

**Remedios Varo, *Rupture*, 1955**



**\*\*First Question First\*\***

What is *your* immediate reaction to this artwork?

Trust it. Write about it. Use the guide sheet for help.

Continue reading for another perspective and journal questions.

## Remedios Varo, *Rupture*, 1955

Excerpt from my journal:

*I'm feeling closed in, agitated, fearful, so weepy this morning. Crying, crying. Afraid of the coming holidays, Daddy's birthday. Afraid that I will always feel this way, kind of a "lost" sensation. Wind out of my sails. Self-pity somewhere in there. Whispers of smaller "I". And just sad. So sad. Losses are mounting in my soul now and with Daddy dying it feels like the dam has just broken or at least been breached. This figure feels like me at times, like I wrap myself in my grief, hood up shutting out peripheral views. I walk down the stairs, always down into it. No, not always. The dark whispers in the windows. A very closed system when I reach these moments like now. I don't, haven't had too many, thank Grace. But, when I do, they're so convincing. I know the pragmatics that most likely lead to these times: short, darker daylight days, little outdoor time, little exercise, staying home many days in a row, overeating at all. But, I also just sense that in some ways I need to – even want to – go down these stairs too at times. I just don't want to or need to live there. I need to feel despair at times. It feels honest at this time. I sense the truth in this aspect of this journey too. Just as I experience great joy at times. So, hearing these whispers of darkness and confusion are a part of grieving too. Resisting or denying this feels beyond me. And I don't need to "perk" myself up either. I trust this will pass into the next wave too.*

Q.) Grief constantly changes value, moving from tones of gray into light or dark. How can you tend to yourself when darkness visits, knowing this is a natural response to loss?