



I'M A VIRGIN

I'm a virgin

In 4 years I'll have the same age my mother had when I destroyed her uterus

Abstract:

In my life,
I could have been like Britney, I could have fought like Dahomey warriors,
I could have hunted like 'Lucy', I could have been a Venus, I could have looked at my "grandchildren opening up like flowers, never getting tired of watching them grow", I could have been 'Plastic', I could have built myself a Kim Kardashian booty, I could have 'hurtled' down a perfect green valley of happiness', I could have been a Baby Doll, a Lolita, an icon, a Marilyn, a Queen wrapped in a red/cupcake/carpet dress, I could have been a Sexy Secret Agent, I could have been a Super-model...
I could have done what my mother and grand-mothers did: I could have started a 'New beginning'.
And everything would have been ok...But I'm not

Why give up what is 'set', what is meant to be...
Why do I feel the need to turn away from it?

Why do I want to overanalyse everything? -Surrender.
It doesn't feel right...

Why always reconsidering things...asking questions. -Like little accidents...little strokes...
It's like a little voice in my head, that is here, that gives me like a 'Tinguely' feeling.
Like a little voice that I thought lost but came back. 'Wonder how old is the voice, and why it's back?

How can I make you understand: the persistence of the voice, the reasons I shouldn't listen to it when it's actually the only thing I feel like doing.

I will try to explain, while you will follow the story of my 'Why's and my 'could have been's. I will tell you the story of a Girl, now Woman, on the way to her Becoming.../to becoming other.

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Thesis
2018/19

kabk

Thanks to

the voice of:
-Claude
Emmanuelle

Anna Moschioni
-Nicolai
Schmelling

my Tutors:
-Dirk Vis
-Merel Boers

-Matthias Kreutzer

Silvio Lorusso
-Jan Robert Leegte

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Samantha van Roosenbeek

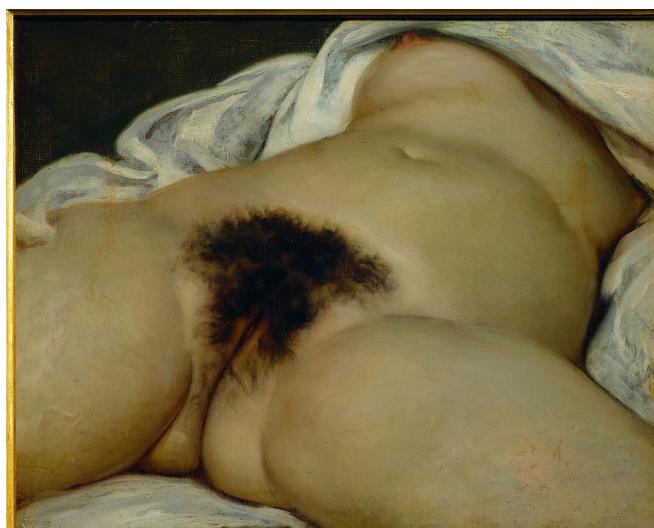
Special thanks
to
-Mathias Joly
-Noemie Joly
-Juliette Bosse-platière Joly
-Bruno Joly

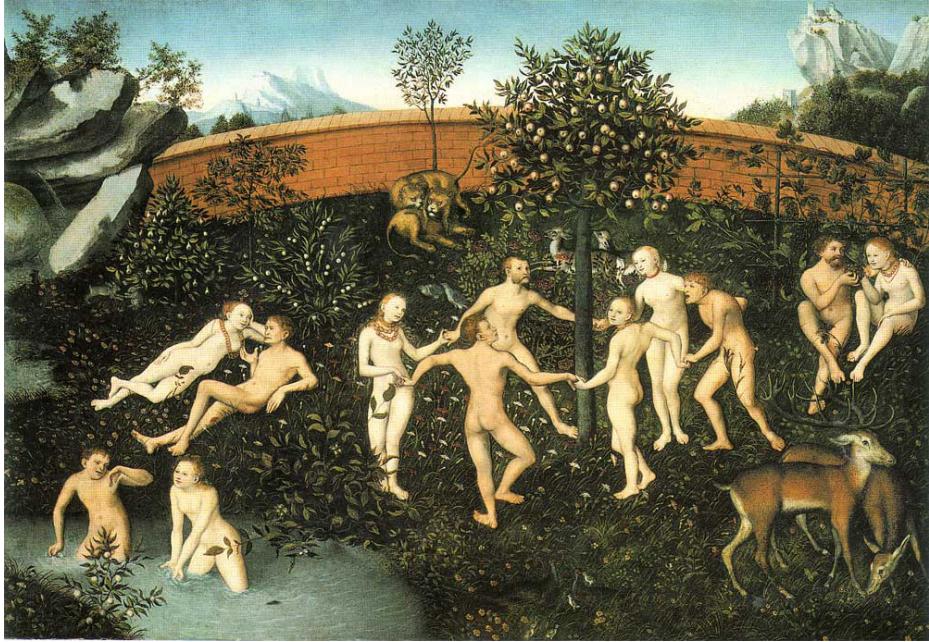
Prelude:

This work could be a theatrical play, it could also be read as someone's diary, or as a metaphysical narrative, or even be mistaken with a therapy session. Don't be fooled, these are just my thoughts and selective memory.

Now, I will introduce my characters:

Someone will always speak first, and that someone will serve as the omniscient narrator. He knows everything about the world, he will try to explain it with simple words.
The omniscient narrator will tell the story of a girl. This Girl is called 'The Girl'.
The Girl will also speak. You will witness her words but also her thoughts. And these thoughts will be the voice of her imaginary self. Her inner-self will have its own name. The name is Bo. Bo is a he but we are not really sure.





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Chapter One :« The successful project »

“...si vous voulez comprendre quelque chose aux origines de l'homme, il vous faut bien d'abord remonter aux origines de tout”
—Vercors, author of *Les Animaux Dénaturés*, 1952

“...if you want to understand something to man's origins, you need to go back to the genesis of everything”
—Vercors

So that's the plan for now...

Part one: On the great purpose of Mankind

It seems evident that humans are not meant to be alone.
There were men and women.

In the beginning, also called the Golden Age: humans were a peaceful race.

They only believed in Earth and Nature, they had no jobs, no diseases, no old age, and death was —like a deep and profound sleep they had nothing to worry about. Things were simple. « It was the race of the Golden Age, gold as for the sun, the fire, the daylight and the masculine principle. » Marc Weber Le Cycle des Dieux, Tome 1 : Nous, les Dieux - L'Ile des sortilèges Poche - 2006

The ‘masculine principle’ occurred quite naturally: since it depended on men and women's given biological attributes. Men couldn't make babies, woman could.



In the first primitive forms of human society, no clear distinction was made between men and women. Both were assigned difficult tasks. Women were robust, robust enough to participate in warrior expeditions. Their strength and capacity were not questioned.

And yet women were not men... «[...], as robust as women may have been at that time, the burdens of reproduction represented for them a severe handicap in the fight against a hostile world...». Hence, men had to take over: they became the ones who had to protect, to discover, to explore.



1* Simone de Beauvoir, 'The Second Sex
—1949, Chapter I, p97



Long story short, masculine supremacy rose from the absurd women fertility quality, and from the privilege assigned to woman: reproduction. And this will remain her only privilege. This role given, they could only play that part.

"Thus woman did not even have the privilege of maintaining life that the creator male had; [...] she played only one part in the human species' effort to persist in being, and it was thanks to man that this effort had a concrete result"*

Women's pregnancy constrained them into domestic work. Because they were weakened from pissing blood fountain and diminished for long periods of time, they couldn't participate in the hunting activities of men.

Women were bound to being fertile. Men regarded women as the opposite sex, the weak one, the diminished one, the impotent one, the one that cannot protect others, that cannot defend herself, the one that waits... Wait for the fishes to be caught, wait for the world to be explored, wait for the man to take power. So he did. Men explored the territories and seas, they conquered the world and named the new land.

Therefore, women appeared as the perpetuator, the nourishing sex while men were the protectors, the exploring sex. Women are considered as birth-giving tools. Once the child is born, he or she is named, not after his mother, but after the father. One could wonder who the creator is.



This is where men and women fate diverge.

One of the reasons why humans give children their fathers' name is because they were the ones who sought to expand and to surpass themselves. Men were the ones to explore the outer world therefore the one to create.

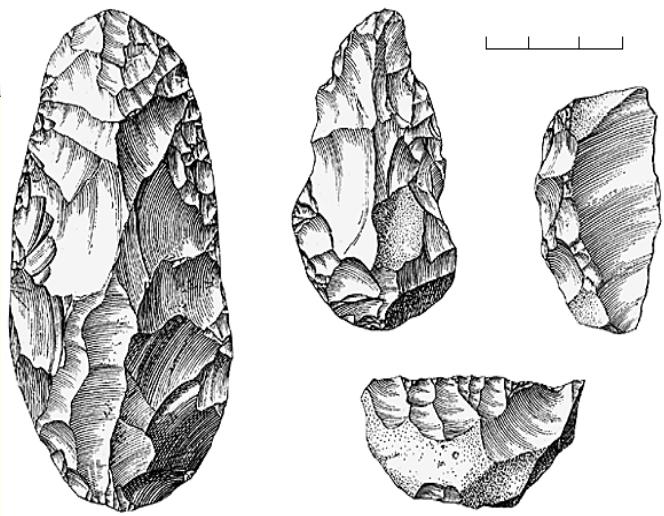
"The reason for this is that humanity is not a simple natural species: it does not seek to survive as a species; its project is not stagnation: it seeks to surpass itself."

Women couldn't take pride in the activity of giving birth since they only reproduced. Therefore participated to the stagnation and stability of the tribe while men surpassed it.

As they gave their names to their cities, statues were raised to their names, streets, buildings as well as their sons and daughters./ as well as he gave his own name to the cities he built, his progeny wore his name.

By discovering and hunting, men could “test” challenge their power and strength and surpass themselves. They were admired and their successes were celebrated, worshiped.

“The worst curse on women is their exclusion from warrior expeditions; it is not in giving life but in risking his life that man rose himself above animals; this is why throughout humanity, superiority has been granted not to the sex that gives birth but to the one that kills” .



Part two: On the reason she had hairs.

She was the first child.

Wrinkle face and hairy scalp wrapped in an hygienic hospital landscape. This was a nice picture (to add)to the first album of the family. There she came and here it was. The first picture of her, the first portrait that framed her. The first of a long line of cousins and grandchild long ahead. She looked at it with flared nostril and a bitter taste of disgust:

The Girl:

So much hair! She stucked her tongue out.
I don't like to be framed, and I don't want to. I wish there was something more iconic to celebrate newcomer me. «I remember you had so much hair when we visited your mother after her delivery». That's the classic anatomic detail my family remembered and love to remind me of. Defined by my hairy scalp and the shy furr adorning my small body. Well maybe it doesn't matter if I belonged more to the monkey than the human race.



Bo:

Darwin used to say humans are animals among others, there is no such things as human supremacy.
She didn't want to show weakness to Bo and she disdainfully addressed him «I was obviously, already well aware of the place I belonged to. I take all credit for it. I made myself a hairy child!

The Girl:

because now I remember I wanted it to be like a political statement! I was already politically engaged at that time/as soon as I was born. I can be proud that my family remembered me as a hairy child. “...to remember me...” She stopped talking, now she really wanted to know and to remember what would it be, that thing that defined her. She realised that she had nothing to do with her own birth and that she _Simone De Beauvoir, Le Deuxième sexe. 1949

belong to another project, something bigger, and she was angry she wasn't part of the deliberations concerning her own fate. "what was the first thing that defined me", she asked Bo.

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"What defines you! Bo was a bit overwhelmed by the question and choosed to respond with a joke, because it was too much to handle, he thought to himself.
"Here I couldn't even tell whether you're a monkey or a human".

The Girl.

THIS CH...
Can you be serious for the sake of this sociological enterprise we're having here...
Would it be my name?/Do you think it's my name?



Bo:
This must be it because that's after
The Girl:
So it's my name.
Bo:
Well First it's your father's name.

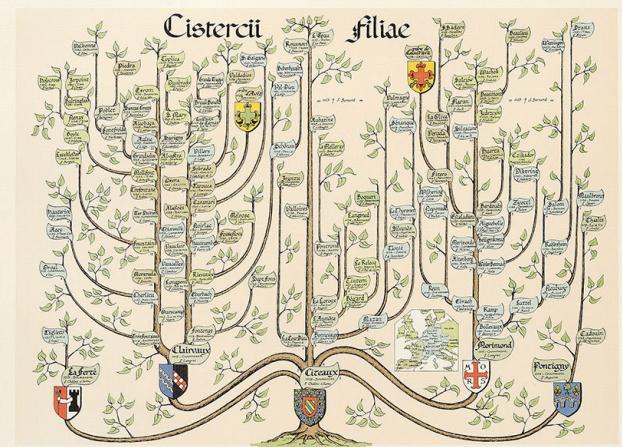
The Girl.

Not that I don't like my mother's name but I like my father's name better yet I don't get why I should have my father's. And sometimes when I try to go through the names of my mother, grandmothers then actually I end up lost in a cemetery of first names I don't know about, I mean what if I wouldn't have any name what if I would choose my own names.

3

mean at this time it wasn't really something we discussed because that's how it works and everybody was happy about it so... Heredity was assure, the name would prosper and your parent's project was a success. Your opinion was not really relevant at the time but... Now it's your turn to choose.

The Girl: What is there to choose?



Bo:
Immortality

The Girl:
I'm not sure if immortality would suit me.
Bo:
As a girl you're entitled to your biological destiny.
Once a woman forever a womb. Bo was looking at her with malice



© paleomanias



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The Girl:
Will it be my ultimate goal then as a woman? To go 8 month on wales mode.
I mean woman don't get pregnant every day like they did in prehistoric age. I can control my sexuality.
I don't get why, since we stop considering woman as static beings. Why do we still have this pressure of becoming mother.

Bo:
Virgin and mother like Marie was. There you would reach perfection.
"The Girl will be wife, mother, grandmother; she will take care of her house exactly as her mother does, she will take care

of her children as she was taken care of: she is twelve years old, and her story is already written in the heavens; she will discover it day after day without shaping it; [...] every of her step is planned in advance and toward which each day irrevocably moves her.”



Bo had to quote Simone* on this, because he couldn't bear this injustice.

Bo:

I'm letting you know what is expected from you from a historical, objective point of view and from our several family dinners get to know sessions it has always been implicit. Worst expectations' discussion being the ones you have at weddings... the curious/obvious 'Do you have a boyfriend', the guilty 'when are you gonna make us grand-children', the winky 'you're next!', or the classic 'when are you getting married' ...

But now that you mentioned prehistoric age, it can help us understand how the hierarchy of the sexes came to be. With no contraception involved, the people soon realised woman got pregnant. Therefore woman were not in optimal capacity to fight, hunt and so on. Our worst curse is our exclusion from warrior expeditions because from an equal relation to man we became oppressed.

The Girl:

Dahomey's woman from the amazon escaped this status. They became great warriors and swear allegiance to their king that took them all as wives promissing him chastety. They would lay with no man or cut the head of their lovers in the night.





Bo: Make cock necklaces out of their testicles' enemy.



Sure they did that.
It is not in giving life but in risking his life that man raises himself above the animal; this is why throughout humanity, superiority has been granted not to the sex that gives birth but to the one that kills.

but there is not a lot of woman who manage to access this priviledg.
The rest of us were stuck in maternity and a sacred prostitution soon to be valued for his economic practicalities.

The Girl:

But so they rejected their own nature.

Bo:

What do you mean by nature? Femininity?
Motherhood?

The Girl:

Yes, they would get rid of their female attributes for instance to through arrows they would cut one of their breast. They rejected motherhood or to have sex with man.

Bo:

Right but woman's nature is not necessarily feminine. What does it even mean to be feminine?

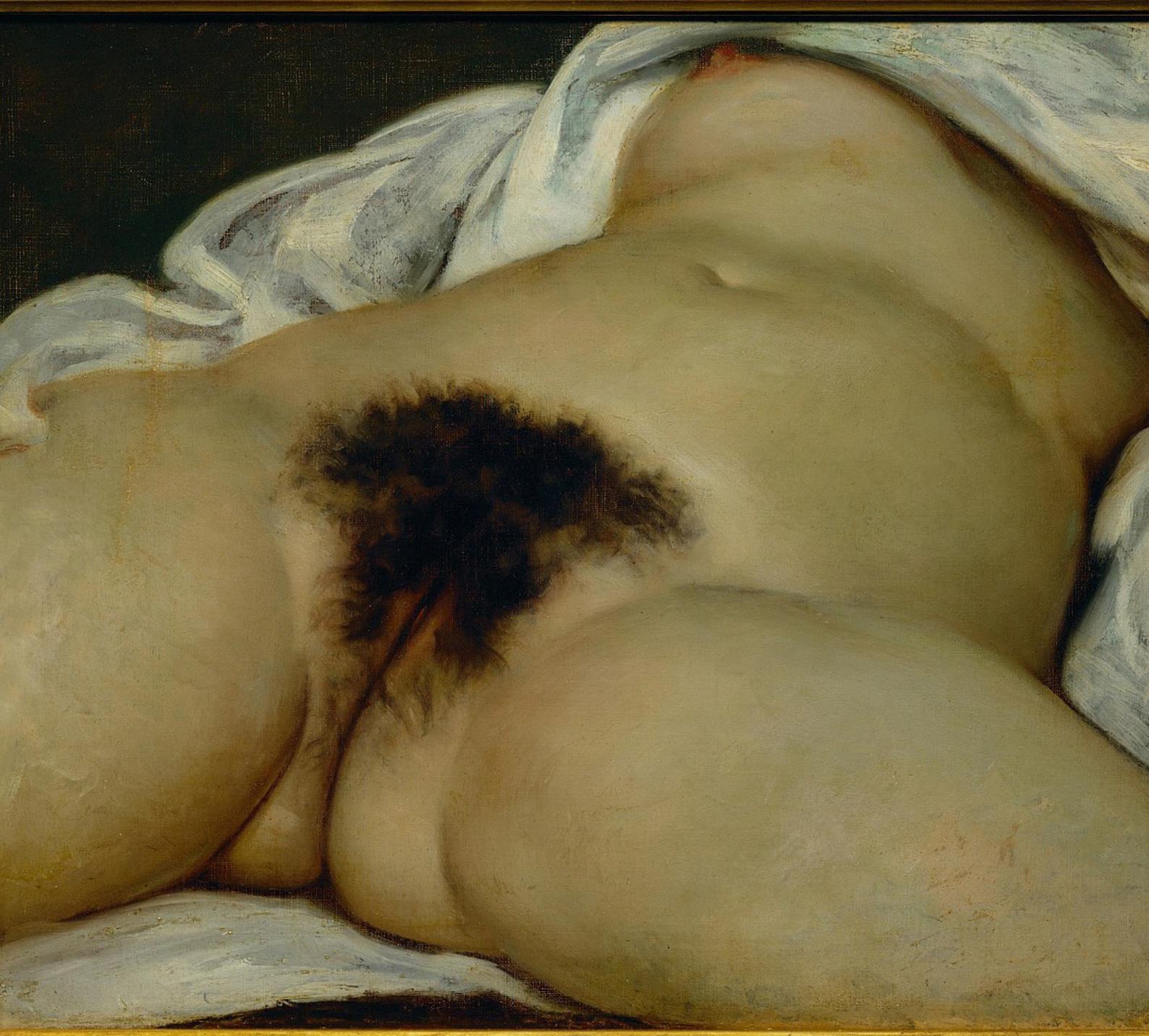
The Girl:

Well, I think we explained how masculinity became. So Femininity should be seen as the opposite definition...? The only thing that tickles me in this story, is that I feel, by being mutilated breast warriors, refusing intercourse, they also remained in a masculine pattern/philosophy of life.(from a certain point of view)



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Yeah but at that time, did they had a choice? At least they achieved to be respected et to get the same privilege of being warrior status.



I'm the
American
Dream

Chapter 2: She was taught to be a woman

Part one - from a girl to a doll On the reasons why we want to know...

We all want to know, we want to know before, everything has to be known before it's out: What we want to know first is the sex.

Because it's the sex that defines and will decide what it's gonna be. Is it a girl? yes, it's a girl !!

The run for cuteness and pinkness can start, bedroom walls can be draped with bubbeling roses and hearts. Ready to be fed with social conventions and projections.

Don't worry foetus-you, We have already chosen: the color of your penties, the toys you will soak with your dribble (lays on your bed), the name you will represent, the woman you will become.

Born girl, born woman.

We will hand you a doll at the age of 2 or 4 to be sure you know what destiny is yours so that you will be sure /and then you will be sure, I promised what destiny is yours and who you really are. My sweet babydoll.

Let me tell you my babydoll, that in my research I did find interesting knowledge and psychanalyses studies that will help you understand the reasons why boys are boys and girls are dolls. Everything is very clear and clearly divided, so you'll see. In the end, it's a question of penis. From what I've casually read, and after long hours of research on identifications in early ages what I've discovered is that boys have their own inner self to play with: their penis. The penis plays the role of his inner buddy, his inner self, his inner alter ego with who/which he can play with, to who/which he can identify and relate to.

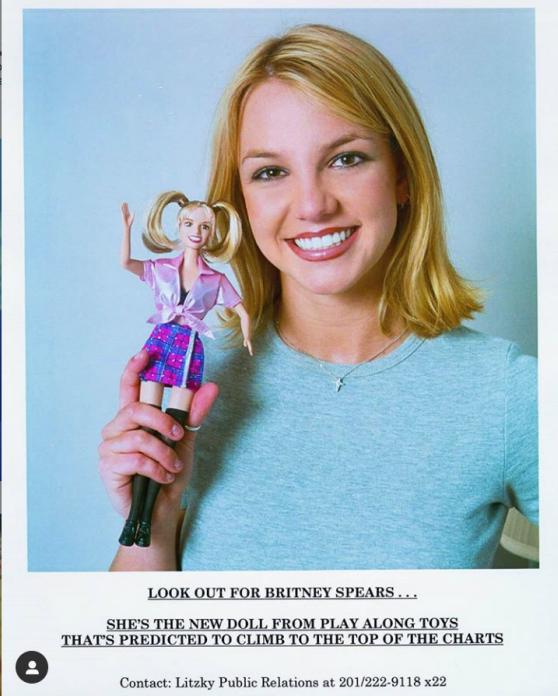
They see it as a tiny self, an independent living alter-ego. The thing is that it's part of his body and in the same time it kind of live his own life. What Boy would see in his penis is an autonomous extension of himself. Ok...



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The great gap is that girls have no penis. Sorry girls nothing sticks out. Nothing for you to play with your mini-me. On the contrary, The Girl has no such member, her vagina isn't obvious nor clearly identifiable by her. She can't see it as clearly as boy see there genital. The Girl will develop herself through something/someone that is exterior to herself, as opposed to Boys.



LOOK OUT FOR BRITNEY SPEARS ...

SHE'S THE NEW DOLL FROM PLAY ALONG TOYS
THAT'S PREDICTED TO CLIMB TO THE TOP OF THE CHARTS

Contact: Litzky Public Relations at 201/222-9118 x22

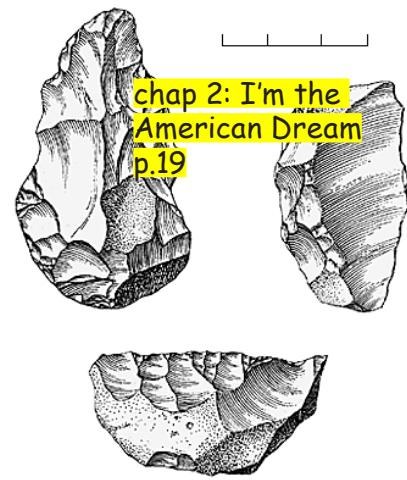
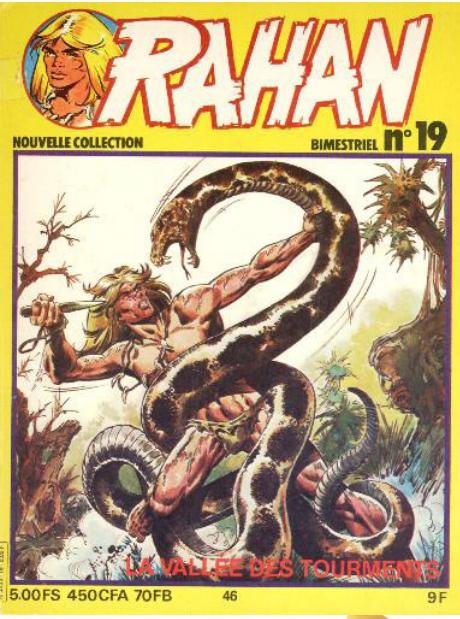
rl, everything has been planned for you to identify with, with so you can perfectly identify yourself and play on you a doll, there is your penis! Girl will have a doll to play with, Boy will remain free zed and objectified ideals. Therefore it's no wonder develops needs to look like her doll. It's her first object in which is a superficial material ideal/model: plastic exist in real life. It's absurd to try to reach this level of he'll early integrate that she has to be careful with the sees, her main goal as a kid being : to choose the perfect oll and change it several times a day....





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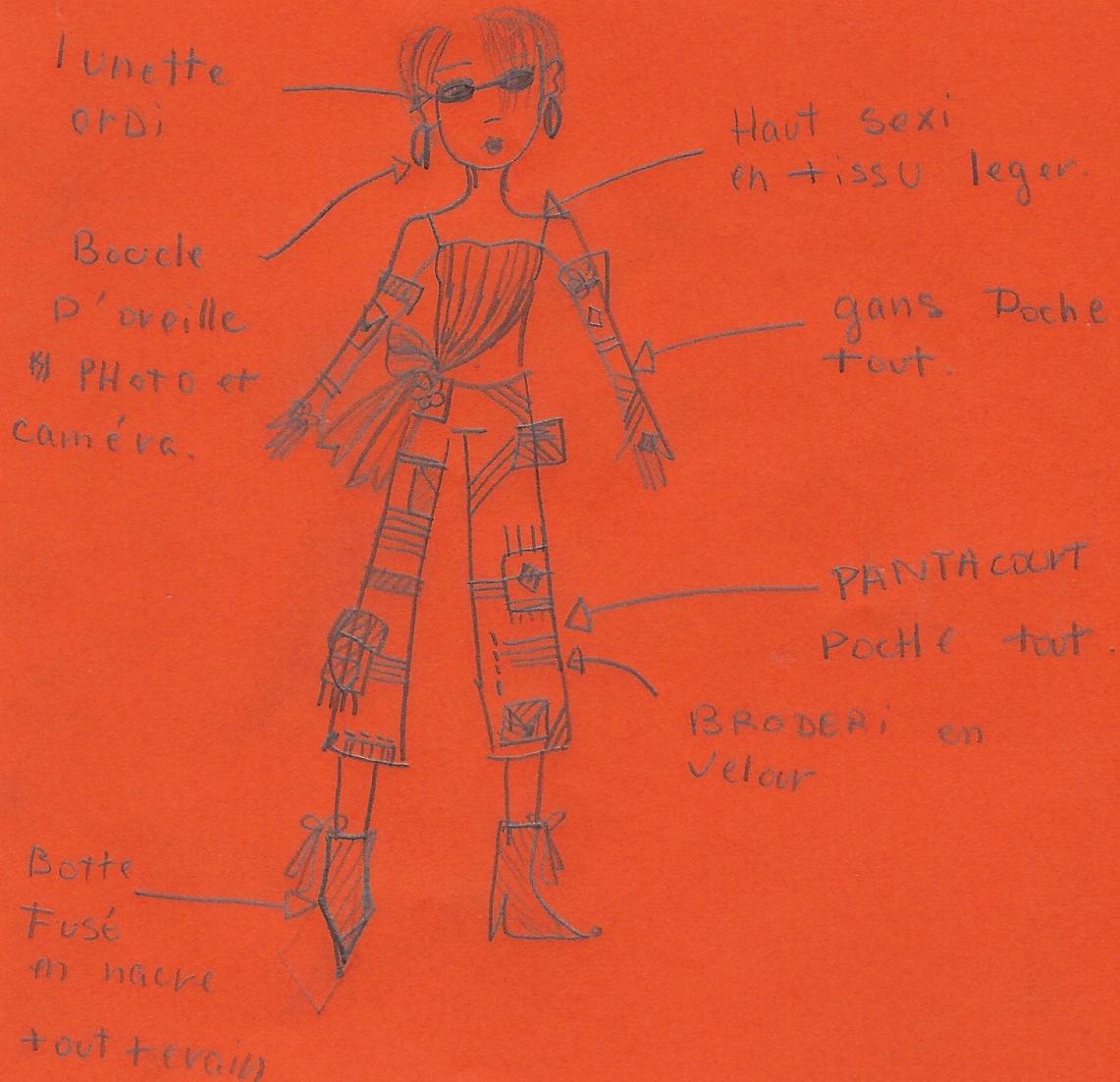


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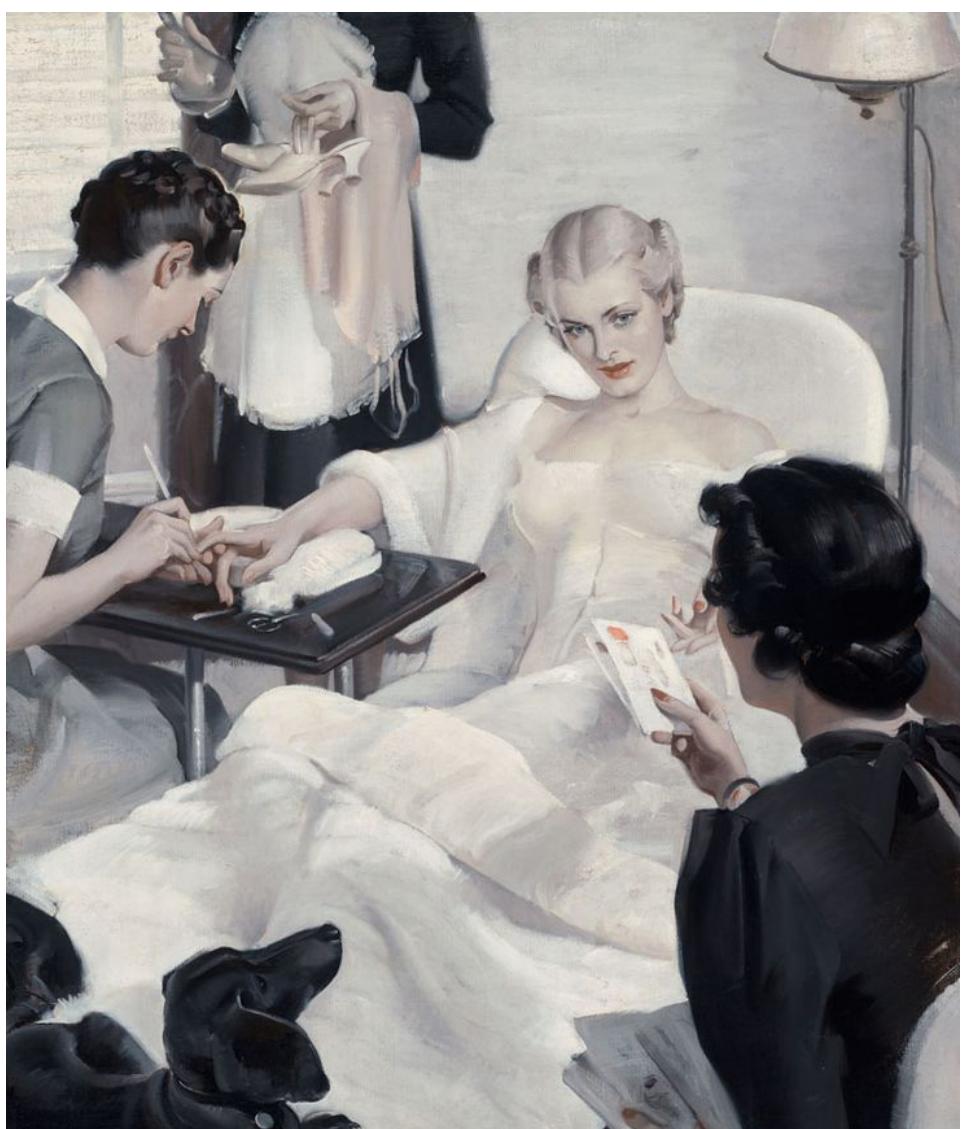


Tenu Agent Secret

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25+ best ideas about Disney Princess Costumes on Pinterest ...

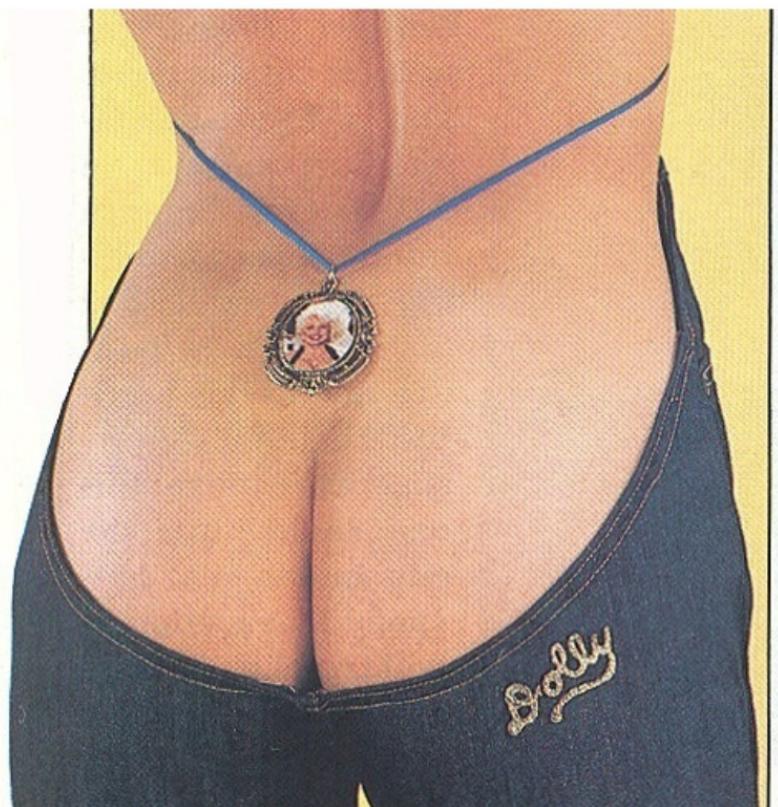
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Voir le site www.pinterest.com



Afficher l'original



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с люрексом, VIP
Ярко-желтые босо
Charles Jourdan,
Stockmann Boutique

Желтая сумка,
Stockmann

Желтый платок
с цветным рисунком
Moschino,
Les Boutiques Re

Пестрые перчатки
Stockmann

Hot Spots:
Mädchen,
die auffallen
wollen, tragen
in dieser Party-
saison zu den
ultrakurzen,
roten Nylon-
Hot-pants (Flip,
ca. DM 89) die
spacie Bluse
in 3D-Optik
(2 Sisters,
ca. DM 129)

Funky:
In den
sexy Frottee-
Hot-pants
(H&M, ca. DM
29), dem knap-
pen Psychedelictop
(Flip, ca. DM 69)
und der roten Pla-
stikjacke (Miss Sixty,
ca. DM 159) zieht
Ihr alle Blicke an

Showgirl: Jetzt
wird's richtig
crazy! In dem orange-
farbenen Noppen-
schnürtop und dem
Glitterlackmini (beides
Mode Wichtig, ca. DM 119
und ca. DM 79) kannst
Du voll loslegen



Part 2 - from a girl to a woman
Reason why femininity is femininity...



The first day in class they ask you to write your name over the coat rack. You choose your place, you name it, claims it yourself with your own name. It belongs to you now»

«Finally! I have my private space. » **The Girl** felt powerful now that she tasted the power of ownership. But what came after filled **The Girl** even more with delight.

«This time we don't put a name you will make a collage out of your own portrait.»

Portraits of first day school were distribute to everyone where you could see our face paste on a graphical brush gradient background...

She took great care of contouring her head and gave herself Body she deserved.

Leaning on the side of a wall, little finger graciously standing, touching fine necklaces, one leg out of a jumper/dress that could be entirely open from top to bottom.

YES. That was it. She was a woman.

The Girl:
Bo...I wonder why I desperately need to look like a woman.

Bo: Little girls always do, don't make a big fuss out of this. You're not special. That's the part they've been given to play and the model the mother reasonably gives in the best of world.
«I'm a girl and I'll become a woman» From girl to woman, you can read this in the eyes of your own family.



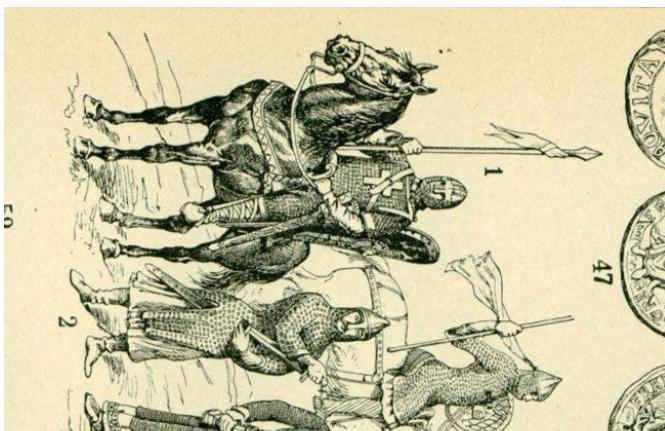
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The Girl:
What a common way to think.
Wanting a woman body. How vulgarly simple and ordinary. What a generic way of looking at myself.

Bo:
Could have been worst, you could have wanted Barbie's flawless body.

That twat who convert your soul to boobs adoration turning it into your ultimate goal.
The final element that would open the door to femininity. Boobs, The Girl's best friend. Boobs, The symbol of the woman, Boobs, the ultimate weapon to accomplish her biological destiny as women and human beings.

The Girl:
Can you stop making fun of me now. Besides, I'm so over boobs.



Bo:
A Woman needs to open like a flower. She will deploy all her artefact and attributes offered to her by mother nature to seduce, to provide, to nourish. She will have to display her body in certain ways in order to show her fertile qualities. Therefore breasts and hips will be welcome in a slinky satin dress with décolleté on top. Even though we see today that woman is also greatly invited to work and to reach the same status and position as man; their failure are excused as long as they don't loose their femininity: She must at least also/ always be a woman.
As opposed to the Dahomey tribe you mentioned earlier...

The Girl:
You think the Dahomey women refused to show any feminine attribute. They rejected femininity?



Bo:
Well, some of them did cut their breast. This radical act is the complete opposition to the sublimation of woman's body we can see today.

The Girl:
Then what, if you don't show and value your boobs, you're not feminine?
I feel you mix up everything here.
A woman's femininity is eternal.

Bo:
Or maybe femininity doesn't exist...
Maybe it's all made up.

The Girl:
Yeah... I wonder why do we even need a name.
What if I want to be feminine and I don't want to be feminine in the same time.
How is it called then? Maybe I don't want to give a name.

Bo:
You know, in the very beginning when you were inside your mother, you had no sex. I mean no definitive sex until week 7.



The Girl:

Sure we all went through an informal body phase. Your body is not male or female enough at the stage, it's just a foetus. We all begin (with)hermaphrodites.

Bo:

Right...and some of us won't develop as a «complete female» or a «complete male» in the end. I don't really like using these terms but if I refer to the binary division of the human species then I guess I can.

The Girl:

Because when you say: "complete female" it seems like you imply female or men are absolute perfection. They seem to be like the



perfect and final version of human species.

Bo:

It's going back to this sterile classification of the species. The one that puts Human kind at the last stage of Species evolution. Indeed it's stupid because it's denying variations.

The Girl:

And in the end we all are variations. We see ourselves as equals and everyone wants to belong to a certain category: people wants to be associated, recognised and they need to be named. What if you don't fit any categorisation.

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Bo: The problem isn't if you don't fit any categorisation. It's more about the fact that we do have categorisation system. The problem is that we need names, we need to create frames, we need to genderise, to divide.

The Girl: Hum, but in the same time if you don't name anything then, it doesn't exist.
It's the case for intersex people for instance.

Bo: Oh wow, you really want to go down there...

The Girl:

Of course, I want to talk about it. Because it's one of the example that can help understand human species not as fixed species and « normalised » species.
I want to go against the norms, because the norms are wrong!

Bo:

You're talking about European and patriarchal « norms » made up by European patriarchal states/society. You mean that norms never existed in the beginning and that it's a invention of man.

The Girl:

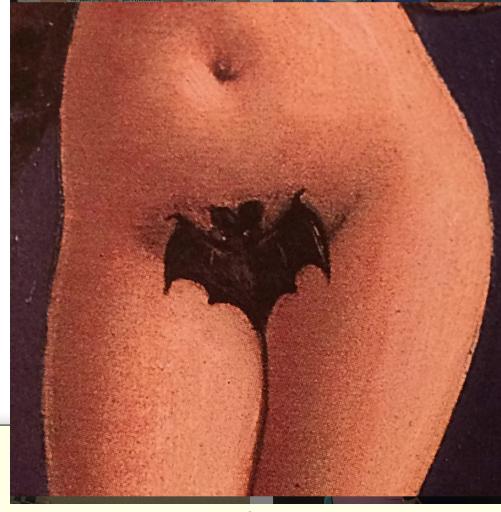
It's made up, yes, completely arbitrary and superficial. It's a product of society and language.

Bo: But the intersex case, is really rare.



The Girl:

Maybe it is...maybe not.
I read that In 2000, a biologist produced one of the first estimates of the number of people with variations in sex characteristics. According to her research, 1.7% of people globally are born with a variation of sex characteristics. And still it is not so clear, because this variation wasn't widely acknowledge by the medicine community.
But in any case it doesn't really matter. What matter is that it does exist and that until today/recently, no questions were raised. We called it deformity, anomaly, disorder...



Bo:

The terminology is still used in the medical framework. They call it DSD as for Disorders of Sex Development. For sure this terminology can add to existing stigma and pathologization...

The Girl:

People cannot blame that individuals with variations of sex characteristics view certain terms as stigmatising. It is really (stigmatizing), because it implies that if you're different, then you're wrong.

Bo:

Yeah but If you are not female or male enough then what are you?

The Girl:

Hermaphrodites.

But the very problem is that one cannot remain hermaphrodite, right. You have to choose. You have to choose whether you're a boy or a girl, whether you like pink or you like blue, whether you're a vagina or a penis.



Bo:

But Intersex people are not the one to make that choice.
The parents do.



The Girl:

Because they are the ones who can't deal with it. They are the ones imprisoned by the norm. They want their children to fit in, and to fill up the expectation of society: acceptable sex leading to a rational sexuality.

Bo:

Family is the instrument of normalisation.
It reminds me of what Michel* used to say using the term "medicalised family".
Of course he wrote his thesis in the 70s but the system didn't changed much.
What he claims is that the power of the law is intimately integrated to a far wider power:
the norm.

The norm being relay by the family, through its structure, sexuality and models. Which implies that the surveillance system of people's behaviour is not written in the laws, it is staged in the family structure itself. The law I'm talking about is the law of the norm, and « the Family » is the tool that shapes the norm. The drama is that this law is visible 24/7, it's a permanent classification, hierarchisation, qualification of individuals. Everybody has a precisely defined function.

Norm is the criteria. Norm is the division.

Which explain as well since heterosexual behaviour have always been seen as the norm, it explain that the rest of behaviour are seen as disorder/abnormal behaviour.

Therefore it's very confusing if the sexuality is outside of the « norm » edicted.

The worst then being sexually abnormal from a biological point of view/matter/...
Family stage as the tool for sexual and comportmental « determination ».



The Girl:
Hermaphrodites

Bo:
There is no place for hermaphrodites in this world.
(plus loin dans l'humour: freak show femme a barbe+ clinic)

The Girl:



The choice is simple.

Bo:

Society made it simple
Boy or girl, blue or pink, ken or barbie,

The Girl:

And If you get it wrong you can always see a shrink !

Bo:

If you can't afford a shrink you can always buy a Elle or Cosmo magazine

The Girl:

Lucky enough, your family might put you to rehab. Get your identity problems and sexual disorder fixed.

Bo:

Michel mentioned it as « medicalised family ».

The Girl:

I'm being dramatic and you bring back philosophers from the 60's back on the table.

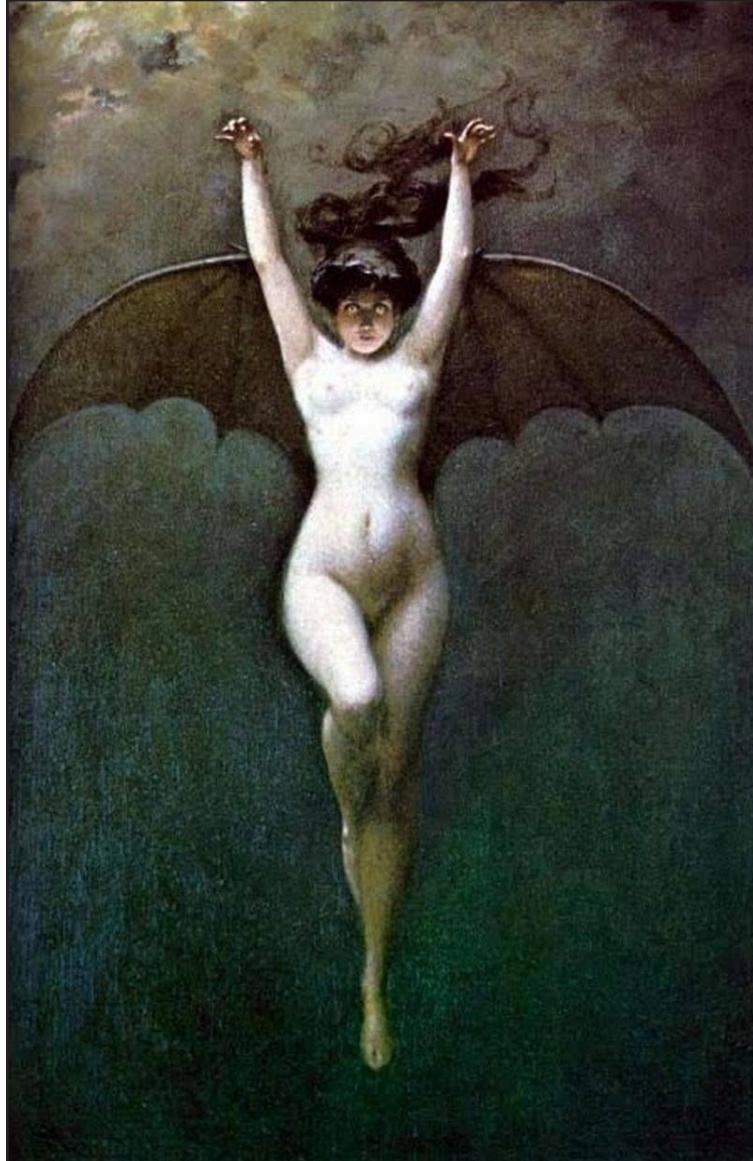
Bo:

Even though homosexuality, today, is not fixed with shock therapy or intersex, less and less hospitalised from birth. I think there is still some truth, family is still used by the government to surveil and control identities and sexuality.

The Girl:

I share the paranoia.







If the images of the present don't change,
change the images of the past.



Brunettes
ARE SO
HOT
right now



Brunettes
are
so hot
right now

Chapter 3 The feminine me Part 1: on the great mind of mankind

I tell you, we stopped being stupid when we came out.
When we stopped to vegetate in the state of nature
and embraced the state of culture.

Because it's at this very moment that man's ability to
think biological relations as systems of oppositions,
duality, alternation, opposition, and symmetry occur-
red.*

So it has been decided now that boys would become
men and girls would be women, (à perciser)(as op-
posed to man.) Let me keep the dramatic tone.
It's funny how clothes used to divide and categorise
people according to their sex.

Why did we wear clothes? Despite the practicality
of it in winter seasons and nice aesthetics? Nature
didn't give us the adaptability of animals, we didn't got
feathers or thick fur, we're only made of thin skin. First,

humans needed to protect themselves from the weather influences, then
human needed to protect their body out of shame and prudishness.
Human were aware they greatly surpassed Animals, psychologically and
philosophically: They are smart.

Because we all know that human species are the masterpiece of all spe-
cies.

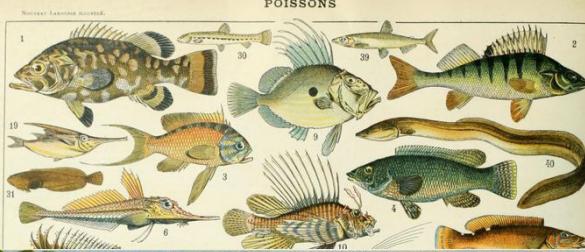
//accentuer le truc ironique

They had a great destiny waiting for them and it was unworthy/ beneath
them selves to believe they could share any kind of «similarities» with
wild species. Therefore Humans had to hide any body parts that could
link them to the degenerate species, therefore the sex, the chest, the
back, the legs were to be covered.

But as soon as humans were aware, as soon as they thought, the need-
ed to dress up and the shame of Body took over.
This phenomena is clearly depicted in the Bible for instance.



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are so hot right now
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In the beginning, Adam and Eve were naked. They would run happily naked in the garden of heaven. Once they've tasted the apple of the knowledge, they blushed out of shame.
Because they saw, they were naked.*

Bo:

Remember when you were a child... Until quite late you never had boobs.

The Girl remembered the times she went on the beach. She remembered this times when she never wore a bikini top, her and her sister. Because their mum never bought them the bikini top. She remembered this one time, she had to make a presentation in front of her whole classroom: « Your summer holidays ». Great theme so far.

She would archive all the beaches she went to (with) in a nice patchwork of herself -Malibu style. She took greater satisfaction in this specially because it was the first time she ever went outside of her continent.

But The Girl's proud filled up with shame when a boy through his finger at her
« look you can see her nipples! She wears no bikini top!»

The Girl remembered:

Until 14, boobs didn't existed for me. And I remember this event that changed me.
Changed me in the sense that it had an impact on the way I looked at my body.
Physically, I had to change.

Bo was rowlling his eyes because he heard the story a thousand times.

The Girl:

It's not my fault. If boys were already slave to the binary toys industry and brainwashed by the patriarchal system they fell into. They made fun of me and I wasn't in the proper disposition to respond back as I would wish I had.



Bo:

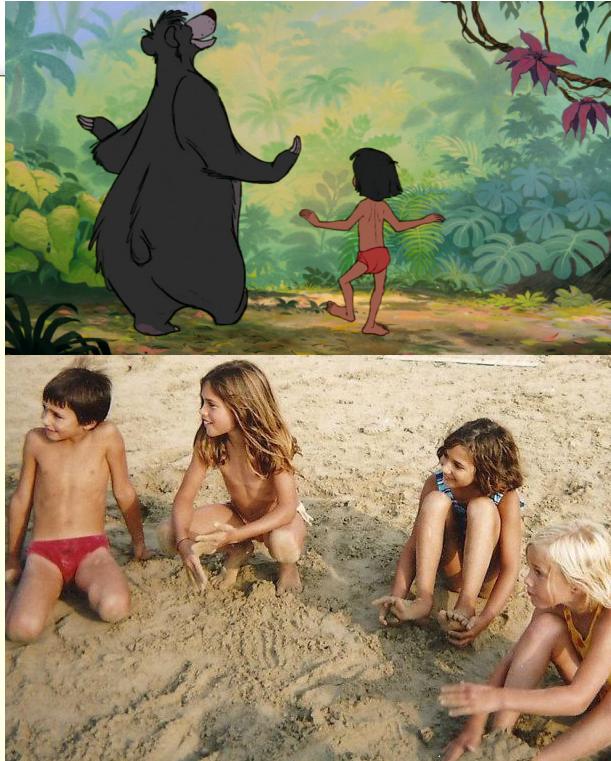
Maybe you shouldn't care too much about the others. What they think, what they want.
Maybe you should stop victimising yourself.

The Girl:

Easy to say. I can see you've never been to highschool. (picture of mean girls)

Bo:

Imagine, if you had not been pointed out. You would have stayed in the ignorance of your



identity: A true woman.
He was drawing Body of a voluptuous woman in the air/with his hands.

The Girl:

lol.

No but it just broke my intimate connection to Mowgli. I mean the guy was dope.
And before this "incident" (let's call it like that bla...) I mean there was no clear indica-
tion this dude was a dude. And I could totally see myself in Mowgli.

Bo:

I know Mowgli was your fav. (sad emoji)



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Part two: on the reason why

« until 14, boobs didn't existed for me, therefore my bathing suit was the same as Mowgli's »

If you look at it closely, sure Book of the Jungle is a great story until the moment we all fear, the separation of man from nature. Mowgli is an orphan raised by a clan of wolves. Hedonist and independent wild beings, free from society, free from the pressure of conformity: Mowgli grew up the best way there is: savage and fearless. He has no fear of nature, he lived in symbiosis with it and **The Girl** knew she would live her life as he did: unchained. And **The Girl** knew she would do anything she can to live her life as he did//

At the end of Mowgli adventure, the separation of the best buddies isn't the worst part of **The Girl** outrage to this story. (isn't the worst part of the story that made her outraged// a rectifier) The worst part of the movie is that they dared to represent a human female, for **The Girl**, the obstination of the black panter would have been good enough reason to make Mowgli reunite with his kind. The threat of Sher-kahn and the black panther's pressure were enough reason to capitulate. So she believe. No.

It had to be « her ».

The treacherous seductive female. The female. She had to be the missing link between nature and culture. Ones know, SHE is the yin to his yang: To his wildness, she behave, to his uncivilise and naive manners, her looks are malicious and she master the butterfly gaze effect with perfection. She knows what she's doing, obviously.

The Girl:
Not again!

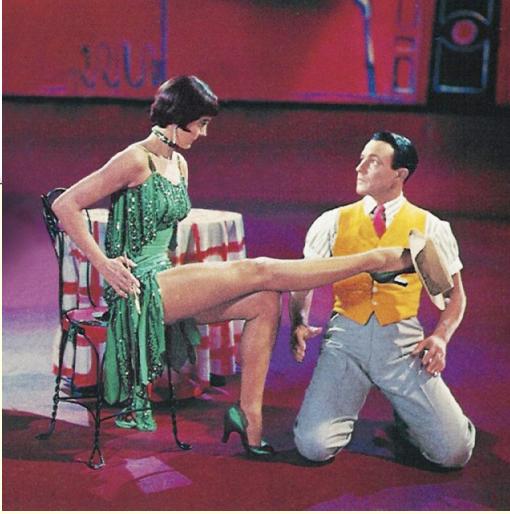
Bo:

It's meant to be. Every Disney cartoon have to end up in a romantic story: princesses waiting for prince, princesses brushing their hair and dreaming of prince, prince seeking for princesses, fighting dragons, oceans, monsters to find and rescue princesses. There has to be a girl. Because it's been proved and validated/certified/sponsored by Disney, that girls are men's « essentials ».



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The Girl:

Yes the jungle book was never a love story until The Girl showed up. And I liked this disney

because of the ambiguity of the main character.
It's because Mowgli was naked that the ambiguity worked. He didn't had a gendered clothing
like a cupcake dress or an armor.

Bo:

Why armor would be genderised?
kill ».



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LEGS - A tribute to Cyd Charisse
<http://legs.free.fr>

Bo and The Girl are flipping the pages of the book...

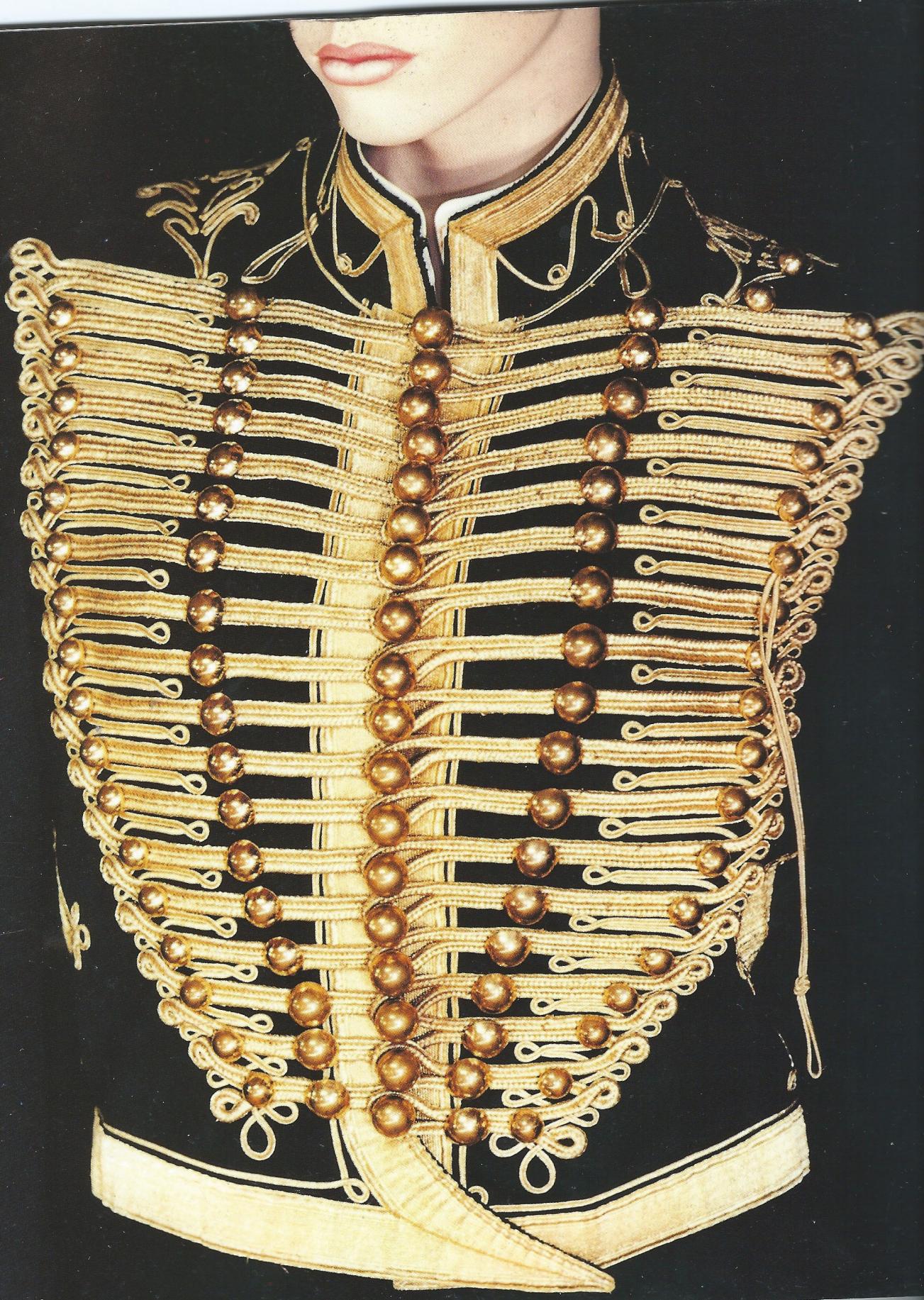


dressed to kill

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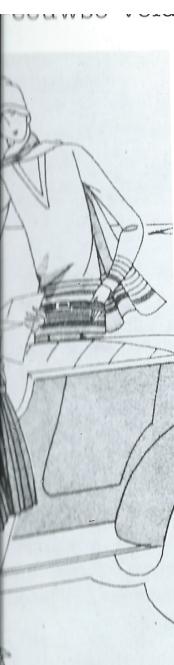
22

Ceremonieel tenue Officier Artillerie tot 1940



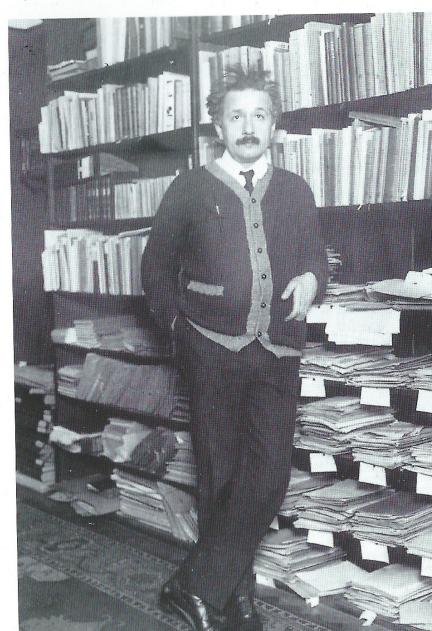


soorten en maten draagkrachtige handelsmerk, maar o handig aan met gouden uit de klassieke garder Sindsiën is het niet begin twintigste eeuw iets wat saai, maar o naam leeft voort in knoopjes: het vest was bruikbaar gemaakt warm had. Later w zijn trui van voren volg sneed Cardigan, volg onsterfelijk. In het



ij de gemakkelijke kleedstijl van de
-Beauté

voortbestaan in relatie tot de cardigan, lange mouwen dat in de negentiende eeuw verschil tussen het en het, daarmee vergeleken saaien. De geschiedenis vertelt dat door het vuur van de strijd om de Krim, met zijn sabel van voren opensneed. Zijn mannen de gerafelde randen hebben opgezet en er knoopsgaten in



Ook voor heren is de cardigan ideaal, alhoewel het vest wel iets van huiselijke oudbolligheid heeft, zelfs bij Albert Einstein. Bildarchiv Preussischer Kulturbesitz.

Aan het begin van de twintigste eeuw verscheen onder de naam cardigan een gebreid, kraagloos vest met lange mouwen in de sportkleding. De ontwerpster Coco Chanel (1883-1971) wordt door veel modehistorici beschouwd als de 'uitvindster' van het gebreide vest, dat zij in de jaren twintig en dertig inderdaad veelvuldig in haar comfortabele kleding naar voren bracht. Chanel was, hoezeer zijzelf deze idee ook voedde, echter niet de enige die cardigans ontwierp. Ook andere ontwerpers uit de jaren twintig brachten

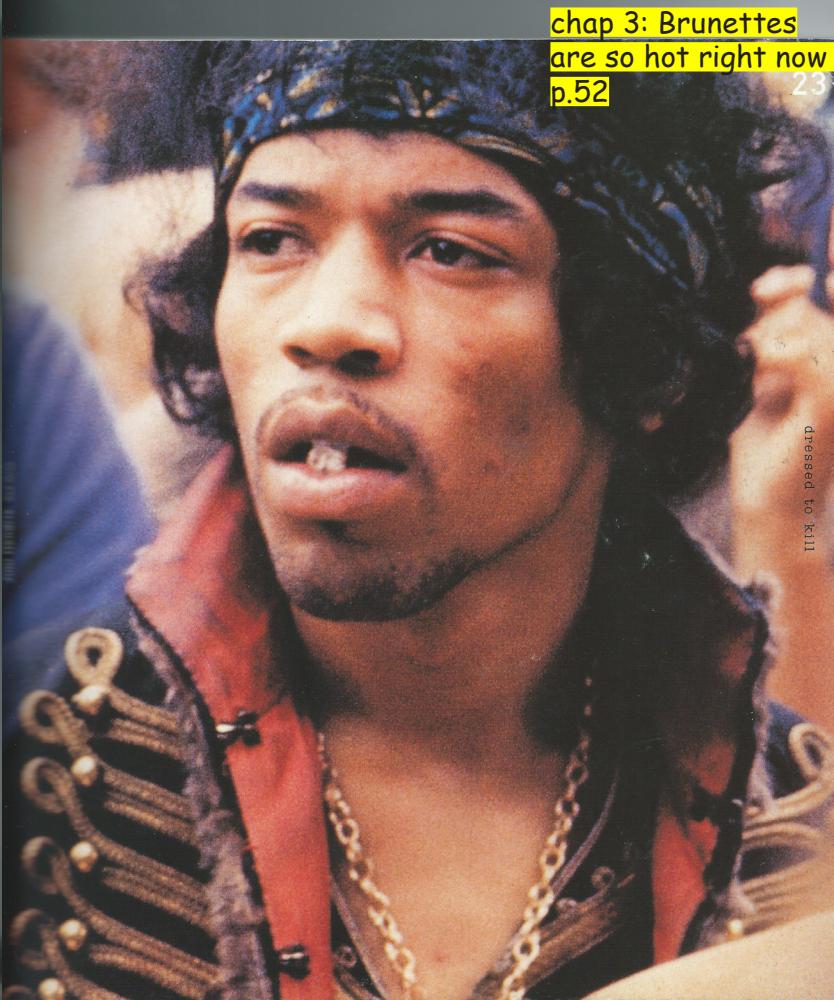


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dressed to kill

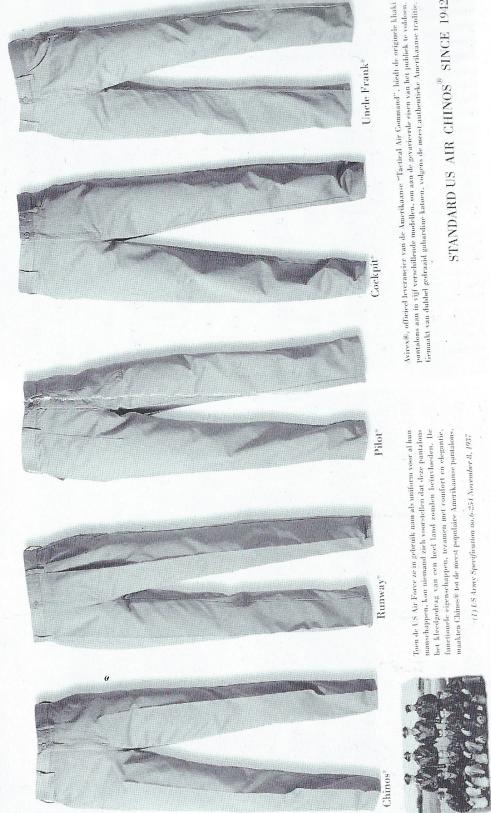


Jongeren verwerven hun plek in de samenleving

de authentieke
Amerikaanse
katoenen pantalons

trousers, cotton,
khaki
functional garment

Chinos®
is Avirex®

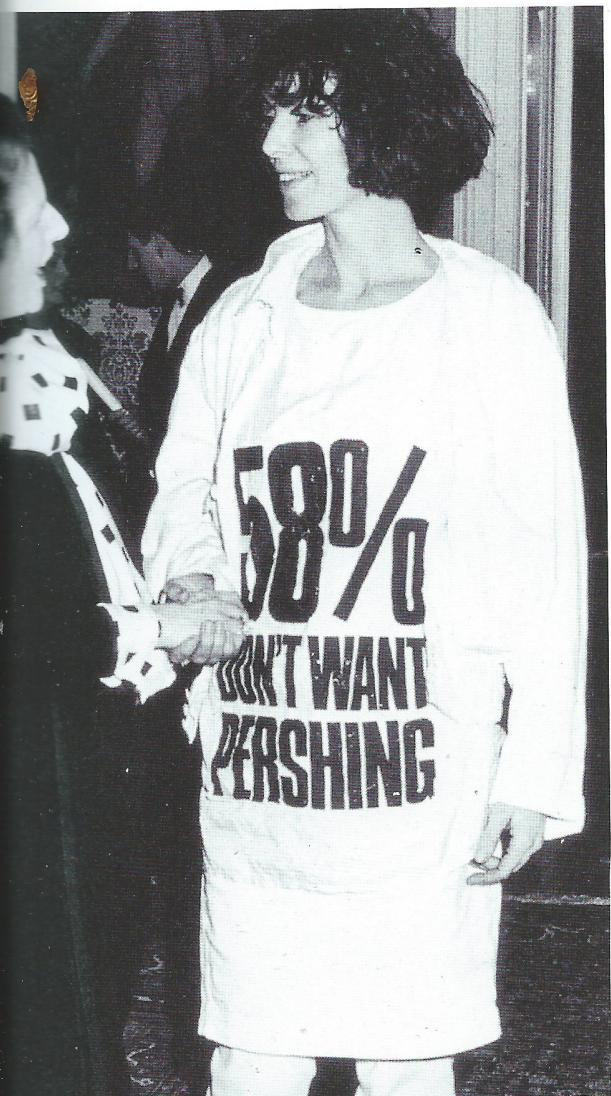


STANDARD US AIR CHINOS® SINCE 1912

spijkerbroeken en dito (mouwloze) jasjes. Het type Hell's Angel, een ongeciviliseerde, verwilderde man op een motorfiets, werd in 1930 al gevormd in de gelijknamige film. Later pasten Amerikaanse oud-G.I.'s zich aan dit beeld aan. Na de oorlog hadden zij hun geloof in de maatschappij verloren. De terugkeer naar hun familie, banen en school was, na alles wat zij hadden meegemaakt, een onmogelijke opgave geworden. Een zwervend bestaan bood hun de privacy die nodig was om de traumatische ervaringen te verwerken, de Harley-Davidsons de snelheid en actie die ze gewend waren. De eerste Hell's Angels-bende maakte in 1947 California onveilig. In 1954 kregen zij algemene bekendheid door de film *The Wild Ones*, waarin zij geportretteerd werden als brutaal en agressief. In 1965 werd er in *True, The Man's Magazine* geschreven: 'Ze noemen zichzelf Hell's Angels. Zij rijden, verkrachten en roven als plunderbluffen dat geen enkele politiemacht kan oppakken'. Uiteraard moet de lezer niet denken dat de Hell's Angels een ander beeld van zichzelf. Zij beschrijven zich als gevechtskleding en legerhelmen met motorhaarden en levi's.

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Katherine Hammett verhief in de jaren tachtig als eerste slogan shirt tot haute couture. PA News London



Marlon Brando in T-shirt: het toonbeeld van mannelijkheid in *A streetcar named desire*. 1951. Memory Shop, New York

duffelse stof, die genoemd is naar de plaats Duffel in de provincie Antwerpen waar tot in de zeventiende eeuw een bloeiende textielnijverheid deze stof produceerde. De dikke stof beschermt tegen weer, wind en water en zorgde ervoor, samen met het draagcomfort, dat de dufflecoat een klassieker zou worden die nauwelijks meer is weg te denken uit de mode. Niet alleen bleef de Britse marine de jas gedurende

press to kill



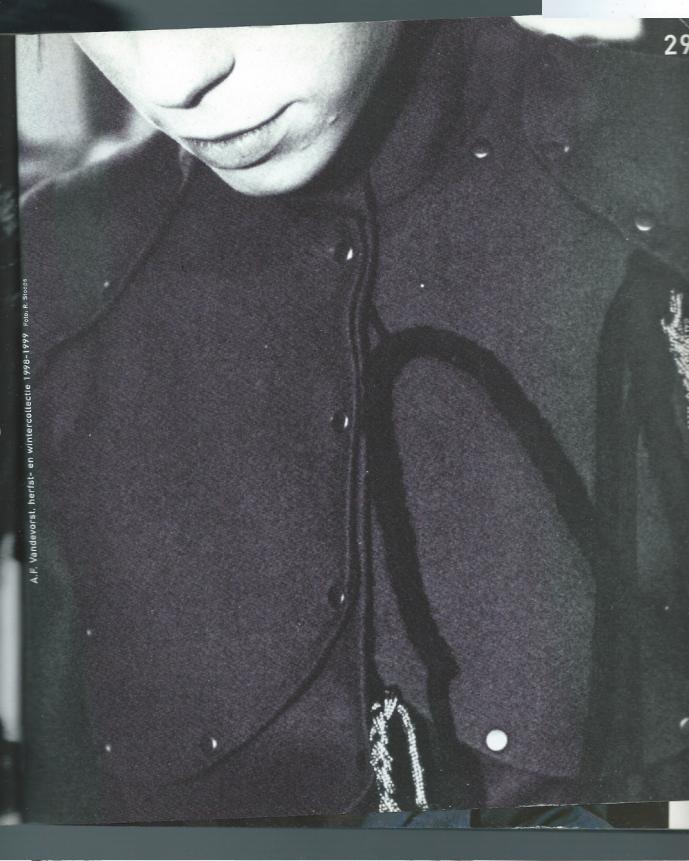
De balaklava is vandaag de dag hoofdzakelijk een paramilitair verschijnsel. *IRA-kalender 1999*



vandoog nog, zowel letterlijk als figurijl, ingetogen populariteit geniet is de raglammouw. Deze mouw is genoemd naar James Henry Lord Raglan (1780/9-1855), een Brit die zijn moedig optreden in de Krimoorlog *euenges* had verwierf. Net als bij de cardigan is de oorsprong van de raglammouw in duisternis gehuld. Deze is niet zoals een 'mouw' ingepast tussen de schouder- en zijnaad, maar ligt bovenlijf, maar loopt vanaf de halslijn tot aan de elleboog, al naar gelang de lengte van de mouw, en is gesloten vanaf de hals tot onder de oksel aan het halsvlak gestikst. Het resultaat van deze coupe is een grotere bescherming voor armen en lichaam dan die traditionele mouw. Daarom is het ook goed mogelijk dat deze nieuwsoort speciaal voor Lord Raglan, die tijdens de Slag bij Waterloo zijn rechterarm verloor, werd ontworpen. Misschien kan ook dat Raglan dejas liet ontwerpen voor zijn soldaten, die tijdens de Krimoorlog in de harde Russische winter van 1854-1855 moesten vechten. Net als bij de cardigan is de exacte oorsprong nauwelijks meer te achterhalen. Wel het ook zij, de raglammouw werd aan het eind van de negentiende eeuw voor het eerst in Engelse korte wollen raglanjassen toegepast.⁵⁷ Sinds het begin van de negentiende eeuw komen we de minuutje al tegen op militairen tegen. Overhemden, jukken, jasjes en jassen, T-shirts, truien en sweaters, allemaal kunnen wij van een raglammouw voorzien zijn. Dit modeyste is middels zo ingeburgerd, dat vrijwel niemand meer op de hoogte is van de militaire oorsprong.

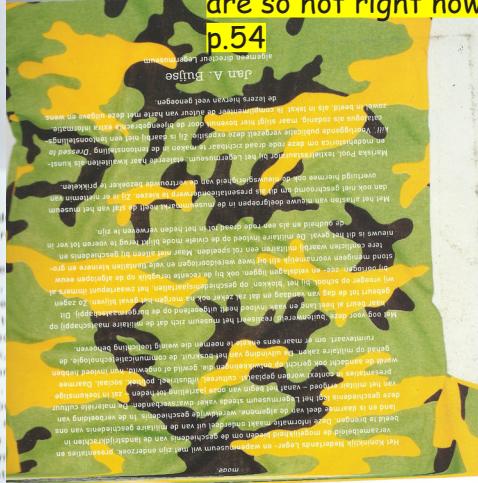
Lord Raglan leeft in de modegeschiedenis niet alleen van dankzij zijn raglanmouw. Zijn naam wordt ook in verband gebracht met de *balaklava*, een gebreide of gehaakte muts die over het hele gezicht wordt gedragen en alleen de ogen en neus vrijlaat. Later werd de muts mega bekend als *bivakmuts*. De muts is genoemd naar het

Sinds het ontstaan is de balaktava een product van huisvlijt. negentiende eeuw, gravure. Uit: I. & L. de Vries, *Huisvlijt*, Bladz.



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20 De Vietnameoorlog: van demonstrant tot b

in gevecht
b.55 en die door iedere dumpstore geleverde konden wachten. een groot stempel drukken op het straatbeeld van de laatste decennia van de twintigste eeuw. De schrijver Tom Wolfe beschouwde het dragen van gedumpte legerkleding als een soort radicale chic: 'jeans va kolenspuwers uit de legeroverschotten, twee broeken voor negen-en-twintig cent'.¹³⁹ Wilde men 'in' zijn, bij de tijd, helemaal in de mode, dan ging men naar de dump voor een legergroene en/of camouflage outfit.

Mode-onvverspelen speelden aan het begin van de jaren zeventig in op de politieke situatie. Veel kledingstukken werden in legergroen en khaki vervaardigd en versierd met golvende, maar nietzeggende balken, regimentsemblemen, sterren en 'straatnamen'.

Van power dress tot protestkleding

In de jaren zeventig werd de mode steeds meer als betekenisdrager benaderd. De nostalgische en oriëntaalse kleding die het modebeeld onderstreepte dragers was op de samenleving. Kleding vertelde wie je was, wat je doet en hoe je lifestyle was. Tijdschriften publiceerden artikelen over de symboliek van kleding en hielden de lezers op de hoogte over ontwerpers en statussymbolen. Amerikaanse psychologen discussieerden over de sociale en politieke gevolgtrekkingen van power dressing. Deze kreet werd in decennium voor het eerst gelanceerd. Power dressing stond voor een stoere en zakelijke manier van kleden, waaruit bleek dat je – ook als vrouw – je 'mannetje' stond.¹⁴⁰ Voordat dit soort kleding stond vaak het uniform model. Een militair in dagelijks tenue zat ook 'strak in het pak'. Zijn brede schouders, messcherpe vrouwen in de broek en een moedige houding werden overgenomen. Power dressing werd vooral in de jaren tachtig bij Amerikaanse zakenlieden geliefd. Het was dé kleding om je staande te houden in deze tijden.

De jaren zeventig waren politiek immers zwaar beladen. Extremisten en fundamentalisten terroriseerden het politie leven. We hoeven maar te denken aan de Palestijnse vliegtuigkapingen, aan de lese Bloody Sunday en de moord op de Israëlische atleten tijdens de Olympische Spelen in München in 1972 om te beseffen dat terreur en geweld in die tijden.

D2 toonde in 1999 gecamoufleerde jassen op de catwalk.

Foto: J. Snijders, Amsterdam



Vrede en kogels als frivoliteit. Militaire look rond 1975.

Spaarnestad Fotoarchief

Deze voorkeur voor dumpkleding werd eind jaren zeventig, begin jaren tachtig gevoed door Hollywoodfilms als *The Deerhunter* en *Apocalypse Now*. Dergelijke films huldigden de Vietnamveteranen, of toonden de nieuwe held, de outlaw, de eenling in zijn strijd tegen het kwaad. Later zouden Rambo, Terminator en The A-team, gekleed



Twee heren in 'uniformen' van Stephen King. Door toenemend extremisme in de jaren zeventig vierde de militaire stijl hoogtij. Spaarnestad Fotoarchief

En dan waren er nog genoeg jongeren die met het dragen van uniformen wilden verwijzen naar de slechte tijden. Want alhoewel de jaren zestig voor het merendeel een groot feest lijkt te zijn geweest, waren veel jongeren zich terdege bewust van de ijdelheid van hun bestaan. Er werd geprotesteerd tegen het Zuid-Afrikaanse Apartheidsbeleid, voor burgerrechten, rechten voor vrouwen en homo's, voor legalisering van soft drugs. Mensen kwamen massaal op de been om te demonstreren tegen atoomwapens en de Vietnameoorlog. De Koude Oorlog, met als symbolen de



ontwerpen het 'uniforme justaucorps'

officieren introduceerden het uniforme justaucorps. Andere steeds eleganter werd, en dat werd uiteindelijk zelfs gewenst. Zo gaf de justaucorps zich een uitdrukking tot habit van de voorlanden licht werden versierd en voorzien van omhooggaande kraag. Het had een hoge staande kraag, dat model aan het begin kiezen voor de gala-uniformen. Het werd de fraaiste basis. Het werd door ministers, is pas nog uit veel voorschriften.

bleef de justaucorps echter gedragen. Alleen uit praktische of kleine veranderingen werden er kleine veranderingen

worden met brandenbours. De epaulet is het symbool van de militaire macht. Hoe hoger de rang, hoe moeder de epaulet. Lodewijk, de prins van Waldeck was general-major en commandant van de Friese troepen. Zijn gouden epaulets laten daar twijfel over bestaan. Anoniem, ca. 1787, kleurendruk, gehoed met goud en blauw. Legermuseum, Delft



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Aan het eind van de zeventiende eeuw werd er op de schouder van de justaucorps door militairen een bundeltje linten, of een schouderlap gedragen, om te voorkomen dat de schouderbandeler weg gleed. Men had de gewoonte deze linten samen te knopen en de vrije eindjes als franje te laten bungelen. Deze vorm vinden we terug in de epaulet (afgeleid van het Latijnse spadula en het Franse épaulé dat schouder betekent) die in 1759 voor Franse officieren voorgeschreven werd. De officieren verzetten zich aanvankelijk tegen de epaulet en noemden deze zelfs spottend naar de uitvinder ervan *guillotine à Chosseu*⁴¹, wat zoveel als vodje, weg te denken uit de mode. Vanaf



Klepzakken zijn troef tijdens de Eerste Wereldoorlog. The Sphere, 1915

laarsjes. Bijzonder modern waren de zogenaamde tangoschoenen met linten die rond het hoofd werden gebonden.

Tangodansen op de vulkaan van de vulkaan

Tangodansen was de bezigheid van de glanzend oppervlak van de Belle Epoque. Maatschappelijke ontwikkelingen stonden niet meer over heel de wereld. Aan het begin van de twintigste eeuw, toen de wereldwijde economische machtsverhoudingen definitief voorbij waren, bedreigden voor veel mensen de veiligheid hun bestaan. Het groeiende arbeidersklasse stakingen zijn plek op de politieke kaart. Socialisme en communisme werden, na de oorlog, belangrijke politieke machten waarmee voortaan rekening moet worden. Hetzelfde geldt voor de internationale vrouwenbeweging en de vrouwelijke namen vochten voor gelijke rechten. Vrouwen deden dat voor grote opleidingen, kortom voor



Thomas Burberry 1838
dens de Eerste Wereldoorlog miljoen regenjassen werden: de trenchcoats. De vorige waren door slijtage beschadigd, maar past voor vechten op loopgraven. Na de oorlog deden hun trenchcoats dragen ook burgers erin. Ze droegen de jas op onder Casablanca droeg, waar Burberry vervaardigde coat nog steeds. Andere jas ook, maar dan uit andere materialen. De trenchcoat



De Renaissance: huurlingen kiezen hun eigen kledingstijl



De Italiaanse adel droeg rond 1480 ook splittenmode.
Leonardo da Vinci. De dame met de hermelijn. 1480. Czartoryski Muzeum. Krakau



Splittenmode ten tijde van Keizer Karel V.
Anoniem, gravure. Legermuseum. Delft



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1480 ook al gedragen door de adel in Noord-Italië. Daarom is het moeilijk te traceren wat de oorsprong van deze dracht is. Waarschijnlijk ging de ontwikkeling van de burger- en soldatenkleding gewoon gelijk op. De functionele splittenmode wordt ook aan de huursoldaten toegeschreven die de strakke Bourgondische kleding opensneden om beter te kunnen vechten. Vijftiende-eeuwse Zwitserse kronieken maken echter noch in woord noch in geschrift gewag van deze speciale huurlingenkleding. Andere bronnen, zoals de huiskroniek van Konrad Pellicanus von Rufach, rond 1490, melden dat 'tot dan toe nog niemand de bonte, stukgehakte kleding had

gezien, maar nu moesten de kleermakers deze lapwerk kunst leren, omdat de terugkerende soldaten thuis allerlei vernieuwingen invoerden'. De splitten verspreidden zich via de soldaten over Europa. Zo waren de Duitse landsknechten op hun beurt geheel ver-

The Girl:

Look at this, boys have to be the ones to fight, they're the only ones who had the proper outfit for it!
Look, back in the 1950s, women were wearing extra skirts on the battlefield.

Bo sarcastically:

Because they had to protect their sacred fertility.

The Girl::

It looks like a big clumsy pear, I'd rather be naked than to wear a diaper-skirt.

Bo:

Women needed to protect they magical powers and mystery under extra layers of fabric. It's like a big onion. Men were determined to be conquerors, "they hunted and fought and conquered worlds, lands of which women were the guardians." The woman was the guardian of the land. The woman nourished the progeny and the kingdom. Women were docile or as Claude* called it: "static object/beings."



Source gallica.bnf.fr / Bibliothèque nationale de France

The Girl:

I'm annoyed by you bringing up the past all the time.
I'm sick of being so influenced by our history.

Bo:

It's simple sociology darling, sorry but you cannot erase history. If you do so, then it's denying our existence.

The Girl:

I don't want to be a land. I'm no land.

Bo:

No but it's serious bullshit this prince and princess love story. I tell you the truth from our friend Claude*, on these prince and princess alliances.

If you go back to the first organisations of tribes and clans, you will learn that people first had sex with their sister and brother and that incest was actually a common thing.

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You'll learn that incest had to stop for a 'greater purpose' than morality or medical matters: exogamy.

There was no wrong feelings. No feeling of disgust concerning incest. Having intercourse with your brother or cousin seemed quite handy/easy going' because you didn't have to search too far to get it done.

So no reason to find improper/indecent for a woman to have intercourse with men in her clan. However, this bad habit had to change because it was socially and economically more interesting that she be part of the "trade".

Women were found to be very good assets to expand men's territories and in order to create new alliances. They became the first slaves to men's expansion.

The Girl:

So women were used for the production of heirs, to mark and be the guardians of men's great expansion.

It reflects the positive desire for exogamy, in a negative form.

Women were forbidden to have sex with their brothers. This way their family could benefit from new lands and dowries inherited through their husbands.

Bo:

Precisely. It is socially useful that women be part of the goods by which each clan, instead of closing in on itself, establishes a reciprocal relationship with another clan: "Exogamy has a value less negative than positive ... it prohibits endogamous marriages ... certainly not because a biological danger is attached to consanguineous marriages, but because exogamous marriages result in a social advantage.*

The Girl:

Once married women stopped being their fathers' burden to become their husbands'. It was a rule that women were possession to be given out. They were not meant to stay within the family. She awed to be 'other'.

Bo:

Yes, 'the group should not for its own private purposes consume women who constitute one of its possessions, but should use them as an instrument of communication'; Lévi says.

chap 3: Brunettes
are so hot right now
p.59



The Girl:
Like Marie-Antoinette was the pillar to the Franco-Austrian 'friendship'.
It's really a bougee habit to enslave woman this way.

Bo:
And her only duty was to give an heir to seal the alliance.

The Girl:

Yeah but even though these economic formalities are outdated, they have an impact somehow on the way today's society considers women. Women are more likely to become models of stability and control. Strong family figures, the ones who unite the blood-line, figures that lead you back to your roots. Exactly as the little girl is depicted in Mowgli's ending.

Bo:

Your roots as for your native land?

The Girl:

The roots are connected somehow to your land, your country, so it's seems like as soon as a woman becomes a mother, she incarnates a static aspect of society. She maintains the life of the tribe by providing children and bread, nothing more; she lives condemned to immanence; she incarnates only the static aspect of society, closed in on itself.
Since she is the first home to host the child, she remain a 'home' for the rest of her life.
Her womb was the first home to the child therefore she is assigned to be the ultimate sanctuary.



THE
BIGGER
THE
BETTER

THE
BIGGER
THE
BETTER

Chapter 4 Don't take my pussy for your slippers
Part One: On The Taboo

This chapter starts with an argument between **The Girl** and her sister.



The Girl confronts her sister:

« What if I never have children. What if I don't have biological children? »

“What?, what do you mean. I don't understand, stubbelling, I don't understand you.

“I mean what if I never conceive babies myself.”

“huuuuh...For me it's too dark. I tell you, It's just too dark a future.” She was mad and you could see she could see that her sister wouldn't change her mind on that point.

But why ? She wondered. Why the sudden change, she thought.

“Since when don't you want children? I mean, is this new? What's the point of this statement, you just want to piss me off?”

The Girl wanted to push her sister to the limit. **The Girl** knew she could reach the truth through her sister's anger: find out how her sister really felt about it and maybe find out how she felt about it herself. So **The Girl** kept on asking her sister: “But what is so wrong in not wanting a biological child, why is this so important for you, besides you always said you didn't want to have children yourself!”

The sister was widening her eyes, ‘wild’ : “no but come on, I know that at some point... I mean I love children, it's human to want children, having children is like... it's beautiful I guess, I think. I mean, idk...” she marked a pause because she couldn't really believe **The Girl** and she was angry from a sad feeling, she couldn't really tell if she was angry or sad. Ans she . Now **The Girl**'s sister wanted to test her back: “Don't you like yourself? It sounds like you don't, you must hate yourself, I don't know!...” -end of the scene.

Here we are putting our finger on /touching a fundamental myth and taboo of our society that I've tried to explain in the former chapters. Hope I succeeded in leading you to it, even though a great part of the history is missing; first cause being that I'm not a science book. And that you have to acknowledge that I'm a white European girl talking, who was "blessed" to be born with white privilege ofc.

That being said.

Let's come back to the Taboo.

What's the Taboo?

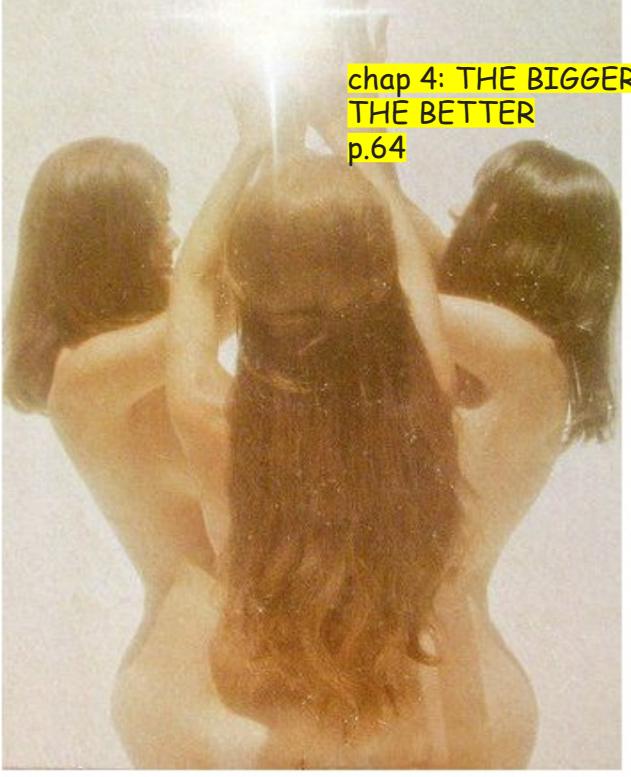
The main question being, why do we (feel the need to) procreate? From a geopolitical point of view, it's a matter of population and power. The biggest nations are to be the biggest ones. If the amount of grandpas and grandmas exceed the amount of newborn, the nation's development reaches a stalemate. A nation who's old is a nation who's dying.

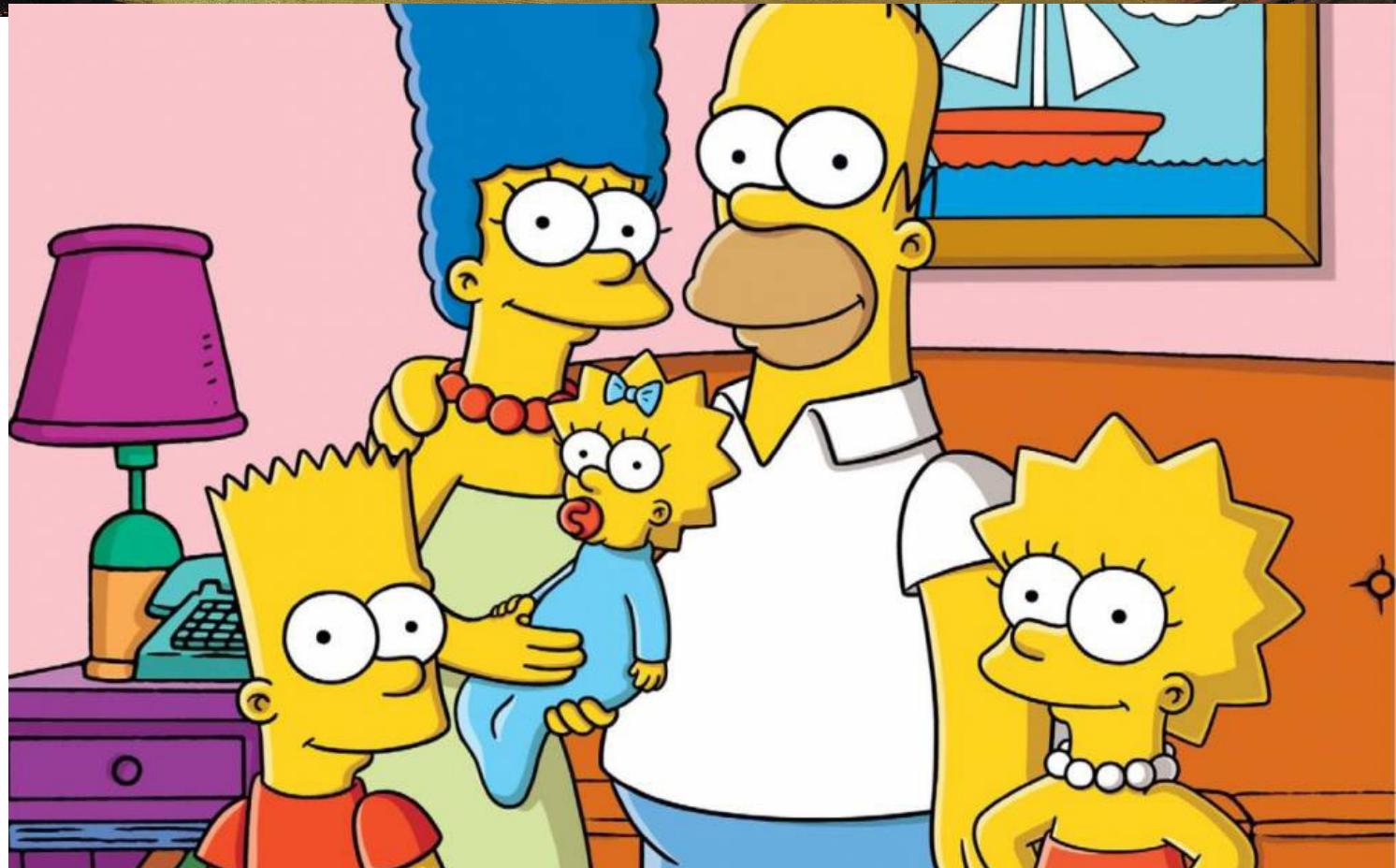
From a family point of view, your blood-line needs to survive. Your blood-line is surviving through its descendants. The fact is that if you stop procreating, your blood-line diminishes until it disappears. It's like in the tale of Peau d'âne where the two lovers are fantasising on a future life they will share: "and of course will will have hundreds of children and we'll live forever".

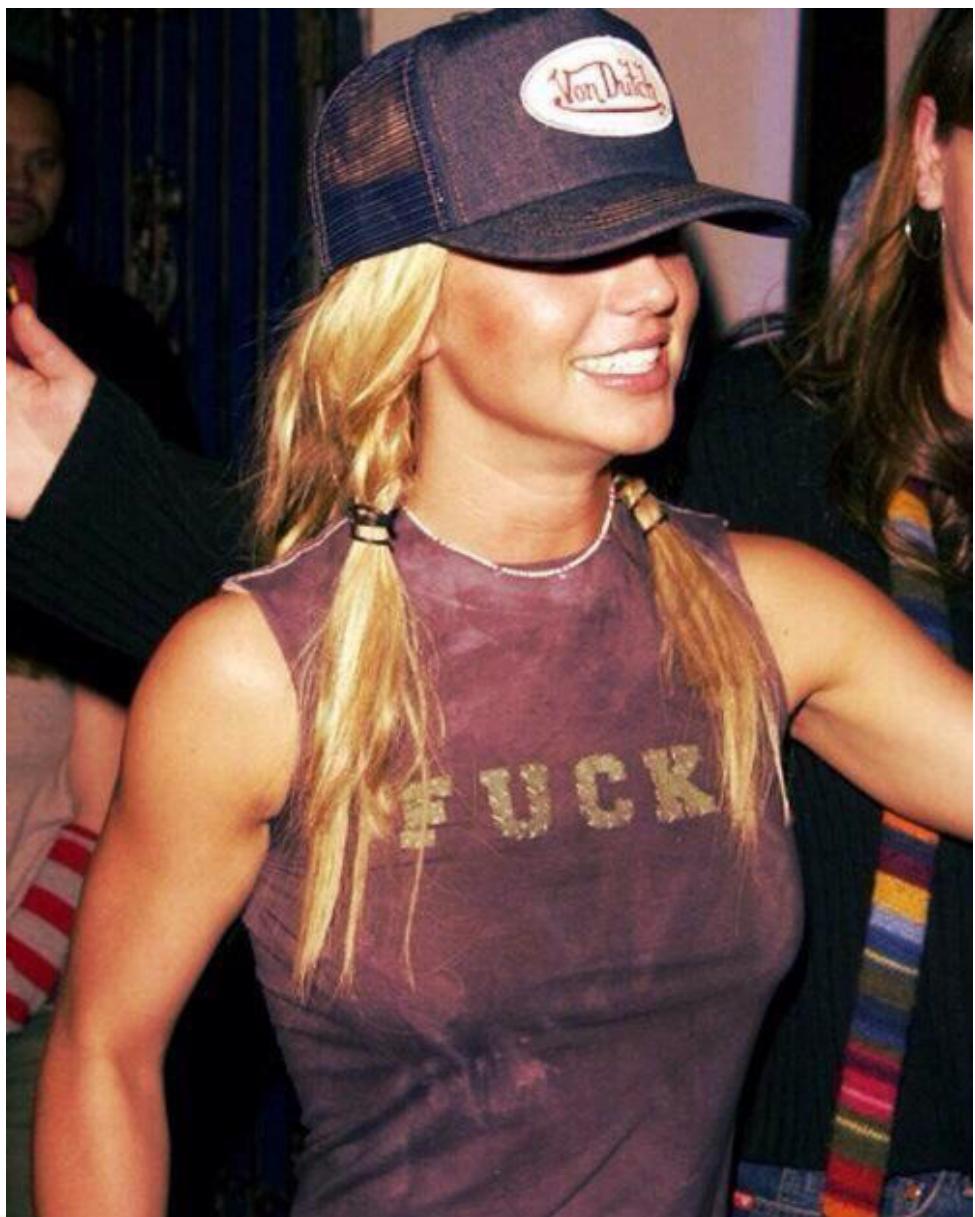
From a Christian stand, it's a matter of morality and duty to give birth. "Any woman who does what she can so as not to give birth to as many children as she is capable of is guilty of that many homicides, just as is a woman who tries to injure herself after conception".

It was Christianity that overturned moral ideas on this point by endowing the embryo with a soul; so abortion became a crime against the foetus itself. Hence, abortion is a crime, not conceiving babies is a crime against humanity, and a woman who refuse to use her fertile power is a criminal.

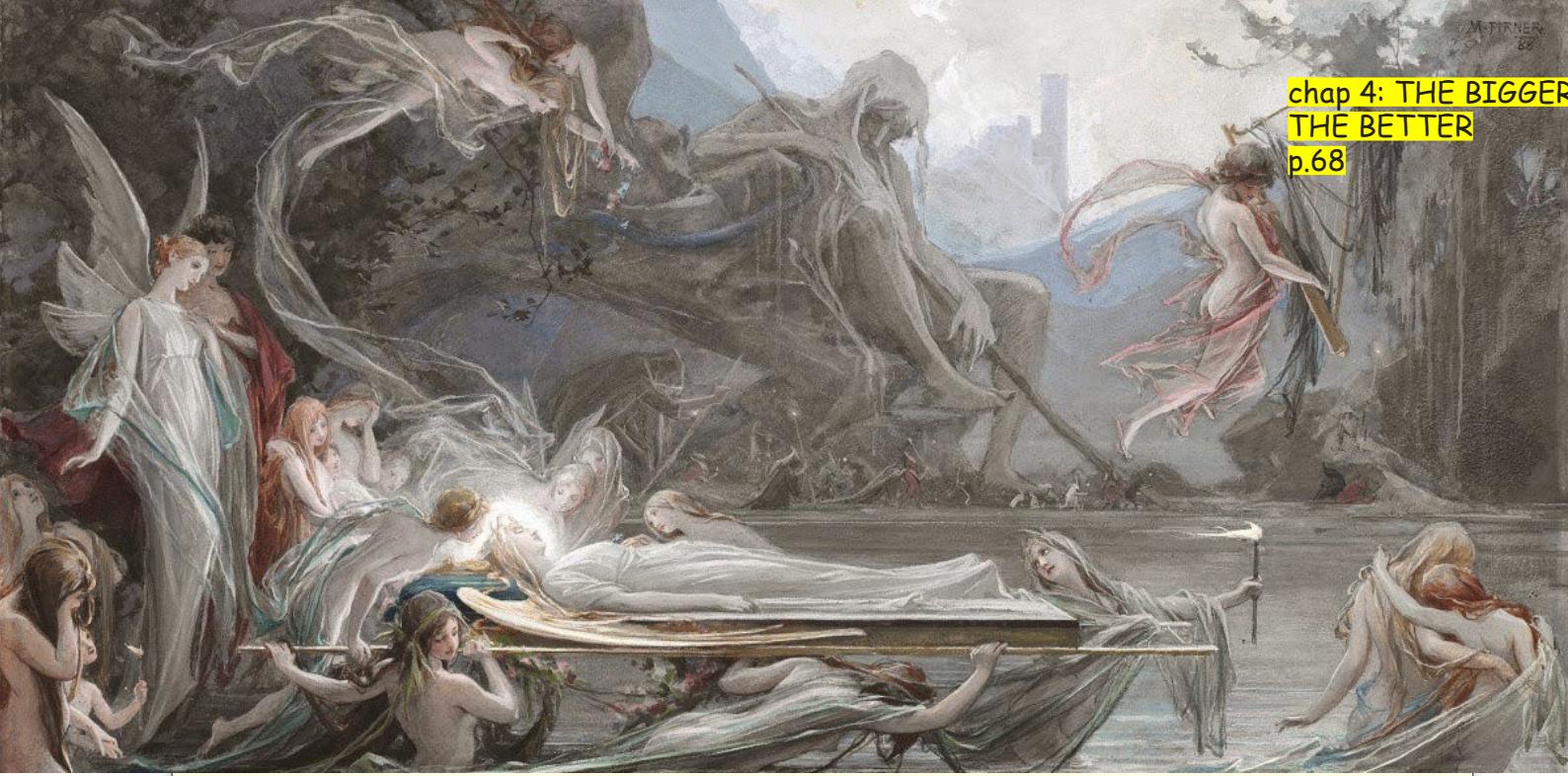
chap 4: THE BIGGER
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p.64











Part Two: On why family is the right/correct order...

The Girl:

I'm still not sure what's the right choice

Bo: What is right in giving birth or not? Having children or not? Being a mother or not?

The Girl:

By right I meant fated

The Girl:

No, Being a biological mother or not. Why do I suddenly see it as an option?
I'm sure it wasn't something I would have thought over before.

Bo:

Before what?

The Girl:

2 years ago, my brother revealed his sexual orientation to my family.
'One night, it was late, my mother cried. Anyway, it ended on a dramatic: "I don't care about life anyway, I will never have grand-children." Maybe it was a reaction to his statement maybe not. Anyway it made me think of what is excepted from sons and daughters.
I was not angry at her. I just refused the expectations of society.
I found my mother and I were stuck in conservative patterns. And I started considering not having biological children.

But it's like lying to myself. Because even when I try to convince myself as hard as I can that I would never conceive children, I fail. A part of me is still obsessed with children, not that I'm thinking about it all the time, but I have trouble imagining a life without children.

Bo:

Do you feel you have no choice?

The Girl:

It's very hard to find out what I truly believe. Which thoughts are mine...or if I already went too far/ deep in the brainwashed. Am I conditioned by norms?

Bo:

Maybe you are too much attached to your own roots.

The Girl:

You're saying that I'm too attached to my family... But what do you want me to do, to erase completely where I come from?

Bo:

Is blood the only feature to determine your origins? Why do you even need to be determined by your origins?

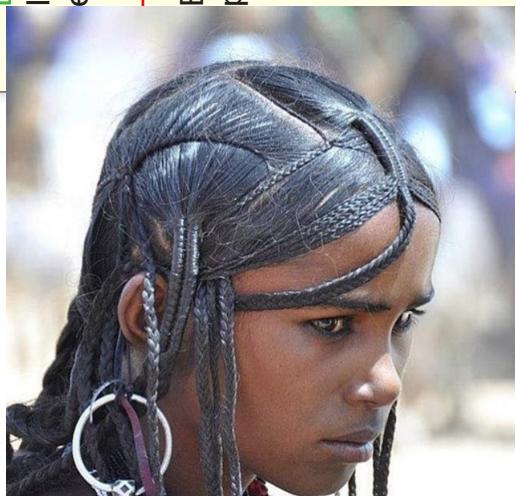
The Girl:

But what definition would you give to the word 'origin'? Is it a person, a place, a name, what is it?



chap 4: THE BIGGER
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p.69

Bo:
Maybe it doesn't have to be fixed in marble.
I would leave you to /What I want to tell you is/ what I read from Simone when she says: if the woman escapes the family, she escapes this total dependence as well; if society rejects the family by denying private property, woman's condition improves considerably.







Move Bitch



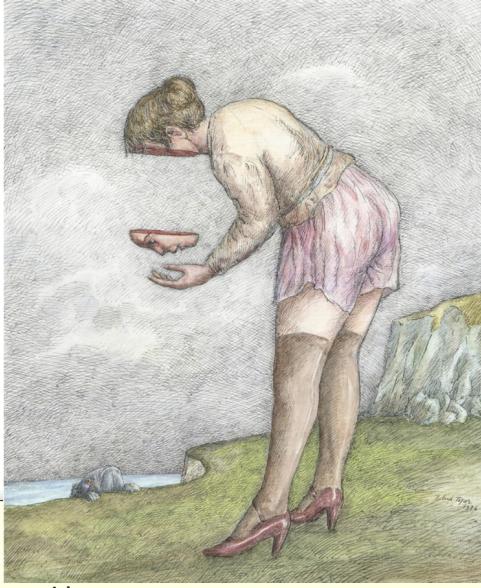
Move Bitch

Chapter 5: She has no land
Part one: On Monika...

Great news: the Cinematheque of Paris is launching a (sick) Bergman filmography retrospective. Bergman is one of the best, if not the best of the best directors of all time. Back in the 60's, the Swedish director collaborated with the finest actresses and actors. All his movies are to be seen: they are about life, not a Hollywood dream. It's about flesh, sex, sensuality and true words...About women: They are real.

Tonight's movie picture is *Sommaren med Monika* (Summer with Monika). At the time of its first release, it was controversial abroad for its frank depiction of nudity. The film helped to create the reputation of Sweden as a sexually liberated country. In the distribution you can read "Harriette Anderson" as Monika. That will be the first Time **The Girl** will see her on screen. **The Girl**, **Bo** and her sister are in the middle seats of the middle column of the movie theater. The black and white screen draws lights and shadows on their faces...

It's the story of a woman, her summer fling and the way she led her life as she wanted. The movie ends with her abandoning her family and single child. **The Girl** saw in this feminine character a model of independence. Both sisters agree on that, here follows their questioning and reflections on why they also are Monika. **Bo** was a bit tired because he is not used to watching black and white movies anymore, which is a shame. So he was a bit sleepy and will not talk much in the beginning.



The Girl:

Do you think Monika is a bad person because she is unfaithful?

The sister:
Why should morality always be in the centre of our judgment?

The Girl:

No, I admire her because of her freedom. She's a dreamer, she's against norms. She wants to live on an island... Monika is a passionate spirit.

The sister:

So you want to condemn her? You think the freedom she chose is irresponsible and selfish.
But you want to condemn her because the freedom she chose is irresponsible and selfish.

The Girl:
I don't condemn her, I don't want to. I want to be like her.
I have the same desires. I want to be fearless, and belong to no one.
And I want to escape all shapes of property.

The sister:
So you don't want to be a mother yourself?



The Girl:
I feel that in today's society, motherhood is what determines every woman.

The sister:
So you want to escape Determinism.

The Girl:
Maybe. Maybe I want to refuse everything that makes me a woman today.
Maybe I want to escape.

Part 2: On the Fight against the Army of the clones

Bo woke up from his drowsiness/ Bo pulled out of his lethargy

Bo:
Are you looking for a way out?

The Girl:

I'm looking for freedom.

The sister:
Do you think Monika found her way out?



The Girl:

She chose to belong to no place and no one.
The worst would be to be caught, to be caught up in this small mondain apartment her husband bought for them, to be caught in someone else's dream.
So she needs to leave, even if it means abandoning her loving husband and first child. She needs to move because she doesn't want to compromise. She's an idealist. She's radical. And can you be free without being radical?

The sister:

So you're saying she doesn't fit in.

The Girl:

If she fits in some place, then she is stuck in this place.
That's the bad thing with 'home sweet home'.

Bo:

Again, so dramatic...

Maybe you need the stability of home. Home is your anchorage. It's your link to the past and your base for the future.

The Girl:

I don't want to belong to any territory or property.
I don't care about home or marking your territory.
Territory is borders, as soon as you put a fence, you create a war.
I want no Land. The land should belong to no one and everyone.

Bo:

Mother-Fuckface Anarchist, don't you want to keep our grandma's house by the sea, our summer memories?

Hardcore
adults only



The Girl:

It's not about the house, it's about the sand and the sea, I can share with anyone.

The sister:

What if you only experience liberty as long as you know you have a home base...

Bo:

So you want no past and no future?

The Girl:

I live in the present!

The sister:

Only rich or very poor kids can say that. You spoiled barbie!

Bo:

When you talk about the present, it reminds me of the primitive nomadic tribe Simone and Claude talked about.

The Girl:

Here comes one of his nerdy digression...

Bo:

From what I understood, what defines a nomadic community from farmers, is the understanding of time as well as the relation to land and property.

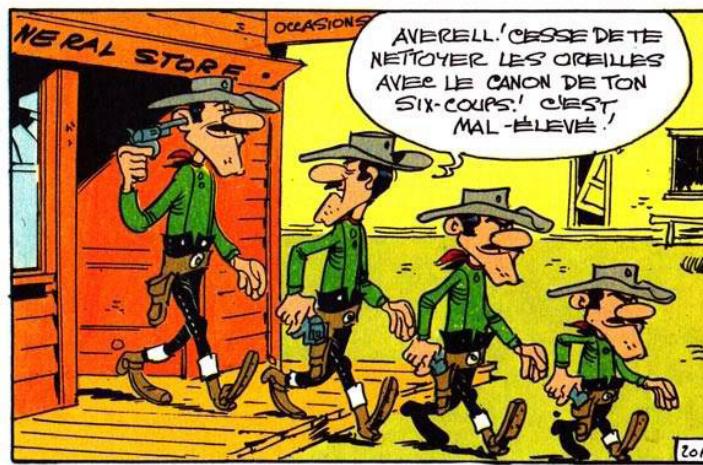
Once settled, men started to think themselves as a community. The community took shape inside a territory. This territory soon needed laws and institutions so that peace and prosperity could be maintained in the ‘kinadom’. Territory demanded posterity and prosperity (so thinks Simone).^{*} Territory demands posterity from its owners, hence motherhood became a sacred function. “The clan as a whole, gathered under the same totem, mystically shares the same mana and materially shares the common enjoyment of a territory. But the clan grasps itself in this territory in the guise of an objective and concrete figure; through the permanence of the land.”

The Girl:

Tragic appropriation...

Bo:

“AVERELL! CESSE DE TE NETTOYER LES OREILLES AVEC LE CANON DE TON SIX-COUPS! C’EST MAL-ÉLEVÉ !”



chap 5: Move Bitch
p.79

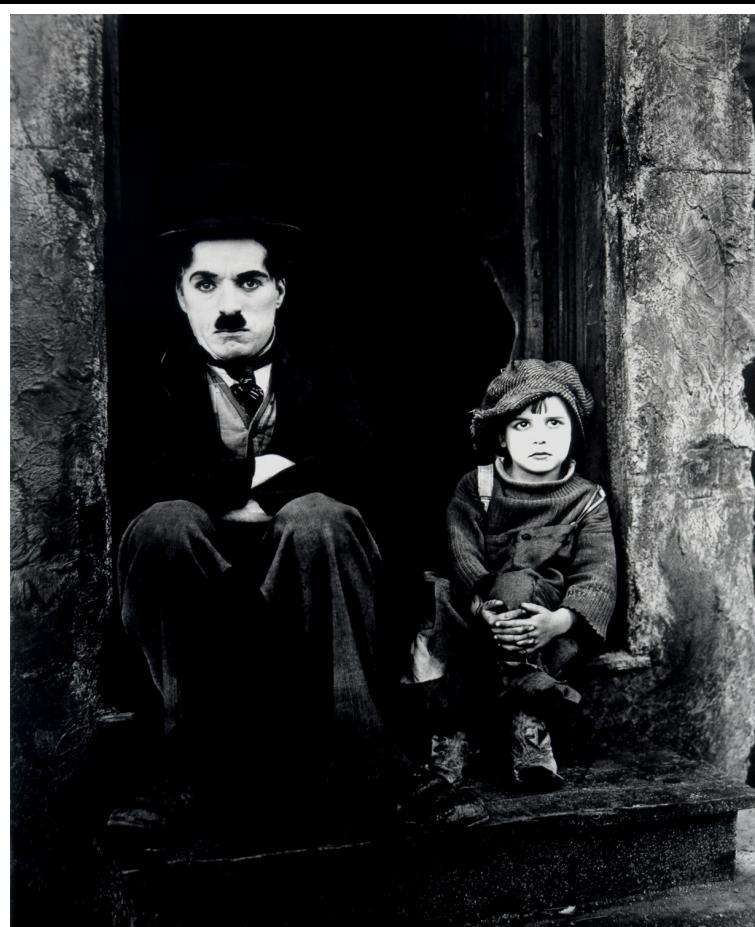
The Girl feels the need to sum it up:

Basically you’re saying Monika is a nomad.

The sister:

Most of the movie Summer with Monika is set in an Island. A place that has no name. Ephemeral. This land you will leave any time. She experiences total freedom with her





over-soon-husband. They know they loose their independance the moment they leave the island. After that, she will decide not to settle, ever.

The Girl:

The sore feeling of liberty is not enough, she needs to challenge it: fight convention. Be brave enough to run away, to leave, to give it up.

The sister:

The way she challenges the norm inspires me: her fight against this sacred injunction to 'find your place in society' and to stay where it feels right to be.
But are nomads really free? Are they really always in the move?
Don't they have a 'home base'? How can you live without your own territory?

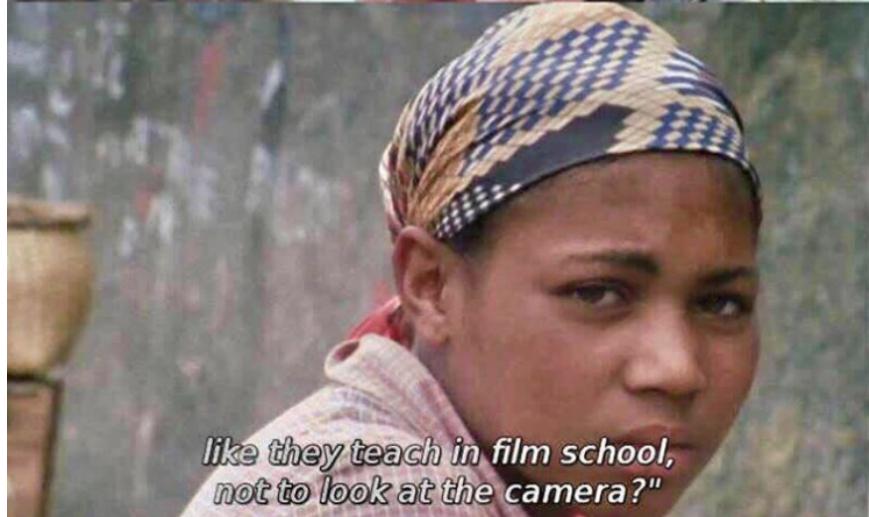
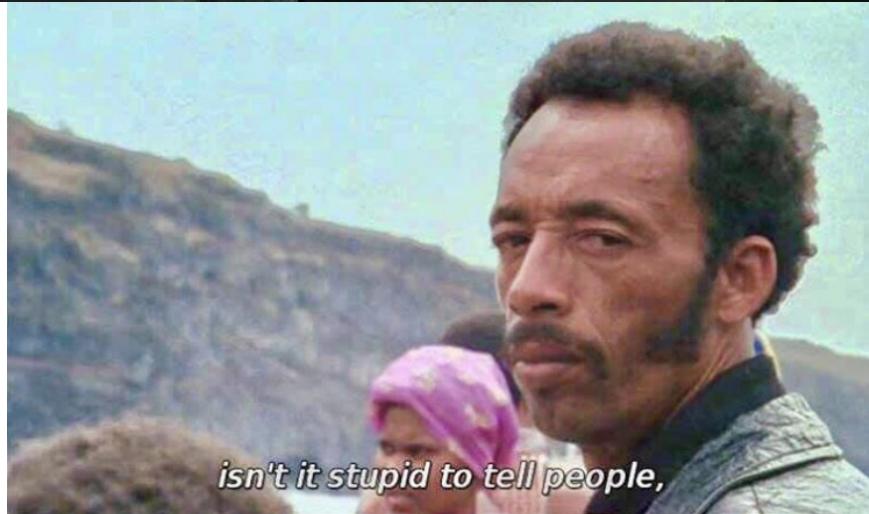


Bo:

Nomadhood is the idea of constant movement, and liberty kind of... Look at all the road movies... So, I'm talking in the name of those who are in love with freedom: If you get stuck in one place, then you die.

The Girl:

The last scene.
Monika. Face to face with the camera.
She's looking at us like:
'I don't give a fuck about your looks,
I'm all fine with myself.
I'm a free woman. I'm sexy. You don't like my sexy? I don't care.
Can you say the same...'



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Sexsi



Chapter 6: On becoming a woman

On this chapter the omniscient narrator knows nothing yet.
He does not know the near-future. He can only refer to the past.
So there will not be one of his tight-ass explanation here but I will only ask questions and let the answers be what they need to be next...
I'm talking with this slim and powerful woman.
Her name is Claude-Emmanuelle.

From woman to woman

Comment tu t'appelles?

Claude-Emmanuelle Gajan-Maull

As tu aussi un nom de scène, un nom différent pour le cinéma, et différent quand tu es artiste?

Claude.

Que penses-tu du corps de la femme? Comment appréhendes-tu ton

corps?

« Le corps de la femme » c'est vaste comme composition de mots , Ça pourrait sous entendre à plein de chose.

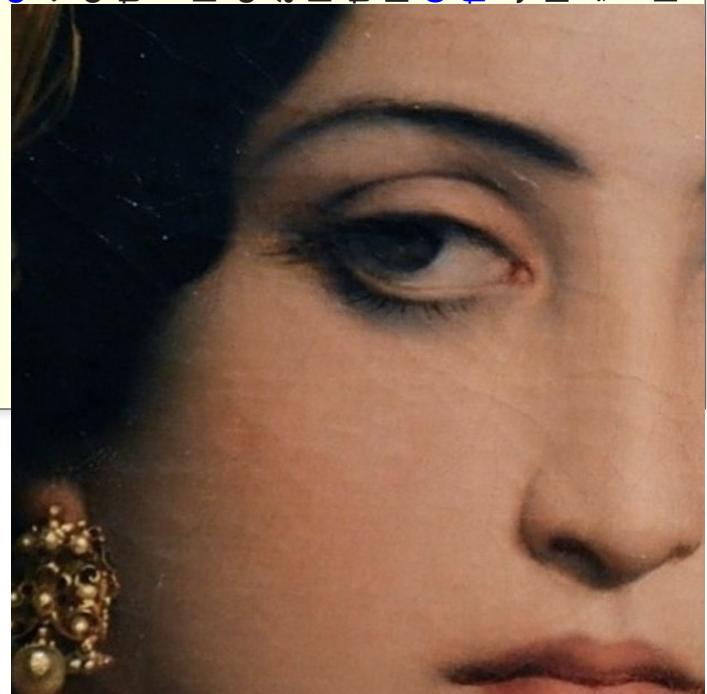
Mais ce qui me vient en premier lieu à l'esprit c'est que le corps de la femme n'appartient a aucunes femmes actuellement .

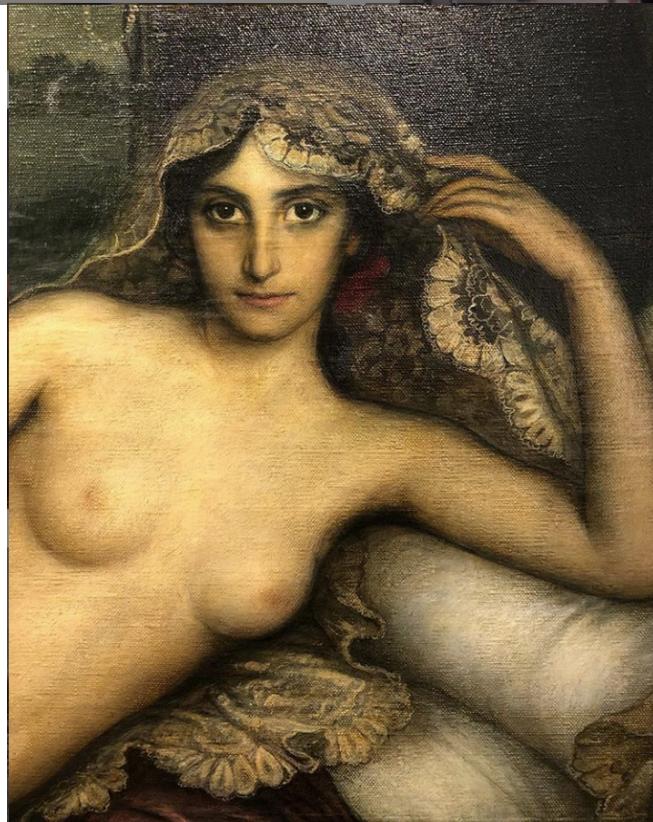
Mon corps est une machine socio-chir-patho-politique , il s'auto- rejette et s'auto réhabilite car il est souvent maiprisée quand on lui parle d'auto-détermination dont l'espace public et médicale s'approprie les droits.

Qu'elle est ta «routine» beauté de tout les jours? Que fais-tu lorsque tu veux exprimer ta féminité?

Je me lève avec la vision d'un inaccomplissement infini qu'il va falloir grimer pour le positionner socialement sur l'échelle haute de sa valeur. Du coup je le rase , je le crème ,je le maquille , je le coiffe , je l'habille et lui donne des attitudes.

Ma féminité s'exprime uniquement par mon expression de genre féminine .







Te sens tu féminine? Qu'est ce qui te fais sentir féminine?

La plus part du temps non , car la façon dont j'ai été élevé avec ce bagage bio-politique , patriarcale , cis , whtie et genrer , me font souvent m'auto discriminée et fait ressortir une transphobie sociale que je me rejette dessus en permanence. Je dirais que le plus souvent c'est l'attitude que je me donne et qui embrasse les codes de standards autour de la féminité.

Quelles sont les femmes qui t'inspirent ? Pourquoi ?

Les femmes qui m'inspirent ne sont pas forcément celles qui ont fait partie de mouvement féministes

ou avec un fort attrait politique , je dirais que se sont plus des femmes de mon quotidien ou qui me ressemblent qui s'en sont pas trop mal sortie par elle-même qui m'inspirent : ma mère et ma tante en premier lieu , des femmes qui se sont appropriées leur corps au fur et à mesure qu'elles abolissaient les attentes de leur corps de femme avec le temps . Et bien sur des femmes trans : forte, belle ,puissante , réussissant dans la vie et toujours avec des actes activités .

Je pense à Janet Mock , les actrices de POSE , laverne Cox , ma meilleure pote Jodie senez-flory

J'ai vu que tu performes aussi dans des Voging bowls (un BALL de Voguing) Quel est ton personnage ? Quelle est ta «house»?

Alors je ne joue aucun rôle a part le mien , un ball de voguing est un événement pour les minorités Queer black, latine et rebeu qui leur permette dans 2 groupes (les catégories de nageant et les catégories de danse) de grimé de façon satirique ce qui est réservé à l'homme blanc. D'Ucoup je joue mon propre rôle. Je fais partie de la house of Mizrahi.

Qu'est ce que tu vois quand je te parle de féminité ? As tu des représentations de ta féminité (photo de toi ou portrait de femmes qui illustrent ta conception de la féminité et que tu serais d'accord de partager).

Les réseaux sociaux sont des médias pauvre et a la fois flou ou on peut laissé une goute d'eau devenir un lac . Je consacre donc du temps pour documenter (à l'écrit) ma vie de femme trans sur Instagram agrémentée de photo de moi et de mon quotidien. A travers les Stories aussi.



En remettant en cause ma féminité tt au long de mon mémoire, Je me suis demandé ce qui me construisait en tant que femme. Je me suis rendu compte que malgré-moi, mon «**destin Biologique**» (terme repris de Simone de Beauvoir dans le *Second Sexe*) vis à vis de la société et vis à vis de ma **famille influence énormément la perception de moi-même**.

Sur ce coup Simone (féministe première génération et obsolète) n'était pas encore à jour puisque même à son époque , il y avait bien une attente sociale de la femme sous sa forme biopolitique (voir Derrida) , du coup il n'y a jamais eu de destin (a moins qu'elles se l'infiltre) et encore moins de biologique puisque n'importe quelle femme est biologique à partir du moment où elle se définit « femme » . Le fait d'avoir un vagin ne veut en aucun cas dire biologique , je rappel qu'il y a des femmes qui ont des vagins mais qui n'ont pas d'appareil reproducteur fonctionnelle.

Je refuse cependant cet espèce de pré-destinée de la «femme fertile», la femme la mère. Comment es-tu influencé par ce «destin» de femme?

J'en ai rien à faire , être mère en 2019 est un crime contre l'humanité et un manquement écologique et éthique vraiment sévère en sachant que la fin du monde est proche (sans ressource et sans argent ... quel avenir pour un enfant de la classe moyenne ? Aucune). Les mères sont hypocrites car il n'y a aucune réussite à faire un enfant ... dans la nature des choses un rapport sexuel consenti ou non consenti entre deux corps pouvant procréer est facile. Rien d'extraordinaire mise à part le fardeau que celui-ci implique .

Dans mon dernier chapitre je parle de devenir «nomade» de rejeter les normes de la société,j' essaye de redéfinir ma féminité ou peut-être de la définir avec un autre mot... Voici toutes les images de femmes fortes qui illustre pour moi un destin de femme auquel je m'identifie.

Que penses tu des ces représentations?
voici les photos qui illustre mes deux derniers chapitre, si il y en a une ou plusieurs qui t'inspire j'aimerais que tu les commente, ce que ça t'évoque.
P et S m'inspire car elles font références à des rituels qui pourrait s'apparentée au « devenir femme » et non le rendre

« nomade » (donc sans maison , sans fondation , finalement sans base). Pourtant si tu as lis « trouble dans le genre » de Judith Butler tu souligneras la citation : « on ne peut pas vivre sans normes mais on peut faire quelles conviennent à tous (tout.e.s). Du coup se réapproprier son corps ou sa féminité ou se prononcer femme est d'or et déjà un échec car au niveau du vocabulaire il ne fait que souligner l'emprise qui nous sépare du reste et puissant masculin ... c'est justement accepter son asservissement de femme et de côtoyer les « cadres » en réant d'être mieux.

NON il faut déconstruire pour reconstruire et ça passe par l'utilisation dangereux des codes de séduction qui peuvent



S'ils sont employés avec justesse feront de toi , au pire un fantasme , au mieux une « femme fatale ». Et cette dernière je dirais qu'elle va bien avec l'image Q « prisonnière de ce que l'on attend d'elle mais pas pour autant non informer de la réalité de son genre » .

Que penses tu de l'extra-féminité (sur-jouer la féminité physiquement ou surligner les traits de féminité etc... ou attitude) chez les femmes transgenres ?

Elles font ce qu'elles veulent c'est leur choix. Pour l'avoir fait et le faire toujours je dirais que si c'est fait avec subtilité c'est sûrement plus une femme fatale qui en ressortira qu'un grimage ou qu'un « usurpation d'identité ». En tout cas j'ai découvert que moins on en fait , moins on sollicite le regard c 'est sur .Et puis on parle de Grimage de la femme transgenre alors que socialement les femmes cis sont représentées de façon beaucoup plus excessive . Exemple actuellement Cardi B , Nicky Minaj , les Kardashians ... ne sont pas t'elle plus trans que les femme trans elles même .

Non car en fait être femme transgenre ça ne veut pas dire grand chose , tout comme sa sexualité , l'identité de genre est vécue différemment par chaque personne . c'est pareil chez les meuf cis.
Toutes les femmes transgenres ne sont pas extra féminine, Est ce nécessaire pour s'affirmer pleinement en tant que femme ?

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Ou bien parce quelle ne se sent pas acceptée en tant que femme si elle n'adhère pas aux stéréotypes de la femme ? Si elles ne se sentent pas acceptées en tant que femme c 'est tout simplement par ce que notre parcours est toujours invalidé par les lois et les cadres des protocoles... dirigé par les personnes cisgenres . On ne peut pas commencer une transition hormonale sans un avis psychiatrique alors que depuis quelques temps nous ne sommes plus considérées comme malade mentale.

De se fait on ne peut jamais pleinement s'autodeterminer au moment le plus important (pendant la transition) il faut toujours l'aval de ses « spécialistes » auto-proclamer pour savoir ce qui est mieux pour nous .
DU coup si tu n'embrasses pas poliment et gentillement les fameux stéréotypes , il se peut que ça rallonge les délais d'attente pour une chirurgie par exemple .

Ce n'est encore qu'une question de construction sociale et le passé à fait que malgré nous , on produit de la transphobie intérieurisé et on les transvase en syndromes : exemple la dysphonie de genre .

Que penses tu des ces représentations ?
voici les photos qui illustre mes deux derniers chapitre, si il y en a une ou plusieurs qui t'inspire j'aimerais que tu les commente, ce que ça t'évoque.

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cis sont représentées de façon beaucoup plus excessive . Exemple actuellement Cardi B , Nicky Minaj , les Kardashians ... ne sont pas telle plus trans que les femme trans elles même .

Non car en fait être femme transgenre ça ne veut pas dire grand chose , tout comme sa sexualité , l'identité de genre est vécue différemment par chaque personne . c'est pareil chez les meuf cis .
Toutes les femmes transgenres ne sont pas extra féminine, Est ce nécessaire pour s'affirmer pleinement en tant que femme ?

Non car en fait être femme transgenre ça ne veut pas dire grand chose , tout comme sa sexualité , l'identité de genre est vécue différemment par chaque personne . c'est pareil chez les meuf cis .

Ou bien parce quelle ne se sent pas acceptée en tant que femme si elle n'adhère pas aux stéréotypes de la femme ?

Si elles ne se sentent pas acceptées en tant que femme c 'est tout simplement par ce que notre parcours est toujours invalidé par les lois et les cadres des protocoles... dirigé par les personnes cisgenres . On ne peut pas commencer une transition hormonale sans un avis psychiatrique alors que depuis quelques temps nous ne sommes plus considérées comme malade mentale .

De se fait on ne peut jamais pleinement s'autodeterminer au moment le plus important (pendant la transition) il faut toujours l'aval de ses « spécialistes » auto-proclamer pour savoir ce qui est mieux pour nous .

DU coup si tu n'embrasses pas poliment et gentillement les fameux stéréotypes , il se peut que ça rallonge les délais d'attente pour une chirurgie par exemple .

Ce n'est encore qu'une question de construction sociale et le passé à fait que malgré nous , on produit de la transphobie intérieurisé et on les transvase en syndromes : exemple la dysphonie de genre .

Voila les sujets que j'aborde également . Les citations récupérées sur instagram qui m'ont aidées à comprendre et affirmer mes positions .

Le plus important c 'est que rien n'est absolument faux tant que l'on peut l'expliquer par de la recherche et des références comme pour une recherche de thèse . Le plus important aussi c'est d'entendre ce qu'il se passe ailleurs mais d'avoir aussi un avis personnel tranchant afin de ne plus se laisser absorber par ce qui jusqu'à maintenant nous opprimer .

Arriver à se regarder dans le miroir le matin sans avoir quelques choses à redire ou à pointer du doigt c 'est un premier pas pour devenir un être humain viable aux yeux de tous puisque viable de sa propre vision .



:> Ps : (ça ne veut pas pour autant dire que le rêve de la maison , du chien , de la piscine , des gosses et de la belle voiture et des bonnes vacances soit une mauvaise chose ... du temps que c'est ce que tu as vraiment envie .)

Bisous <3



Britney Spears
sporting the 'I'M A VIRGIN (BUT THIS
IS AN OLD T-SHIRT)' slogan in Santa
Monica, July, 2004.

hello how are you



L'Origine du monde («The Origin of the
World») is a picture painted in oil on
canvas by the French artist Gustave
Courbet in 1866.

hello how are you



The Golden Age by Pietro da Cortona
(Palazzo Pitti,
Florence, Italy).

hello how are you



The Golden Age (c. 1530) by Lucas Cra-
nach the Elder.
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"Ceux qui n'ont pas compris le passé, Ceux
qui n'ont pas compris le passé de l'humanité
en général, Ceux qui n'ont pas compris
leur propre passé en particulier, Ceux-là
seront condamnés à le reproduire. "Nous
les Dieux, 2004 —Bernard Werber

hello how are you



'A Grandchild's laugh is sunshine in the
house'



Pietro Leopoldo (a sinistra) e suo fratello
Giuseppe II ritratti a Roma da Pompeo
Batoni (1769). Vienna, Kunsthistorisches
Museum.

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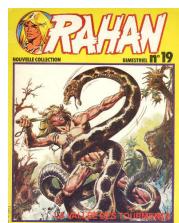


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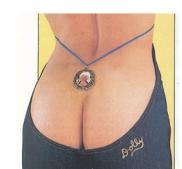
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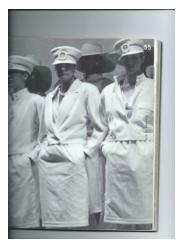
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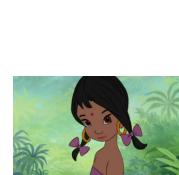
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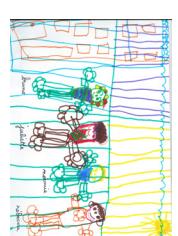


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