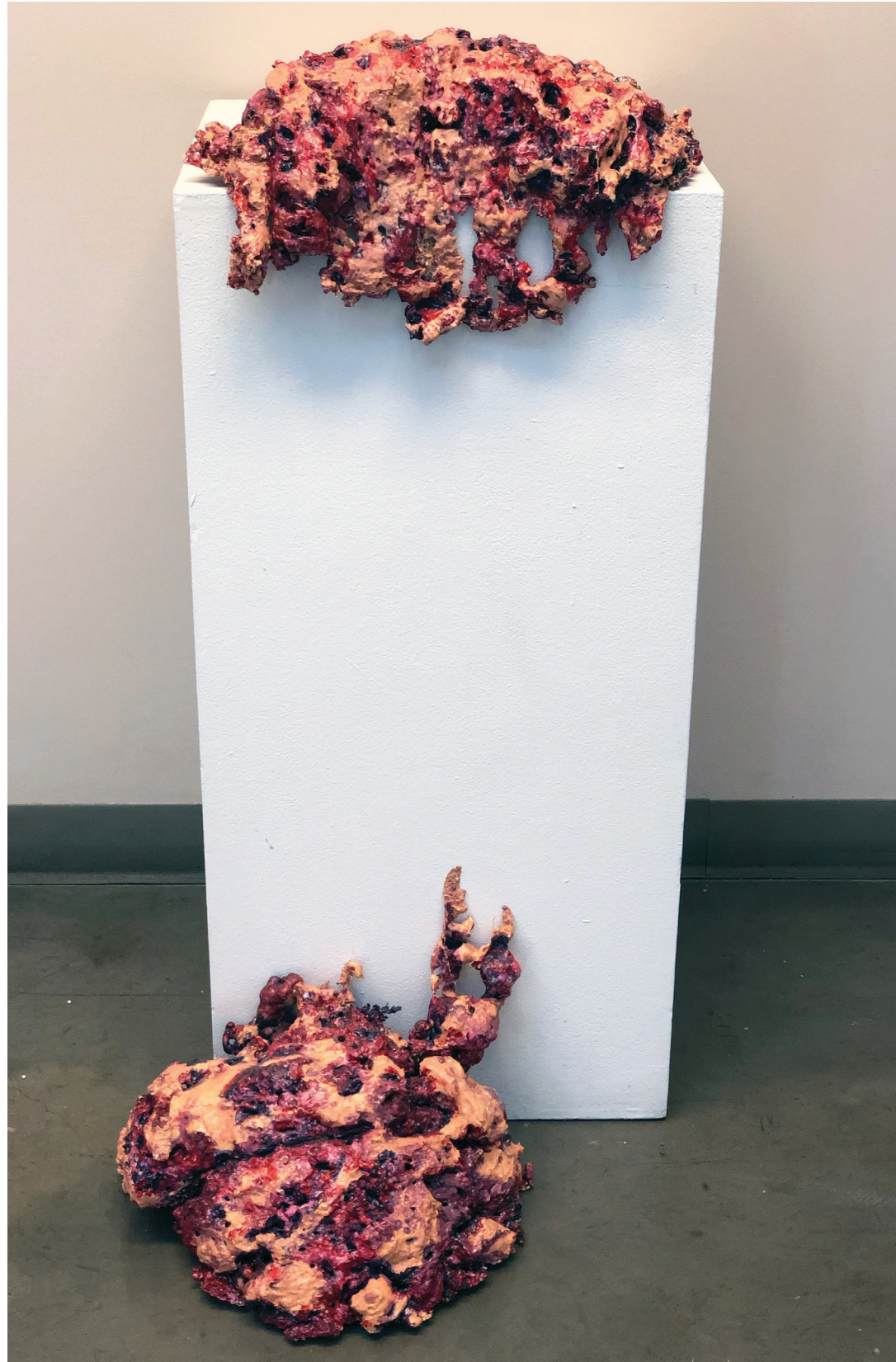
My artistic practice has always been autobiographical, helping me to make sense of my life. This body of work speaks about my unfiltered and authentic experience with anxiety and how it sometimes coincides with motherhood. By addressing the harsh stigmas society has towards mothers I hope to normalize the reality, rather than continuing the cycle of these idealized notions of what motherhood is supposed to be. “One-size-fits all” mentality does not work when it comes to raising children. I want to speak about the unspoken side of motherhood and help to normalize that, “*Good moms*” come in all forms.

My parents had me at a young age. I knew my mother suffered from mental health issues. Growing up, there was so much that was out of my control. Now, I hold a tight grip on all aspects of my life that I can control. This body of work visually expresses the life cycle of an anxiety attack. One stressful moment on its own doesn’t break me down. It is several single, seemingly insignificant moments together, piling on top of one another that leads to my breaking point. Motherhood is messy and exhausting; unlike anything else, it is a job that is never ending. Each piece could stand alone in understanding my struggle, but all together you really start to grasp how moments start to manifest together resulting in an attack. The titles of each piece are the positive mantras I repeat endlessly to convince myself that I am doing a good job raising my children. Because motherhood is the only job where you don’t clock out, it can become overwhelming at times. However, I believe it is a conversation that needs to be had.

My sketchbook has always been more of a diary, with a few strung-out rushed sketches thrown in between entries. Through my entries I came to the realization that I have dealt with anxiety most of my life. Now, my artistic practice provides me with an outlet and is a form of catharsis. My thesis work is about one of my lowest and most shameful moments as a parent. However, it was in this moment when my artistic practice started in a new direction and ultimately led to this series, *The Good, the Bad, and the Unspoken: Complex Layers of Motherhood*.



Structure Without Structure detail, 2019, plaster. 45”x 40”x 45”.



Anxiety Series I, 2019, foam, acrylic paint. 18"x 8"x 10".

My artistic practice has always been a coping mechanism; a way to process my thoughts and feelings; an escape from my anxiety. I had always known my childhood was different when compared to my peers. I was treated more as an equal than a child, having several adults in my life tell me to take care of my mother on a regular basis. For as long as I can remember I have felt as if I had to hold a maternal role but after becoming a mother, I wanted to fully understand my childhood. My art and research allowed me to take a step back to analyze my life and most of all my mother. My art has helped me gain a better understanding about my mother's illness which in turn helped me understand the poor decisions I made when I was on my own at a young age. It made me realize the unhealthy coping mechanisms I had created for myself, by masking my emotions with drugs and alcohol. Not allowing myself to become vulnerable in relationships, if I started to slip and realized I was getting too close to someone, I would immediately cut all ties. Cutting people out was easier to deal with than the possibility of being let down by someone else. Art allowed me to channel my anxieties into creating, which freed up emotional space to start analyzing my life.

Becoming a mother changed me in so many ways. At first it was hard, I was mourning the loss of the life I had before, I couldn't resort back to the unhealthy outlets when my anxiety became too much to handle. I had created a family and allowed myself to open up and rely on my now husband. I no longer felt as if it was me against the world. Pursuing grad school became a dream I didn't know I desired. I was able to find my passion while creating a consistent routine for myself, I finally felt I had my anxiety, hell my life, under control.



Anxiety Series IV, 2019, foam insulation, acrylic paint. 144" x 144" x 96".

What if Today is the Day?

I have now created a home for myself.

Not only myself but for my family.

*I no longer move from house to house to house. I have achieved
my childhood dream of being able to say, Yes, I know what a
home is!*

...So why the anxiety?

Why am I still planning for the worst, planning to be uprooted?

I have the control now, and yet I still live in this fear every day.

*Constantly in the back of my mind I plan and think and plan
some more.*

*First, I'll get a duplex, what will we fight over, who gets the
dogs, will he fight me over custody, will he bring up my past,
call me an unfit mother?*

What if today is the day?

What if today is when it all falls apart?

I've done it before I can do it again.

I did it as a child over and over I can do it as an adult.

But now it's different.

Now I have more than just myself.

Now I am the adult and not a child acting as one.

I can't continue the cycle.

But I can't live like this!

How can I do this?!

How can I have so much, so many that depend on me?

Stop, you're fine, it's fine.

But will he stay?

Relationships never last.

How can anyone possibly love you enough to stay forever?

It's not real.

He stays for the kids.

When will this all end?

My life never stays happy for long.

Do I fight for him? Or do I just give in because deep down I

knew he was never going to stay in the first place.

He'll cheat, he'll realize what he got himself into.

What if I slip?

What if I become them?

I can't take the anxiety.

I can't take the screams.

I'm not fit to be a mother.

They'll be better off without me.

Run.

Disappear.

Just go, create art and live your life.

They'll all be better off without you.

Stop, you're fine, it's fine.

They need you and you need them.

Where would you be without them?

Drunk? High? What would you be putting up your nose?

Would you even know?

Would you still be homeless?

Would the word home still be meaningless?

No goals, no reasons to live, that's where you would be.

It's ok now, You're ok now.

You're a completely different person.

You're happy, finally!

but.....

What if today is the day?

Like everyone, the covid-19 pandemic turned my life upside down. I had really found my rhythm in life, how to balance being a mom, student, wife, and teacher. Now, I was thrown into motherhood full-time, while also simultaneously juggling all my other titles. Before, around an especially stressful time such as finals or big deadlines, I would have an anxiety attack a few times a year. During the pandemic, they started to happen almost daily.

Good Moms Need Breaks detail, 2021, fabric, stuffing. 96”x 12”x 42”.



*I'm just trying to be a good mom.
I'm just trying to be a good wife.
I'm just trying to be a straight A student.
I'm just trying to start multiple careers, support my family,
apply to exhibitions, make art, exercise, food prep, have a social
life, buy a house, do the laundry, clean the house, pay bills, have
a sex life, answer emails, grade papers, drink enough water,
plan birthday parties, cook dinner, research for my thesis, keep
up with new TV shows, go pee alone, remember to feed the
dogs, plan for my financial future, love myself, go camping, see
live music, raise good humans, pay my car off, not eat chocolate
every night, show my husband I love him, be a good daughter,
keep up with school dates, be more patient...*

I'm just trying to be the best version of myself I can be.

Being home alone with my children all day, while my husband's hours at work increased due to the pandemic, was a huge transition. I had no time or energy to go to my studio, so I was forced to get creative. I began writing more, documenting my life and children through journal entries, photographs and videos. I knew I would never get this much time with my children again. My daughter was about to start school and my son was going through all the big first year milestones. I knew in a year our lives would look completely different, so I found a way to fuse my artistic practice and motherhood. Writing made me realize anxiety was at the core of all my work, but the reasons and stressors all coming from different times in my life. I realized that due to the trauma I had experienced as a child, when I feel I don't have control over my life or drastic changes to my daily life occur, I begin to spiral. My anxiety gets worse, and I scramble to gain back control. My days were now being completely consumed as a caregiver and homemaker and I began to really doubt myself as a mother.

I started to look for others like myself; mothers, artists, females that spoke about their lives through art and without filters. Artist from the second and third wave of feminism were a huge inspiration for my work. These women paved the way for artists like me, discussing issues related to the female experience and doing so unapologetically. My anxiety is a part of who I am and sometimes takes a toll on my life. I want to communicate the raw, unfiltered side of how sometimes my anxiety and motherhood coincide. When conducting my visual research, the starting point and what I feel to be the most important part is, the concept. When choosing materials, processes, and presentation I constantly refer back to the concept to decide if each decision I make will reinforce the concept. This results in a wide variety of materials, how I alter my chosen objects and then how I present the finished product. Finding other artist who are working with similar concepts and/or materials help with my visual vocabulary.



Good Moms Can Make Mistakes, 2020, bathtub, rug. 48"x 54"x 6".

Louise Bourgeois is an icon when it comes to contemporary female artists. I find my practice parallels with her the most. She is an interdisciplinary artist and created work about her childhood traumas eventually evolving into work about her own experiences as a mother. Her piece, *Self Portrait 1990*, is a great example of how late in her life she revisited her experience being a mother rather than focusing on her own childhood as she did with previous series such as, *Cells*¹. Louise Bourgeois' work isn't about finding answers but more about working through her experiences and feelings, much like my own practice. She has contradictions in her work, love and hate, father and daughter, mother and child, the individual and the universe that she presents so powerfully. Providing the viewer, a path to understanding the mystery of the human experience².



Anxiety Series II, 2019, plaster, latex, plastic. 20”x 25”x 30”.

1. Deborah Wye, “The Prints of Louise Bourgeois,” *MoMa*, No. 18 (Winter 1994) : 29.
2. Larry Qualls, “Louise Bourgeois: The Art of Memory,” *Performing Arts Journal*, Vol. 36/No. 3 (September 1994) : 41.



Good Moms Need Help 1, 2021, vacuum, carpet, dirt. 48”x 60”x 60”.

Mary Kelly’s work, *Post-Partum Document*, was immensely beneficial in my research for both concept and materials. This series discusses the dominance of the mother-child relationship but breaks away from the traditional Madonna and child imagery³. Kelly’s work is groundbreaking because she brings to light the development of the mother. Unlike, what is most commonly discussed, the mother-child relationship or the socialization and development of the child only. Kelly uses ‘transitional objects’ such as diaper liners, feeding charts and typed conversations with her child, to discuss this complex relationship⁴.

3. Caroline Osborne, “Post-Partum Document by Mary Kelly,” *Feminist Review*, Cultural Politics, No. 18 (Winter 1984) : 136.
4. Osborne, 137.

Once a mother has given birth, her needs get pushed to the side. When one is pregnant you are constantly asked about your state of well-being, but as soon as you give birth these questions are transitioned to the well-being of the child. Kelly does an amazing job bringing to light that the mother’s transitions and well-being are just as important, especially considering they are usually the primary caregiver.

My work may appear selfish at times, but I think that is ok, and should become the societal norm. It is a part of the job description as a parent that your needs become second to your child’s, but your needs must not be forgotten. The work that I am creating allows me to release my frustrations about domestic life, and motherhood is a part of that. Recognizing my faults as a person, as a mother, and learning from them can only make me better at my job. I visually express the exhaustion I feel from the seemingly constant and endless amount of housework with *Good Moms Need Help*. I used a domestic object, an ironing board, I then bent and twisted until it became useless. Useless in the sense of being an ironing board. It appears sad, tired, it is trying desperately to perform its duties but can’t. I should be able to discuss my feelings and frustrations without ridicule but that is not often the case. I am often met with, “you’ll miss these days.” Resulting in my feelings being again disregarded, and as if I can feel nothing but happiness about motherhood or I am viewed as ungrateful. Will I miss this time in my children’s lives, absolutely. Is it also valid that some days the housework and messes they create are exhausting and make me go crazy to the point I complain, absolutely.



Good Moms Need Help II detail, 2021, ironing board, iron. 24”x 48”x 12”.



Good Moms Need Help II, 2021, ironing board, iron. 24”x 48”x 12”.

Judy Chicago and Miriam Schapiro’s *Womanhouse*, validated the questions I was asking myself. I was reevaluating everything I was taught about not only motherhood but the female experience in general. *Womanhouse* was an exploration of women’s psychological enmeshment with domesticity¹. *Egg to Breasts* was a room in *Womanhouse* that focused on the psychological war zone these women felt between themselves and their mothers. The room was completely painted pink with sculpted eggs and breasts covering the ceiling and walls². These women were challenging the societal roles bestowed onto them that they must be the primary caregivers. In today’s society it isn’t uncommon for mothers to work, but there are still such harsh stigmas surrounding gender roles. I have heard countless times how amazing my husband is and how lucky I am because of how much as he does around the house and with our children. I work and I am a full-time student, but I am often met with comments such as, “I bet you miss your kids since you’re gone so much.” I am confronted with judgmental statements focusing on my absence and yet my husband is praised for contributing within his own home and with his own children. Still today, there is such a double standard for working moms. For the same quantity of absence; my husband is praised for “doing it all” but I am met with judgement and comments about supposedly not putting my children first.



1. Jane Gerhard, “Judy Chicago and the Practice of 1970s Feminism,” *Feminist Studies*, , Vol. 37, No 3, Feminist Histories and Institutional Practices (Fall 2011) : 596.
2. Gerhard, 598.



Left & Right: Film stills from *You'll Understand When You Have Kids*, 2021. Dimensions vary.

Good Moms Can Feel Trapped was inspired by these infuriating comments. Once covid hit and the lockdowns were implemented, like everyone I was stuck at home. Overnight I was thrown into motherhood full-time but still expected to carry on with my other jobs and roles. Three full-time jobs and doing it alone brought my issues with anxiety to the surface like never before. I couldn't give my best to all three at once and this drove me insane. If I gave my full attention to one job ,the others would fall behind. I would beat myself up endlessly over everything I felt I was doing wrong. My clean, organized spaces and well thought out daily routine was non-existent. I missed the life I had created for myself, I missed going into work and having conversations with adults. I felt trapped at home and like I was bound to domestic duties. I used yarn to express my frustration and the feeling of being stuck as well as commenting on female artist who came before me and their work being viewed as “craft” and not art¹. The chair I have chosen is specific in that it is commonly used in nurseries; the ottoman being bound to the chair much like your children being forever tied to you.



Good Moms Can Feel Trapped detail, 2021, rocking chair, yarn, toys. 60”x 26” 43”.

1. Anne D’Allewa, “Methods & Theories of Art History,” *Laurence King*, London (2013) : 62.



Good Moms Can Feel Trapped, 2021, rocking chair, yarn, toys. 60”x 26”x 43”.

Tracey Emin's *My Bed*, and *Everyone I Have Ever Slept With* were huge inspirations for me in gaining the courage to discuss my private life on a public scale. Like Emin, I wanted to create moments from my life and bring them into the gallery. Showing the daily battles, I had not only during lockdown, but a normal day as a mother. Choosing domestic objects that you find in an average home, especially a home with children. I knew I wanted an artists' touch and my claim of authorship to be apparent in all of my work. Yes, these are objects you can find in your home but the way I have recontextualized each piece will tell you my personal story. Emin took the chaos of her room after a break up and placed it in a gallery with her piece, *My Bed*. She created a moment where you feel as if she has just walked away from this space, it is so real, lived in and unfiltered. She kept condoms, dirty underwear, liquor bottles and left the bed a mess¹. This is a moment most would hide from the outside world, but instead she has put it all on full display.



Good Moms Can Get Overwhelmed detail, 2021, clothes. 60"x 96"x 60".

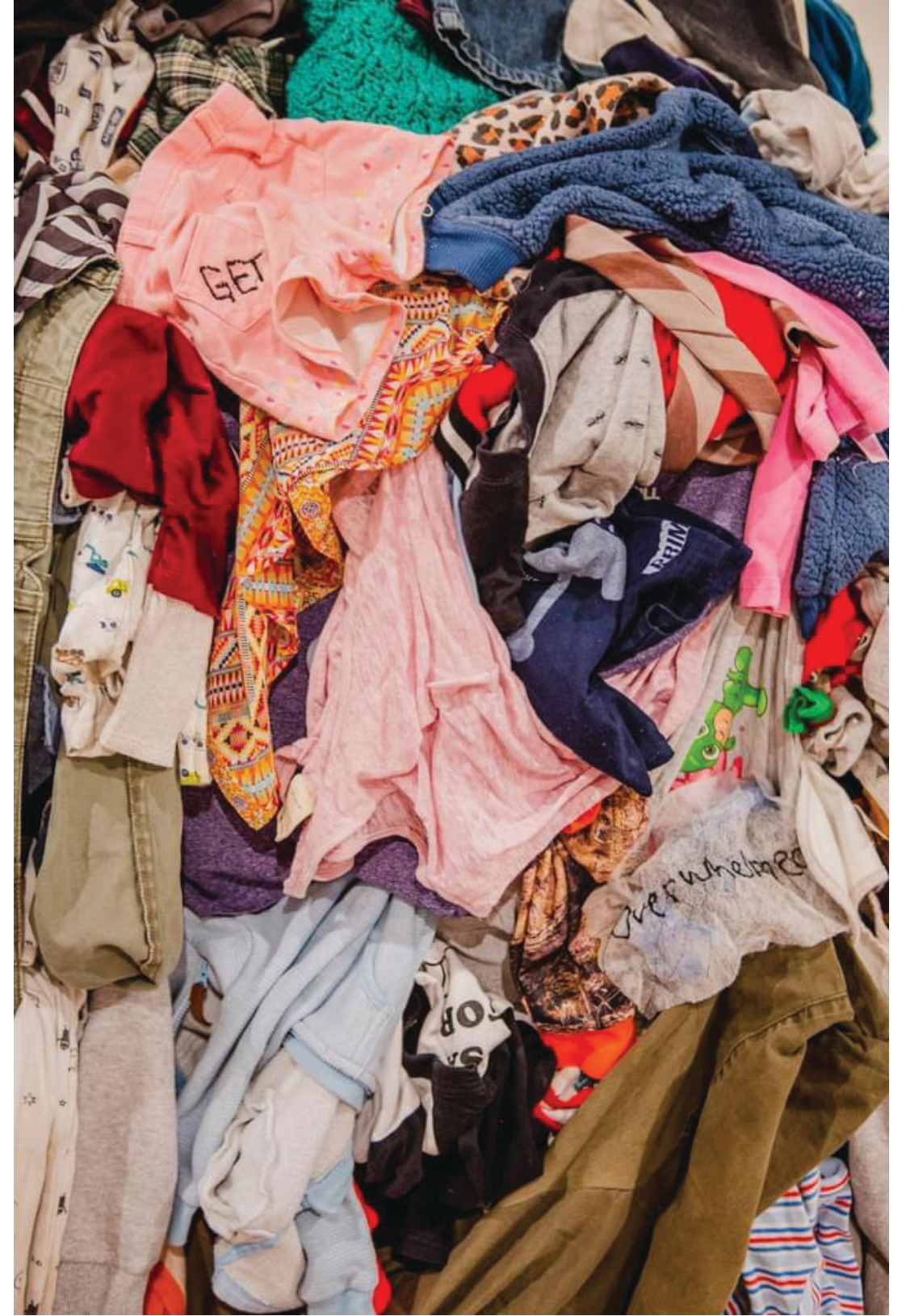
My piece *Good Moms Can Get Overwhelmed* allows the viewer to see what I normally try concealing from the world. I want it to appear as if I have it all together, but the reality is I am just doing the best I can like everyone else. This larger than life size pile of clothes depicting how simple mundane tasks, like laundry, can manifest into something so much larger. This task stares you down, it is overbearing, slowly intruding into your space. It's taking over everything in its path, becoming something that you can no longer ignore. I use laundry for several reasons. Commenting on historically being housework performed by a female, but also to express my frustrations about the household obligations that now consume my life.



Good Moms Can Get Overwhelmed, 2021, clothes. 60"x 96"x 60".



Good Moms Can Get Overwhelmed, 2021, clothes. 60"x 96"x 60".



Good Moms Can Get Overwhelmed detail, 2021, clothes. 60"x 96"x 60".



Film still from *You'll Understand When You Have Kids*, 2021. Dimensions vary.

Gillian Wearing's *Family Stories* series made me think about how sometimes I feel I am putting on a facade to the public, scared of ridicule if they were to know the struggles I sometimes feel. In her *Family Stories* series, Wearing created realistic masks of her family members and took photographs of herself while wearing them. She forces contemplation of a self-portrait, identity, projections, fantasies and the divisions and overlaps in the family romance¹.

1. Gillian Wearing and David Frankel, "Portfolio," *Grand Street*, No. 73 (Spring 2004) : 94.

Being a full-time stay at home mom comes with many challenges. *Good Moms Can Yell* was inspired by a challenge I didn't expect at all, cooking. It felt as if my entire day was surrounded by food. Making breakfast, cleaning up breakfast, getting a snack, making lunch, cleaning up lunch, time for another snack, making dinner, cleaning up dinner and finally, preparing coffee and food for next day's excursion of constantly making food and doing dishes. Something so seemingly simple became incredibly stressful and time consuming. Putting so much effort into this to then have my children complain about the food or in my sons case, throwing food on the floor, putting it in his hair, feeding the dogs; food being seemingly everywhere but in his mouth. Without realizing it, eating became one of my shortest breaking points often resulting in yelling. Why wasn't eating together as a family like all of the mommy blogs I had read for meal inspiration? What was I doing wrong that my life wasn't like those happy pictures of babies trying new foods? My reality was yelling, "Stop rubbing your sandwich on the wall, and eat it!" I can only hope that other parents are putting on a huge façade like I do when posting pictures of my kids eating on social media. Because more often than not the reality is, it is



Good Moms Can Yell, 2021, highchair, babyfood. 24" x 54" x 24".

Nan Goldin’s work, *The Ballad of Sexual Dependency*, inspired me to go back and search through images and videos from my childhood as well as document my life with my children in the present. Instead of attempting to recreate what is happening in my life, I document it in the moment much like she did in this work. She used the photographs as her memories to help guide her in both life and her work¹. You can see this inspiration best in my piece, *You’ll Understand When You Have Kids*.



Film still from *You’ll Understand When You Have Kids*, 2021. Dimensions vary.

1. Stephen Westfall and Nan Goldin, “The Ballad of Nan Goldin,” *Bomb*, No. 37 (Fall 1991) : 31.



Film still from *You’ll Understand When You Have Kids*, 2021. Dimensions vary.



You'll Understand When You Have Kids, 2021, dresser, digital videos. 63"x 34"x 32".



You'll Understand When You Have Kids detail, 2021, dresser, digital videos. 63"x 34"x 32".

I have chosen a plain white dresser, nothing fancy. The dresser is laid on its side, not performing its intended purpose. Dressers hold your belongs, keep them organized, protect them from the outside world. But this dresser is empty, shelves fallen apart, drawers are disheveled, doors removed, it appears broken and worn. Unlike all the others pieces, I view this one as a self-portrait. The dresser showing how I feel after letting all the small frustrating moments get to me leading to the anxiety attack. After the tears are wiped away, after I finally feel as if my heart will remain in my chest, I just breathe. Feeling much like this empty dresser, drained, torn apart, and useless. It is out of place and not performing properly. However, the dresser isn't broken, it can be fixed and put back together to perform how it should. Like myself, anxiety attacks and the stress of motherhood doesn't last forever. I always put myself back together. The title of this piece was inspired by a phrase I heard uttered to me so many times growing up, "You'll understand when you have kids." This used to infuriate me, it felt like a cop out by adults in my life when they didn't feel like justifying their actions. Now, I understand it all too well.

The videos projected onto it are what keep me going, they are the reasons I don't let the anxiety attacks keep me down for long. I have videos of moments from my childhood placed next to videos of my children. They are projected onto the dresser and appear distorted changing the original image much like the lifespan of a memory. Some pieces get lost along the way; my only hope is that my children will remember the good times as I do now.



You'll Understand When You Have Kids detail, 2021, dresser, digital videos. 63"x 34"x 32".



You'll Understand When You Have Kids detail, 2021, dresser, digital videos. 63"x 34"x 32".

In the midst of trying to understand my childhood, I got copies of old home movies. I had so much animosity towards my parents and about my childhood for so long. So much time was wasted trying to process my past traumas in unhealthy ways; fighting with or not speaking to my mother, holding people at a distance. Watching these videos, I was astonished. They weren't at all what I remember most of my childhood, they were filled with smiles, laughter, family gatherings, and most of all love. My childhood wasn't easy, but it wasn't completely full of bad moments like I had dwelled on for so long. I was watching my parents, sometimes younger than I am now, growing up and finding themselves. I have always said that my mom and I grew up together because she had me so young and I was treated more like an adult than a child. Now that I am a parent, I realize this is true for everyone. No matter who you are, you grow into being a parent just like any other role in your life. Everyone's path is different, some easier than others but everyone must find their way and discover who they are again after having kids. My parents did the best they could and for that I am grateful. I have let go of the anger and the hatred. Life is messy and at times gets the best of me, but that is what makes it worth living. Seeing my kids happy and healthy gives me all the motivation in the world to do better and to constantly evolve.



Image from *MFA in Visual Studies Exhibition*, 2021, digital capture. Dimensions vary.



15

Image from *MFA in Visual Studies Exhibition*, 2021, digital capture. Dimensions vary.



When the Dust Settles, 2021, digital capture. Dimensions vary.

At the end of the day, when the house is eerily quiet after the kids have gone to bed, I start to clean up the leftover chaos from the activities that ensued that day. Getting back to my organized and clutter free house, I begin to unwind and decompress. I start to laugh, looking to my husband the laughter is getting louder now, we both stare blankly in exhaustion wondering what the hell we just went through. All the tantrums, the fighting over toys, the messes, I am reminded that no matter how stressful it is, one day we will look back and reminisce about these days. Even a few hours later, I laugh at how ridiculous it all seems now. Often, the most stressful moments as a parent are what become the funny stories you retell. They become your little badges of honor, slowly molding you into a seasoned parent.

My artistic practice has become a part of who I am. It has allowed me to take a step back and analyze my life so I can work through my emotions and stressful experiences. It has allowed me to understand my childhood and most of all my mother. It gave me the courage to start a conversation about my experience with anxiety, motherhood and the unfair stigmas that surround both. Raising children is hard enough without feeling like the world is judging you every step of the way. I want to help in normalizing the struggles of motherhood, being able to feel free to talk about it. Not feeling the need to preface a rant about a rough mom moment with, "I love my kids but... or I wouldn't trade it for the world but..." Good moms can get overwhelmed, they can make mistakes, they can yell, they can be working moms, they can be stay at home moms, they can be dads, they can be grandmas, they can feel stuck or unhappy at times. Somedays you can be on time to every appointment, you may have drunk an entire cup of coffee while it was still hot! Other days, you feel accomplished because you remembered to bathe your children before bedtime, and that is ok too! Because motherhood is anything but easy and that is why I have created a platform to discuss the good, the bad and the unspoken.

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Good Moms Need Breaks detail, 2021, fabric, stuffing. 96”x 12”x 42”.



Toy Box Crash detail, 2021, digital capture. Dimensions vary.

Image List

1. <i>Toy Box Crash</i> , 2021, digital capture. Dimensions vary.	1
2. <i>Structure Without Structure</i> , 2019, plaster. 45”x 40”x 45”.	3
3. <i>Structure Without Structure</i> detail, 2019, plaster. 45”x 40”x 45”.	4
4. <i>Anxiety Series I</i> , 2019, foam, acrylic paint. 18”x 8”x 10”.	5
5. <i>Anxiety Series IV</i> , 2019, foam insulation, acrylic paint. 144”x 144”x 96”.	7-8
6. <i>Good Moms Need Breaks</i> detail, 2021, fabric, stuffing. 96”x 12”x 42”.	11-12
7. <i>Good Moms Can Make Mistakes</i> , 2020. bathtub, rug, embroidered. 48”x 54”x 6”.	14
8. <i>Anxiety Series II</i> , 2019, plaster, latex, plastic. 20”x 25”x 30”.	15
9. <i>Good Moms Need Help I</i> , 2021, vacuum, carpet, dirt. 48”x 60”x 60”.	16
10. <i>Good Moms Need Help II</i> detail, 2021, ironing board, iron. 24”x 48”x 12”.	17
11. <i>Good Moms Need Help II</i> , 2021, ironing board, iron. 24”x 48”x 12”.	18
12. Film still from <i>You’ll Understand When You Have Kids</i> , 2021. Dimensions vary.	19
13. Film still from <i>You’ll Understand When You Have Kids</i> , 2021. Dimensions vary.	20
14. <i>Good Moms Can Feel Trapped</i> detail, 2021, rocking chair, yarn, toys. 60”x 26” 43”	21
15. <i>Good Moms Can Feel Trapped</i> , 2021, rocking chair, yarn, toys. 60”x 26” 43”.	22
16. <i>Good Moms Can Get Overwhelmed</i> detail, 2021, clothes. 60”x 96”x 60”.	23
17. <i>Good Moms Can Get Overwhelmed</i> , 2021, clothes. 60” x 96”x 60”.	24
18. <i>Good Moms Can Get Overwhelmed</i> , 2021, clothes. 60”x 96”x 60”.	25
19. <i>Good Moms Can Get Overwhelmed</i> , 2021, clothes. 60”x 96”x 60”.	26
20. film still from <i>You’ll Understand When You Have Kids</i> , 2021. Dimensions vary.	27
21. <i>Good Moms Can Yell</i> , 2021, highchair, babyfood. 24”x 54”x 24”.	28
22. film still from <i>You’ll Understand When You Have Kids</i> , 2021. Dimensions vary.	29
23. film still from <i>You’ll Understand When You Have Kids</i> , 2021. Dimensions vary.	30
24. <i>You’ll Understand When You Have Kids</i> , 2021, dresser, digital videos. 63”x 34”x 32”.	31
25. <i>You’ll Understand When You Have Kids</i> , 2021, dresser, digital videos. 63”x 34”x 32”.	32
26. <i>You’ll Understand When You Have Kids</i> detail, 2021, dresser, digital videos. 63”x 34”x 32”.	33
27. <i>You’ll Understand When You Have Kids</i> detail, 2021, dresser, digital videos. 63”x 34”x 32”.	34
28. Image from <i>MFA in Visuual Studies Exhibition</i> , 2021, digital capture. Dimensions vary.	35-36
29. Image from <i>MFA in Visuual Studies Exhibition</i> , 2021, digital capture. Dimensions vary.	37-38
30. <i>When the Dust Settles</i> , 2021, digital capture. Dimensions vary.	39
31. <i>Good Moms Need Breaks</i> detail, 2021, fabric, stuffing. 96”x 12”x 42”.	40
32. <i>Toy Box Crash</i> detail, 2021, digital capture. Dimensions vary.	41