

Maria REnda



unladylike



María, you're too mean.

María, you're too chubby.

María, you're too smart.

María, you're very masculine.

María, are you a lesbian?

María, you're a mess.

María, pull down your skirt.

María, you think too much.

María, wear a bra.

María, you go your own way.

These are things I've been hearing since I can remember, some from distant relatives, but mostly from people dedicated to teaching.

Of course, I go my own way, otherwise, I would surely be what everyone wants me to be. Smart but not too much, pretty but not too much, lest you be a slut, feminine or rather hyper-feminine to be liked, thin but not anorexic, because of course, if you have a mental illness, you're crazy. And the most accurate,

María, you're crazy! Am I crazy?

Or do you simply not understand me?

A ball is still a sphere, like a world, my world.



La claustrofobia de ser mujer
Angeles Santos

Femininity, imposed or chosen?

We can say that is one of big questions about

postmodernist feminism

What is imposed and what is chosen, what is well-chosen

is there a well-imposed femininity or a badly chosen one?

So to the question of how do we define ourselves?

I can answer it with an analogy. There is a block

of stone, the block has been carved from the outside, gradually taking the shape that the sculptor decided, reflecting his tastes and needs. But one day the stone broke the sculptor's chisel, and instead of being carved from the outside in, the stone began to be carved from the inside. The stone is femininity.



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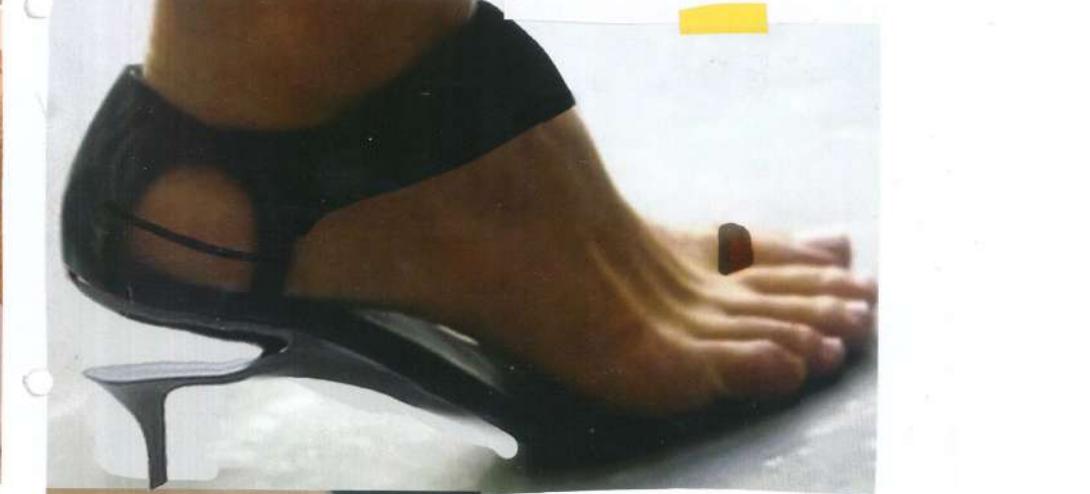
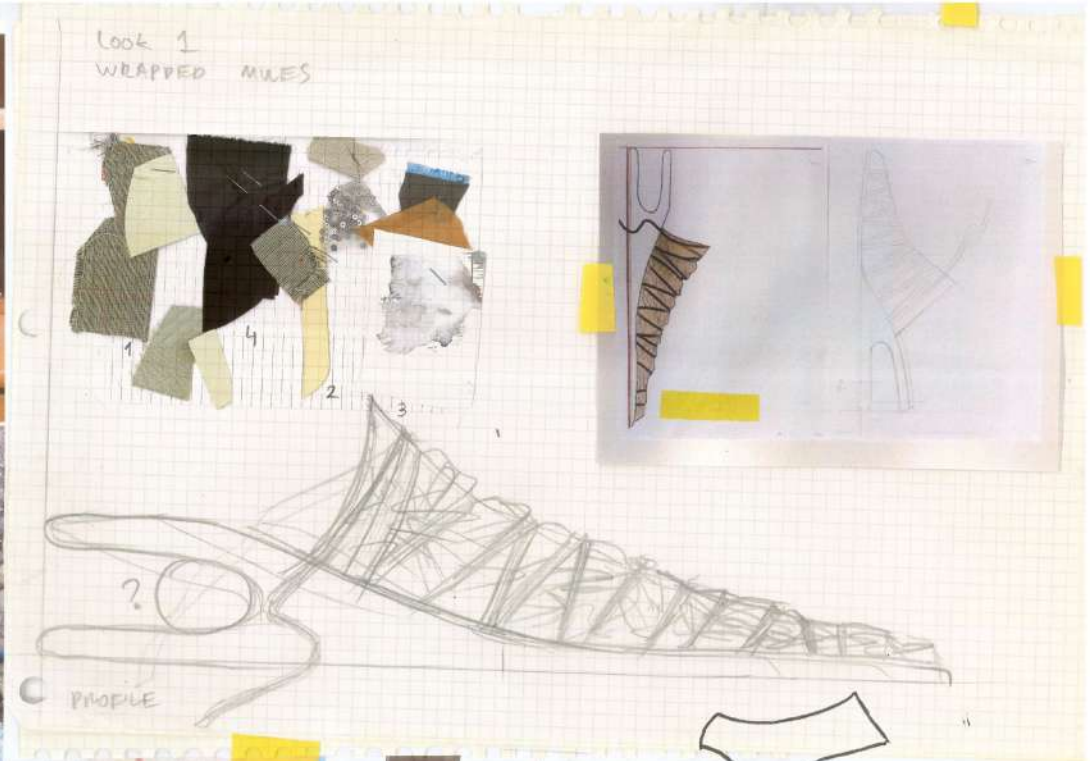


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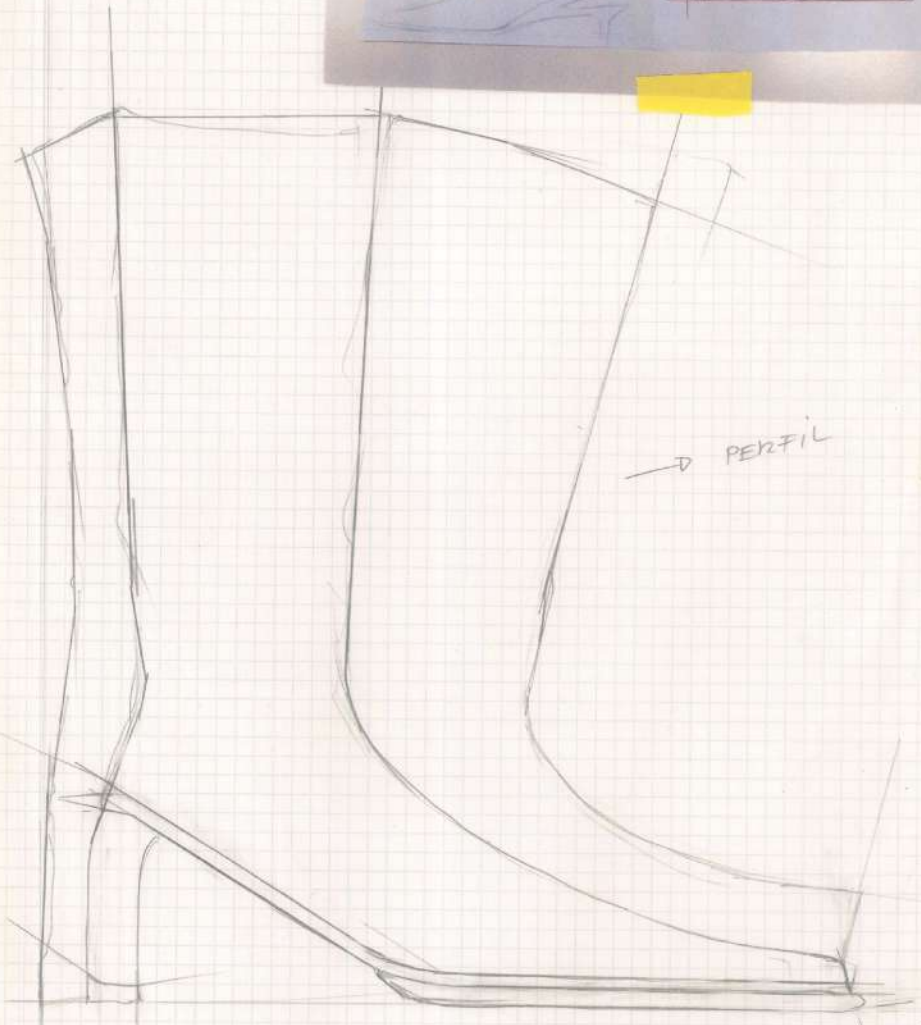


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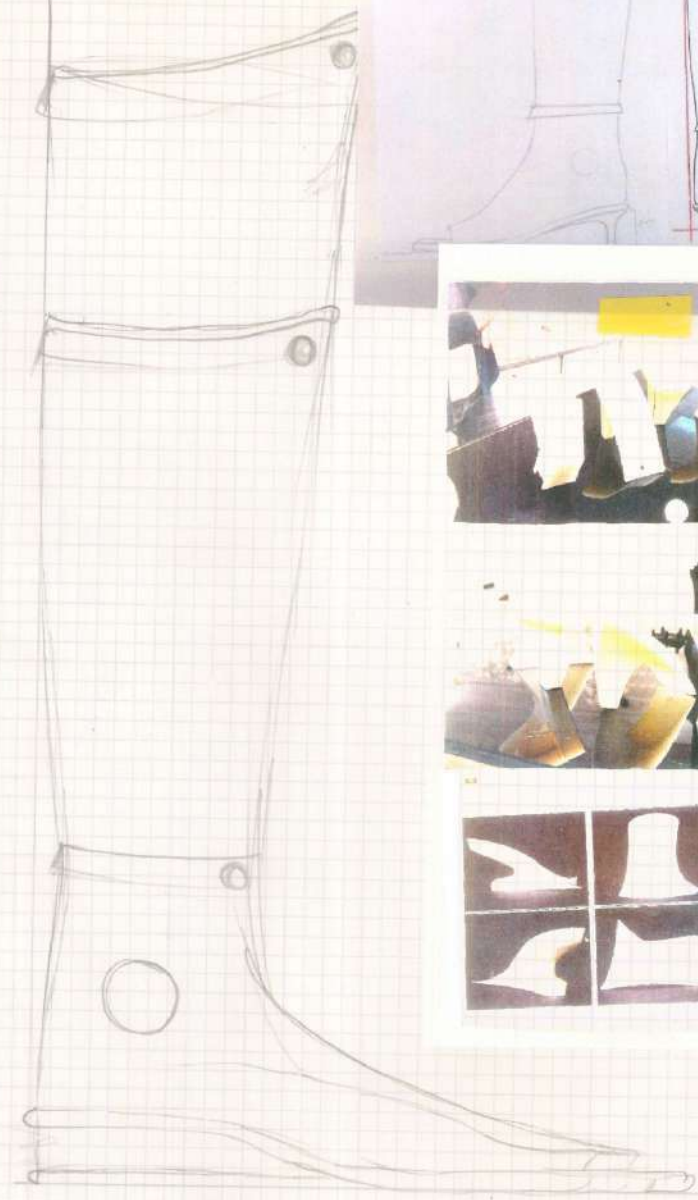


LOOK 3
PERSPECTIVE BOOT



PROFILE

LOOK 2
HAINE BOOTS



PROFILE





















