

Re(senhas)

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MOURNING AND ANGER:

Letters to an Absent Father

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Abstract:

This work presents the look of an abandoned son through a series of five letters written after the death of the absent father. I present here an experience report that was created from pain, resentment, anger and mourning. Taking Suely Rolnik's ethical/aesthetic/political thought as a writing methodology.

Keywords: Rabies; Grudge; Mourning; Father.

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Introduction:

The following letters are part of the grieving and healing process that began from the moment the man who should have been my father died. The writing of these texts was due to the need to remove from the chest the pain and suffering caused by the agony of the end of the wait; of the things that were not said; of presence through lack and indifference towards my existence.

This work is not intended to be explanatory and is not intended as a positive contribution to humanity. On the contrary. It presents pain, anger, resentment and misery. Perhaps it is intended to be beautiful. But beauty, if there is one, is in the process.

I got to know the book called "Letter to the Father" by Kafka (1997) shortly before writing the fifth and last letter in this sequence. So I had no direct influence from the settling of accounts of this author with his father. In Kafka, the relationship takes place in the obstacles of coexistence and in the marks left on the author by the father's harsh personality. Here, the father's presence is due to his absence and indifference, as well as all the fragilities generated by them.

The letters were written a few months apart. First, because you couldn't breathe for long with so much hatred in your chest. Second, because the letters became a way of communicating to this father his responsibilities. And this was being remembered as the events of life took place in my now bereaved body.

Why do I make public what I take as therapy orders? Because I want to show the world the pain and misery that I was taught to hide. I also want people who do not yet feel able

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to forgive not to feel obligated to do so. Even knowing that when we don't forgive, we don't let the wound heal. We can do something with this anger, we can create with pain. We can transform all this resentment, all this misery into something beautiful and be proud. I want them to see my pain and misery, because I'm proud of what I'm doing with them. Let's pass the letters.

Card 1: Anger! Mourning?

There's so much I want to tell you. Your death made me realize that I have been waiting for you to see me for twenty years. See how big I got. I wanted to tell you when I started working in a terrible place to be, but that taught me, in practice, class consciousness. I wanted to tell you, that I wanted to work to be special. Because here at home, those who worked were always special.

When you left, I wrote you a letter painting you as the best father in the world. I wish I had a father, you know? My mother saw it and made fun of it in front of all the people who inhabited this house. She had also been abandoned and that was the only way she knew how to deal with it. You were a beautiful coward, right?!

Once, as a child, not long ago, you had left, I called you. Your wife answered and said you weren't there. You didn't come back, you didn't look for me. I never told my mother that I called you... I never told you that for years yours was the only number I knew off the top of my head. I never told you that sometimes I looked at your life on the social network. I never told you that I always waited for you.

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I can't understand why I'm grieving. Why am I crying? Why is it hurting so much? I spend time distracting myself because when I realize, I'm thinking, that the wait is over and you didn't come. You didn't come...

I went to college, became a teacher, became a lecturer. I teach, people like to hear me speak. Earlier this year, I opened my Instagram, hoping that you would find my profile and see how much I've grown, how big I've become.

How much I got queer. By the way, dad, I'm a. A faggot indeed, see? I didn't go to visit you in the hospital. I couldn't let them know that I wanted you to see me. I have no regrets. Or I don't think so. I'm angry. Whose? Of what? Why, by whom?

When I heard that you were not coming, I angrily told you that in the next life you would try again. Then I realized that I was unconsciously extending the wait for you until the next life. Man, it was just coming here, you know? I'm so angry with you. So much anger at you. I can't cope, I can't understand, it doesn't make sense!

It doesn't make sense! I don't understand and I can't cope. But it hurts. It hurts...

Card 2: Still angry. I still struggle.

The last time we saw each other I was still a pre-teen. We crossed paths by chance. Me living my life and you living yours. Like every child who sees the "dear father", I asked for some change to buy something. You saying you didn't have any, you didn't even get out of the car to talk to me. We spoke while

the traffic was not moving. At the time I felt like a horrible person for asking you for money at the first opportunity.

Perspective is an interesting thing, right? Today, close to thirty, I return to this scene and realize some things. I realize that I left home and walked about two kilometers, to where the school event I was going to be, without water or snacks, because my mother did not have anything to give. I realize that I went to another school event, important, alone, like all the others, because you were gone and my mother was trying to survive and rebuild herself. I realize that even at the door of the event, you didn't ask me how you were, or what you were doing there. Did you know what you were doing there? I realize that the feeling of a horrible person came with feeling, for the first time, his enemy.

He was too young to understand the complexity of events. He was just a black child, the son of a black guy and a northeastern woman, read as white in the context of the periphery. This northeastern mona had such a painful life. You hit her, didn't you? Dude, did you abandon a mona who was abandoned and enslaved by her own family? At some point in the life you built with your new family, did you reflect on what a coward you were?

You were a coward! A fucking shit! Man, I'm so mad at you that I didn't go to see you fucked in the hospital, because I was afraid I wanted to punch you. Or I was afraid because I didn't know what would overflow from me, going after the person I had waited for twenty years. It's surreal! Learning of his death turned up so much that he had forgotten. That she was buried.

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I wish I could destroy you, do you some harm. Destroying someone or something you love. Make you feel the pain or the anger, or the hatred I feel thinking about the lack, whatever it may be. I can't even do that anymore. You died. At least he died fucked in the hospital. I hope you suffered. I don't forgive you for anything.

Who was the coward in the past life? Me or you? If it were your father, would it be like you? If you hadn't been the shit you were, would you be the way I am today? I physically resemble you. Do I resemble you beyond appearance? We never talked as adults, right? You lost, you sucker!

Letter 3: Do I look like you?

It's been a while since I wrote the last letter. I couldn't handle the title of this one. I still can't. But I need to say some things that only you should know.

My adult body is the same as the memory I have of you. Black man, big, bearded and hairy. As I get older, I see you watching me every time I look in the mirror. I carry your appearance. That's the only thing I remember about you and that's why I can recognize it. I didn't know you as a person. I don't know who you were. I got to know you from the traumas, wounds and faults.

Once my mother said she was afraid of me as a child. She locked herself in her room in fear of her black son who reminded her of the man she loved, who nourished himself for what she was and then abandoned her. I feel like that fear of her has never gone away. Because I remain the black son who is the

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faithful representation of the man she loved the most. And I think that in the impossibility of desiring one's own child, fear presents itself in place of hatred that is also not well regarded.

They say I pulled your light into communication. My mother says I'm a dog charmer. He says that when my inner animal is not loose, I enchant people. I think this inner bug is the dark side that you also carried, right?

You present a bright, serene, bright, welcoming, kind, understanding, patient, and zealous image in public, which does not remain constant in intimacy. In intimacy, from the gate to the inside, there is laziness, stinginess, selfishness, dirt, disgust, abandonment and much more.

How many times have we abandoned this mona that has been so abandoned? How much do we do nothing, because we know that this mona who was enslaved by the family will do?

I look like you. I act like you. As much as I try not to be like you. In the end, maybe all this anger directed at you will end up being against me. Or that of you that dwells in me. I passed the master's degree. One more badass thing you didn't see. Fucked you, sucker!

Letter 4: Is it my fault?

Hey, coward, it's been a long time since I last opened this file to write. But it seems that since the last therapy session there has been a letter wanting to come out. I remembered another passage in which you were shit.

I remembered an event at school. In the second grade of elementary school, the year you left. I was about 9 years old.

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The teacher asked us to bring a white blouse and denim shorts for the day of the presentation. I don't remember if it was Father's Day or a science fair. It's been more than 20 years. I remember rehearsing a choreography for many weeks. I don't remember the song either. I remember that each student would represent a color, or a fruit, I don't remember anymore. The color/fruit they gave me was Brown/Kiwi.

On one of the Saturdays that you came to give a few bucks for survival, you said that you needed the specific clothes for such a school event. The day of the event arrived, and once again you didn't come and didn't bring the clothes you needed. I went with a white and black blouse of my brother's. I remember the scolding that the teacher gave me for not wearing a white blouse. She said that the color brown did not even appear on that blouse with black details. I remember hearing the quiet spurt, because it was better than knowing that you didn't have that outfit because you didn't come. I think weeks after the event you showed up with your clothes crumpled in a bag.

Remember the toy I asked you for? Weeks later you brought it with the package open and broken. Probably your wife's son broke. That is if you bought the new one for me and not for him. I took the blame for breaking something that was already broken. I don't think I told you that I was already broke because I didn't want to admit it even to myself.

That same year, by accident I tore a colleague's backpack, which was most likely already frayed. They called my mother at school, it was the first and only time she went there. We all sat in a small room. Me, my mother, the boy's mother, the boy

and other people. I remember my mother saying that her backpack was already threadbare and that she would only pay for the concert. Today I realize that she did it because she didn't want people to know that we didn't have money to buy another backpack for the boy.

Since that time I have learned that it is better to think that we are bad, difficult, inaccessible than poor or miserable. Since that time I have learned that it was better to lie and hide so that people would not know, not see, the misery you left.

None of this was my fault. The problems at school, the problems on the street, none of it was my fault. Man, my chest hurts so much, from so much anger I have towards you. So much anger! How I wanted... I can't destroy you inside me. All this, kept for so long.

Card 5: Kill you.

Hi, you shit, okay?

I turn 30 in a month. 30 years! When you left me, I was 9.

Today I was here living life and I came across another painful memory that in the perspective of 30, is even more difficult.

An institution of free professional courses has opened its registration period. While reading the notice, I remembered that I started a Spanish course, at a similar institution, at the time of school. He must have been about 15 years old.

I remembered that at the time it was a struggle to have the money for the ticket every week. With the alimony that the court forced you to give, it was already a struggle for my

mother to put food on the table every day. Imagine, eating + ticket money once a week, the whole month.

There came a time in the course when the teacher said that we would need to buy a textbook. I don't remember the price, but we certainly couldn't afford it. I didn't understand that at the time. I remember the fight with my mother. If it's hard to feel that now, imagine what she felt then.

Today I understand that misery has always been around us. That any falter, she would catch us. That hasn't changed much. It, misery, remains not so far away. Always attentive, reminding us of our place. Right now, I'm tired, you know?

You weren't there! What were you doing at that time? It comforts me a little to know that you died fucked. I should have gone to see you and said that to your face. That you were a shit and was very happy to see you fucked. Am I sorry I didn't go to your deathbed? Perhaps! I don't know what I would do there. Maybe he killed you in me. Killed the immortalized shining image of you that I hold in me. Killed your absence in me. I should have killed you.

Does that mean I should have gone to see you? Perhaps! Does it mean that we have issues to resolve and that I have not moved to try to resolve either? Perhaps! Does it mean that by not forgiving you, he has not forgiven me either? I don't know.

Marks, events, experiences that change us.

Suely Rolnik (1993) in the text "Body, thought and becoming" talks about academic creation based on the contamination of the body by the events of reality. According to the author, we live submerged in human and non-human

environments. Crossed by relations in the field of the visible and the invisible. In the field of the visible, the author points out the encounters, interactions, dialogues and conversations. All interactions that can be pointed out, visible. In the field of the invisible there are interactions that we do not see, but that the body feels. We do not see it as empirical, material data, but we feel the affective and psychic consequences when we are impacted by them.

Our body, like the world, is made up of an ontological fabric, that is, a web of interconnections that configure reality. Rolnik says that our bodies are impacted daily by what she will call marks, which modify our ways of being, being and feeling and in the world. Marks are the events of reality that destabilize our fixity as an identity and force us to rethink who we are and how we are based on that brand, event, experience.

The marks, events, experiences cross us violently and destabilize the bodily configuration we had until that moment. The body here is thought of as socially constructed and in all its extension. Considering their ways of being, feeling and being. The idea is that there is no fixity of identities, identities are created and recreated on a daily basis from the experiences of reality. There is talk of an ontological opening to becoming. That is, an opening of the Being to the impacts of everyday life that destabilizes it and forces it to reconfigure itself as a Being in constant Becoming.

Writing, in this perspective, is made by and from brands, events and experiences. One only thinks, reflects, creates and writes because one is forced. Our body is affected by an everyday event, a mark is created, this mark causes an internal

restlessness that impels us towards an updated way of being, thinking, being, acting and feeling.

The mark, event, experience that forces Suely Rolnik to write is her experience with the military dictatorship of Brazil in 1964. Kafka's marks were many from his troubled relationship with his father. Here, the marks that force me to write are mourning and abandonment. That from the death of an absent father, they update a bereaved and abandoned body. This is the methodology for creating these charts. A raw and visceral work that emerges as an outlet for all the poison that the grudge for this father proliferated in my core. This type of writing helps us deal with pain. It puts out the poison that contaminates our growth power.

Final Thoughts

I end this work by saying that I do not intend to reflect on grief, anger or forgiveness. I treat this sequence of letters as a work, as a written production, contaminated and contaminating pain, rancor and misery. This contamination carries the power to cross readers and establish reflections in them from their worlds, bodies and marks. Some marks, events, experiences are so poisonous that they infect and make us sick. They negatively impact our power to become the best we can. They poisonously affect our constant Becoming. In these cases, we need to do something with all that poison. We need to put out the uneasiness caused by the discomfort of this brand, event, experience. This is the movement made here. In a state of agony, restlessness and anguish, established by the news of the death and with it, the notion of the end of the wait, of this father who

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abandoned me, I vomited in this work everything that prevented me from letting the wound caused by this abandonment heal.

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