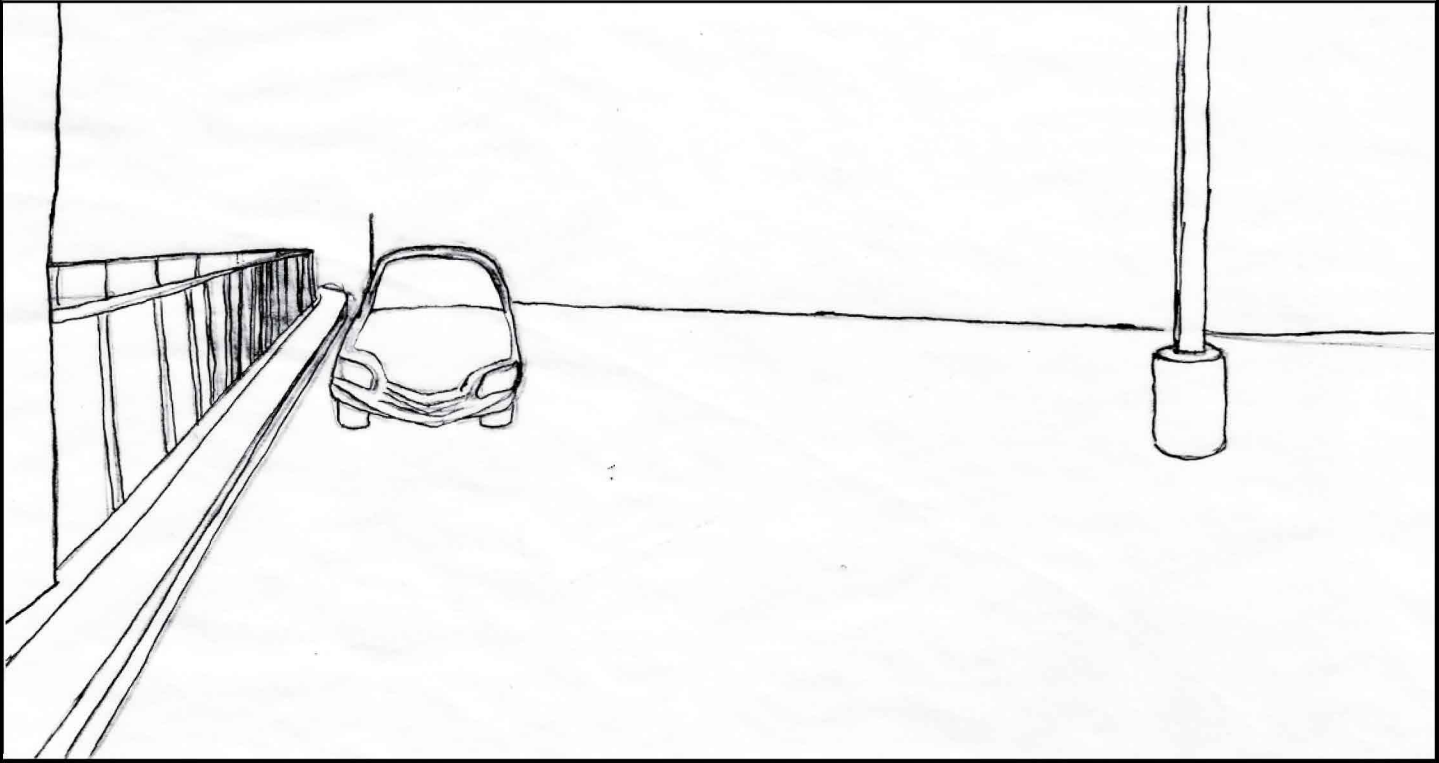
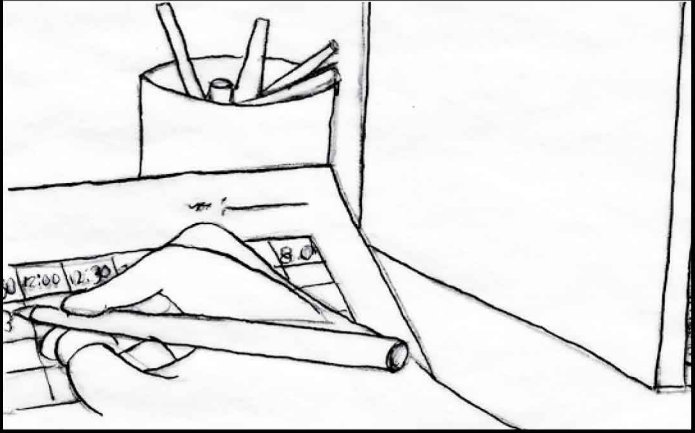


DAY ONE: WALLOW IN SELF-PITY

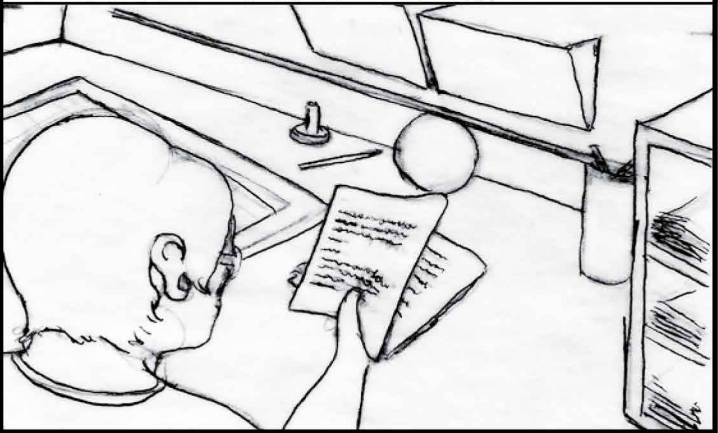
I PULLED INTO THE SAME PARKING SPOT I ALWAYS DID AND SAVORED THE QUIET MOMENTS BEFORE I HAD TO START MY LIFE FOR THE DAY.



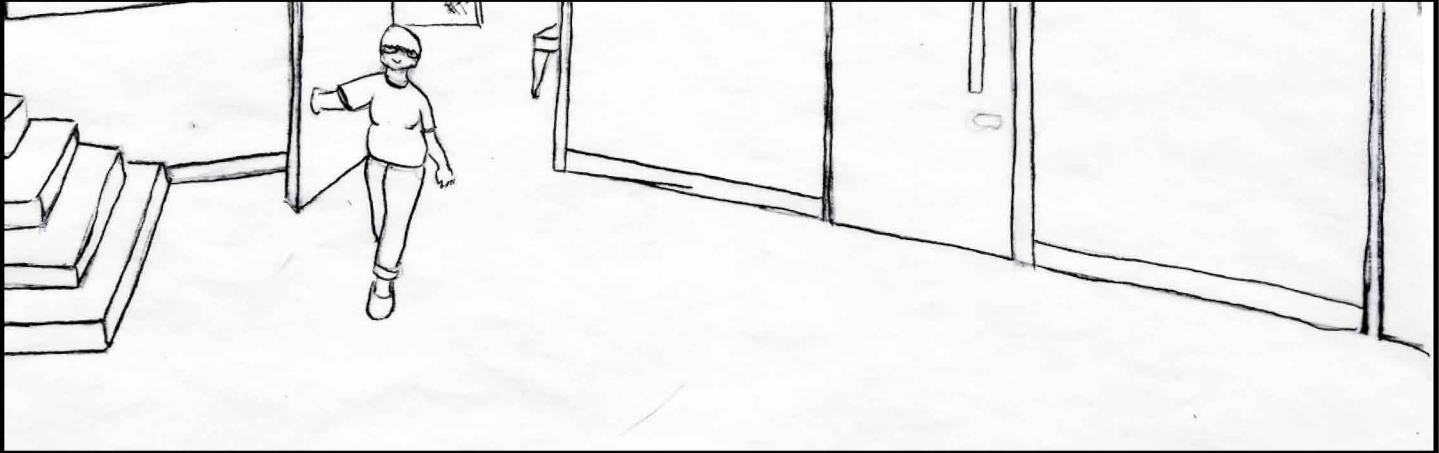
ROUTINELY, I PUT MY HOUR OF ARRIVAL ON THE TIMESHEET.



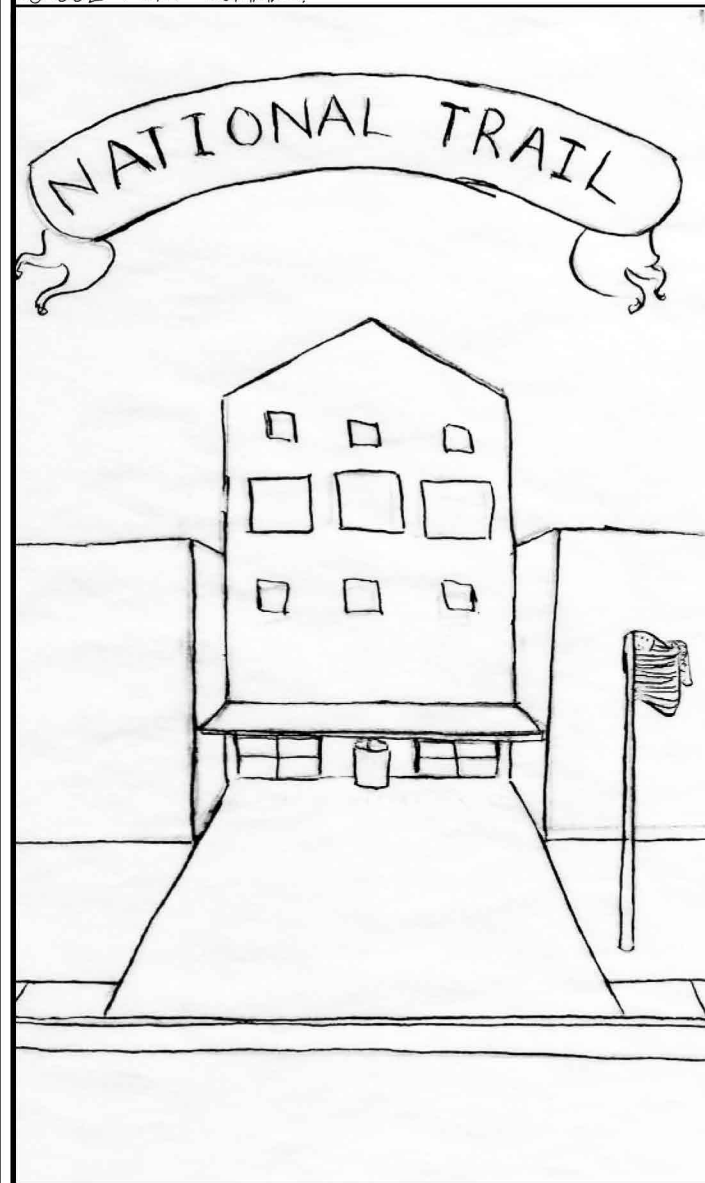
I READ THE NOTE FROM THE BOSS DESCRIBING WHAT WE WERE TO DO FOR THE DAY.



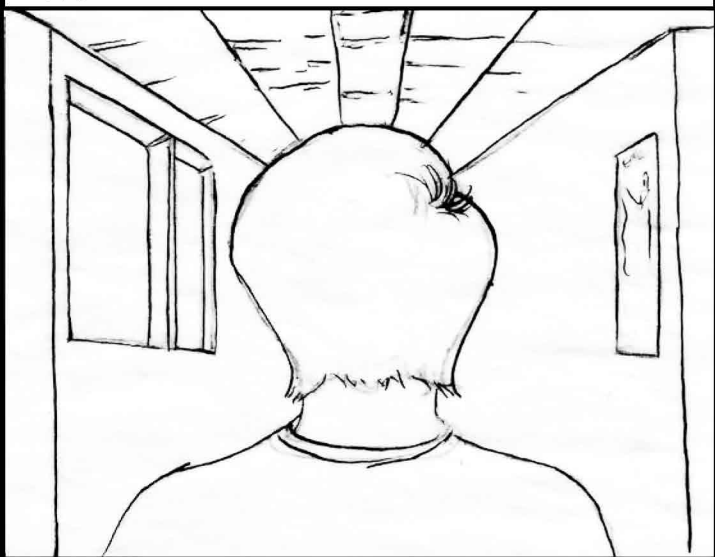
AFTER, I AMBLED TO THE PLACE WHERE THE CLEANING CART WOULD INEVITABLY BE FROM THE NIGHT BEFORE.



I WAS WORKING AS A CUSTODIAN FOR MY OLD SCHOOL THAT SUMMER.



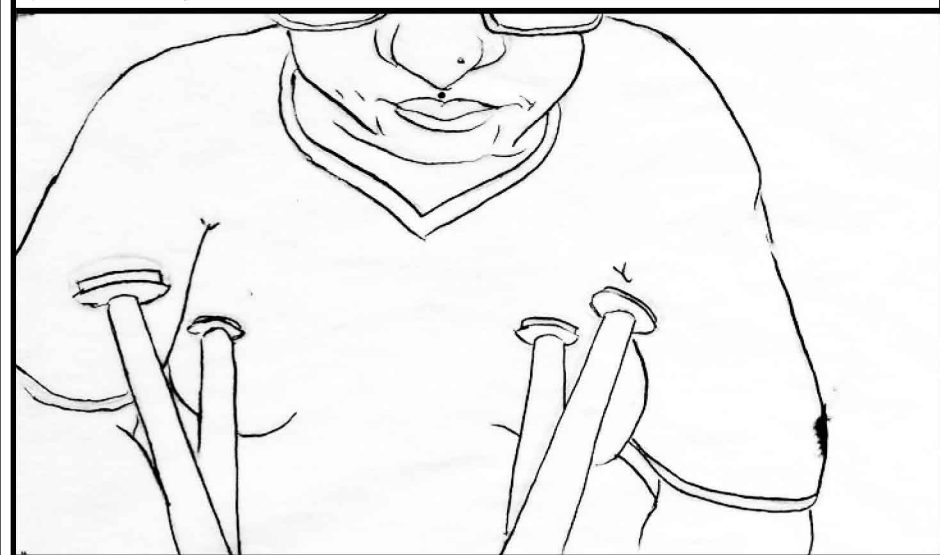
THE HALLS WERE SMALLER THAN I REMEMBERED THEM.



THE CHAIRS TOO SHORT FOR ME TO HAVE POSSIBLY SAT IN.



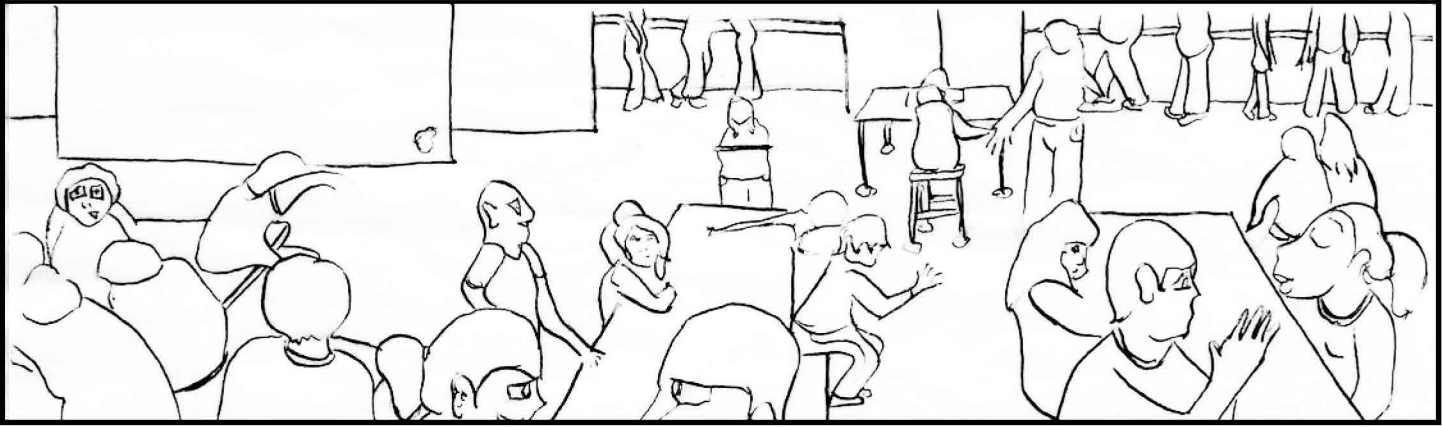
THE LONGER I WORK THERE, MEMORIES OF BEING IN THOSE ROOMS AS A STUDENT ARE REPLACED BY MEMORIES OF CLEANING THEM IN YEARS PRIOR.



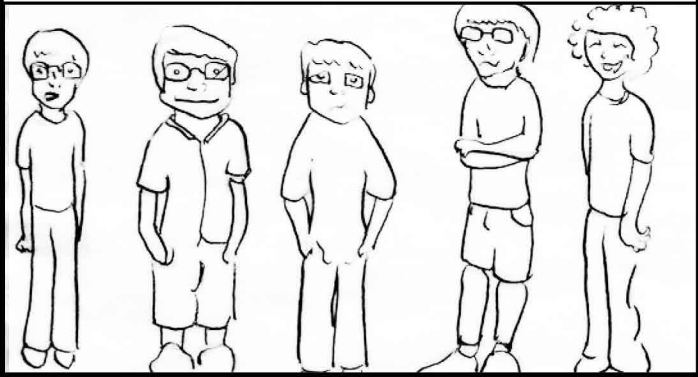
YET THE NOSTOLGIA REMAINS.



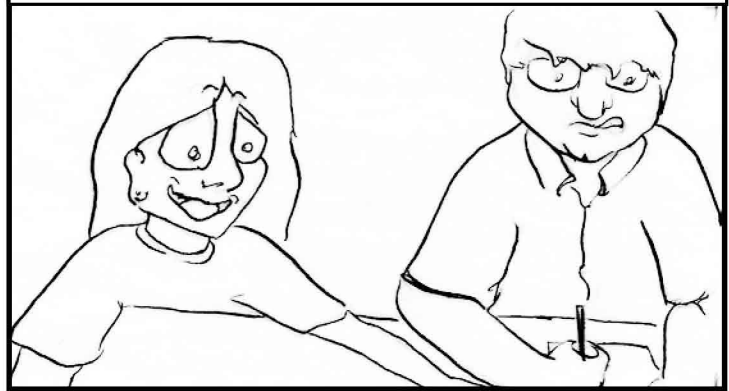
IN THE SAME CAFETERIA WHERE I CLEANED THAT MORNING, I HAD ONCE JOKEYED BETWEEN THE TABLES AND THE PEOPLE ASSOCIATED WITH THEM.



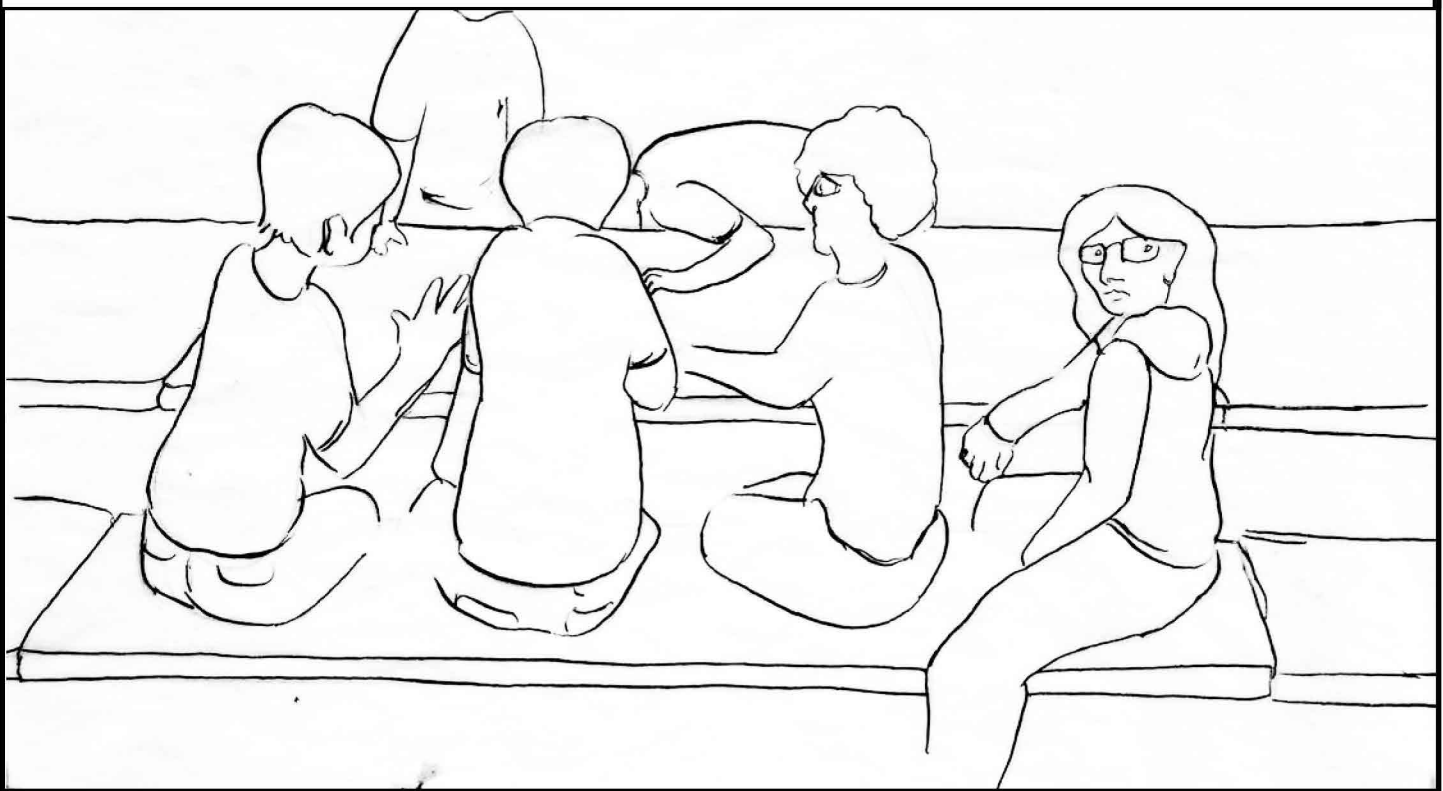
ENTERING HIGH SCHOOL, I HUNG OUT WITH THE NERDY BOYS AND GLADLY LISTENED TO THEIR TALK ABOUT VIDEO GAMES, STICK-MEN COMICS, AND ACTION MOVIES.



I WANTED TO BLEND INTO THEIR RANK LIKE THE SPOT OF PHTHALO BLUE PAINT REQUIRED FOR THE PERFECT GOLDEN HUE.



BUT THE SEX GAP IMPLIED I DID NOT KNOW NOR COULD APPRECIATE WHAT THEY TALKED ABOUT. A SMIDGE OF THE WRONG HUE OF BLUE.



DURING SOPHMORE YEAR, I BEGAN TO HANG OUT WITH A GROUP OF GIRLS--THEIR INTERESTS EXCLUSIVELY IN PUNK-ROCK, REBELLION, AND UNFORGIVABLE SEXINESS.



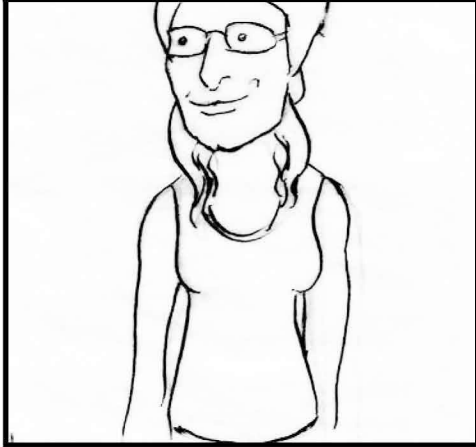
SARAH'S POWER WAS HER BEAUTY. FLIRTATION WAS HER WEAPON.



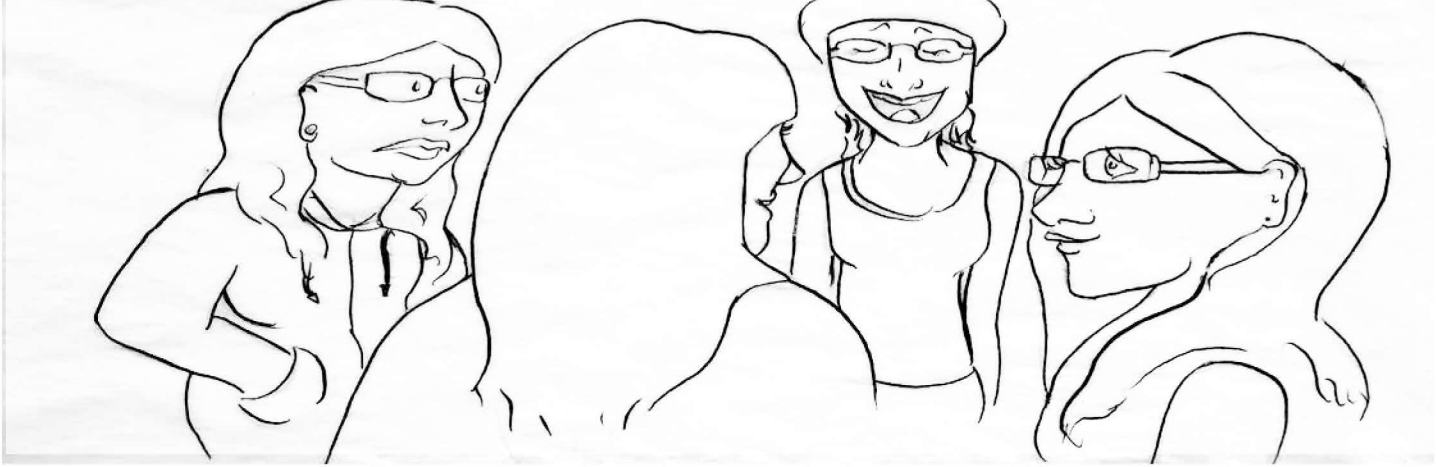
EMILY, MY COUSIN, WAS BUBBLY AND IRRESISTABLE.



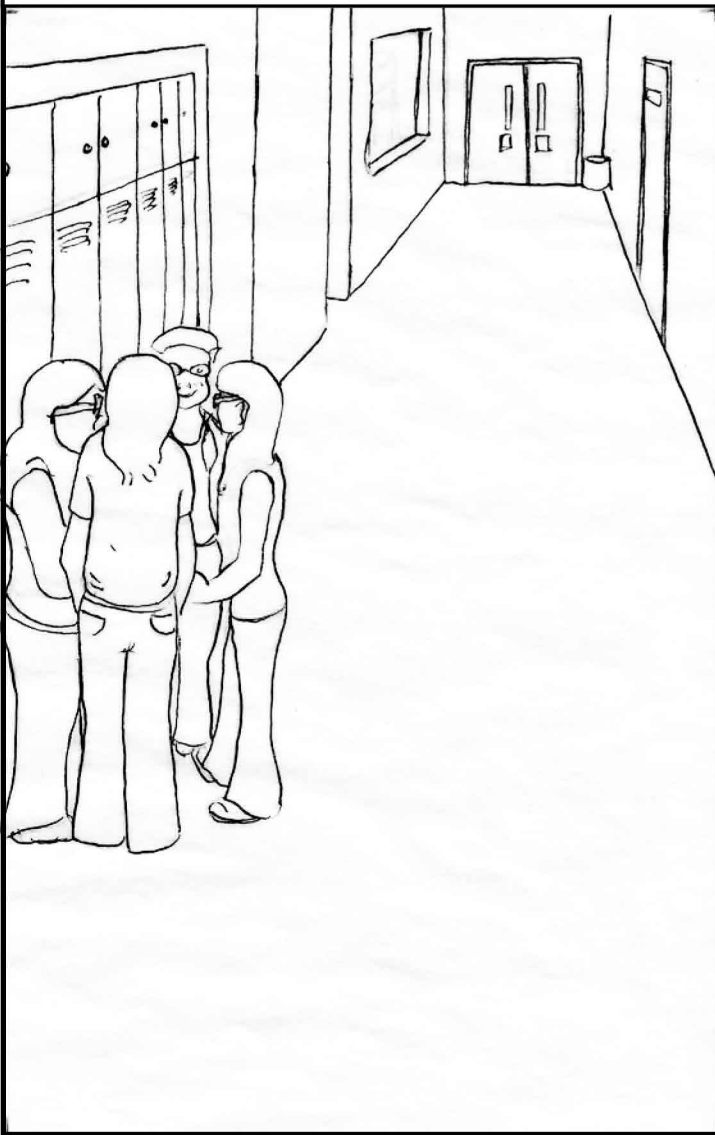
KATELYNN WAS COOL-HEADED AND CONFIDENT. A ROCK-GOD FOR SURE.



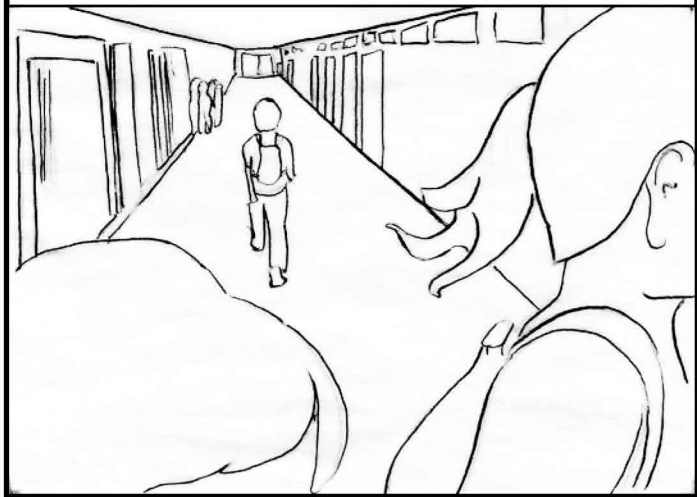
I WAS DULL AND AWKWARD IN COMPARISON.



BEFORE THE BELL RANG FOR THE MORNING CLASS, MY FRIENDS AND I STOOD IN FRONT OF OUR LOCKER AND TALKED ABOUT MUSIC, PARENTS, AND BOYS.



IN A NEAR-ABANDONED HALL, OUR LOCKER BECAME A GATHERING PLACE FOR OTHER WAYWARD STUDENTS.



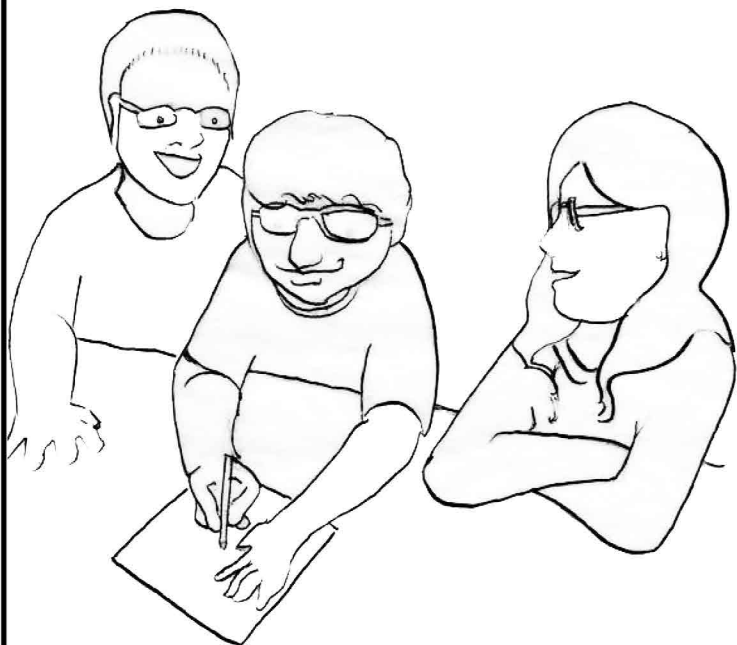
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY MOST OF THE TIME. OFTEN, I FELT IT WASN'T MY PLACE TO SPEAK AT ALL. I WAS NEITHER FUNNY NOR INTERESTING, AND MY LACK OF GOOD LOOKS INVALIDATED ME.



AT LEAST THERE WAS MUTUAL GRATIFICATION WHEN HANGING OUT WITH THE BOYS, I THOUGHT.



I GAVE THEM THE FEMALE ATTENTION THEY DIDN'T NORMALLY RECEIVE.



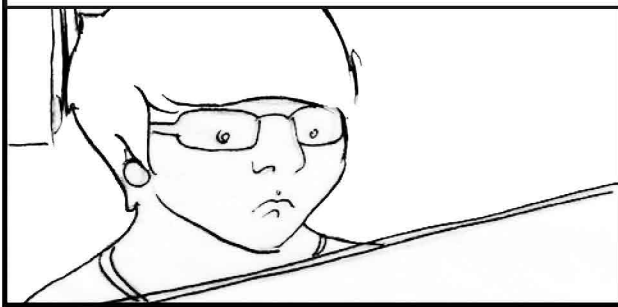
IN RETURN, I FELT PRETTY ENOUGH.



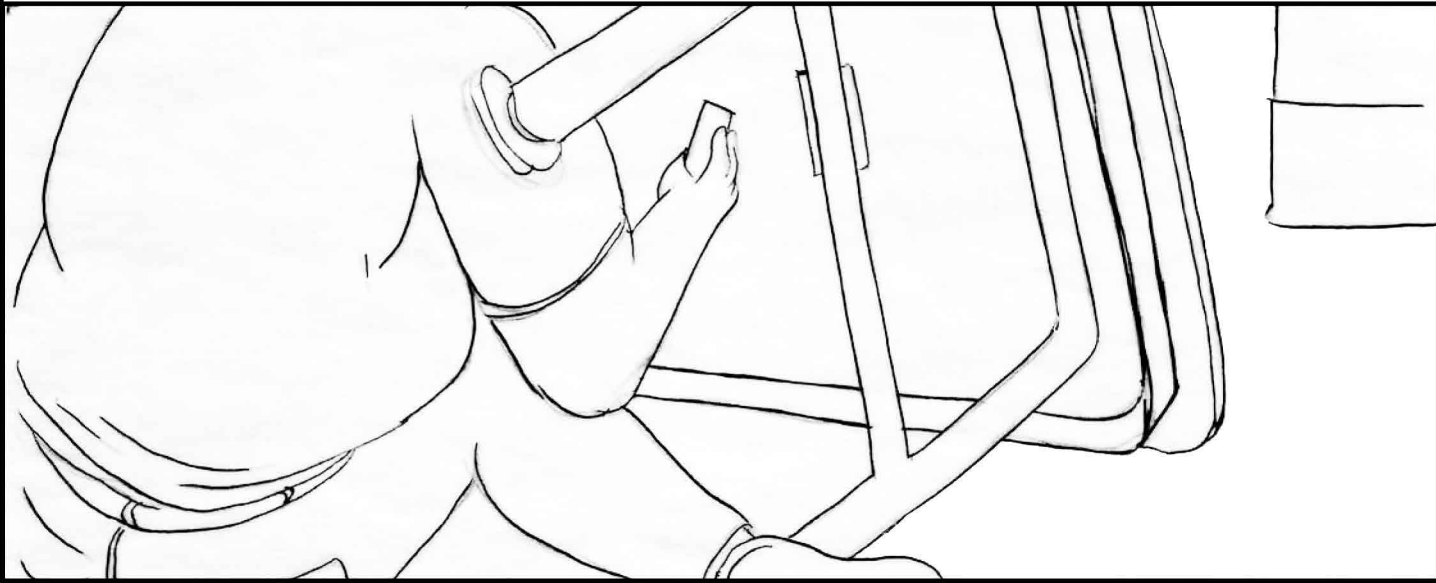
WHEN I CLOCKED IN, THERE WAS NEARLY AN HOUR AND A HALF BEFORE ANYONE ELSE WAS SCHEDULED TO WORK.



THIS USUALLY MEANT UNINTERRUPTED TIME FOR INTELLECTUAL PURSUITS.



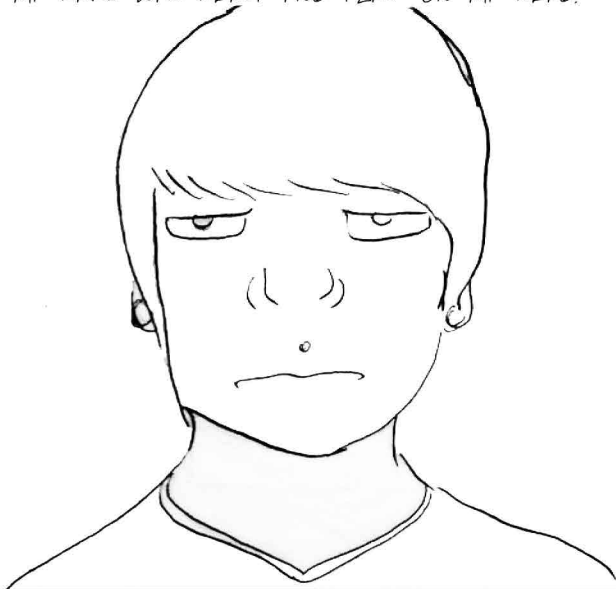
WHILE SCRAPING OFF WADS OF GUM STUDENTS HAD STUCK UNDER THE LUNCH TABLE, I TRIED TO MEMORIZE THE NAMES OF ALL THE PRESIDENTS.



I GOT AS FAR AS VAN BUREN BEFORE I BEGAN TO THINK ABOUT WHAT I SAW IN THE MIRROR THAT MORNING.



MY HAIR WAS HEAVY AND FLAT ON MY HEAD.



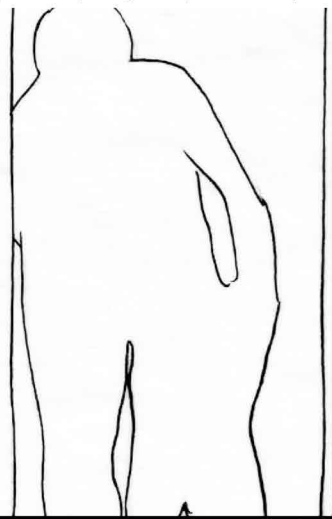
MY EYES WERE PURPLE AND PUFFY FROM FATIGUE.



THE MONTHS SPENT AVOIDING THE GYM MADE THEMSELVES APPARENT IN THE FAT THAT COLLECTED ON MY FACE, NECK, AND GUT.

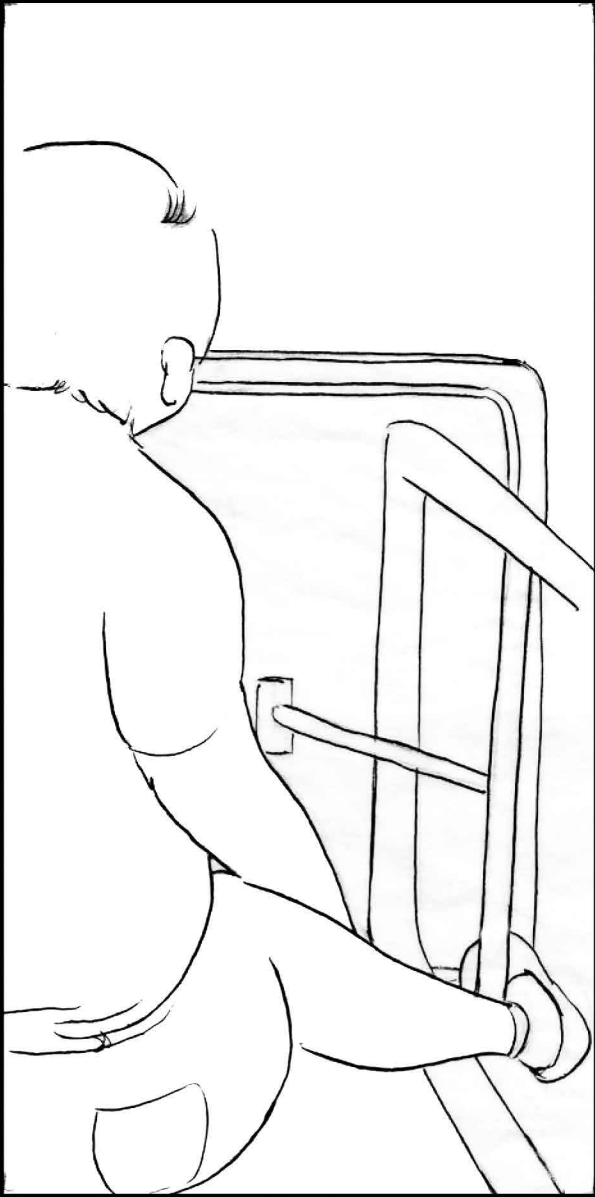


BEFORE LEAVING FOR WORK, I PULLED OFF THE PANTS DIGGING INTO MY WAIST IN FAVOR OF ANOTHER LOOSER PAIR.

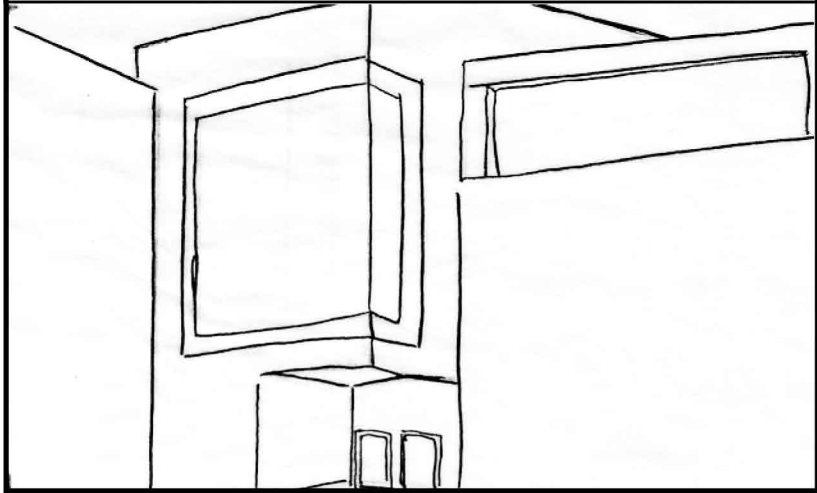


I DISGUSTED MYSELF.





I SPENT THE FIRST HALF OF THAT SUMMER ENROLLED IN THE WOMEN IN ART COURSE AT INDIANA UNIVERSITY EAST.



WE DISCUSSED WOMEN; WOMEN AS MODELS, WOMEN AS SUBJECTS, WOMEN AS ART-MAKERS, AND WOMEN THAT INFLUENCED THE REALITIES OF WOMEN IN THE ART WORLD AND BEYOND.



Suzanne Valadon challenged the concept of the female nude in *The Blue Room*.

IN SIX WEEKS, I BECAME MORE CONFIDENT IN MY POWER AS A WOMAN TO CREATE CHANGE IN MY SOCIAL CIRCLES.



Have you heard of the social-constructionist perspective?

THROUGH CONVERSATIONS



I CALL IT 'PRICKS'.

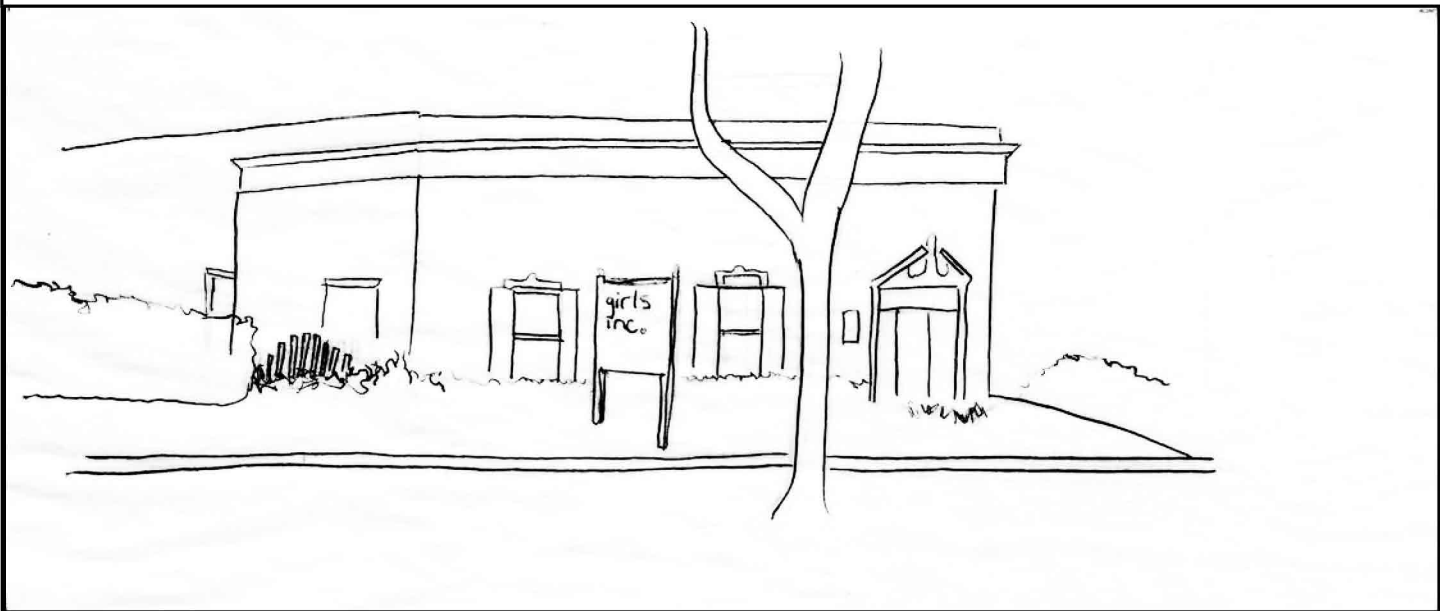
AND ARTWORK.



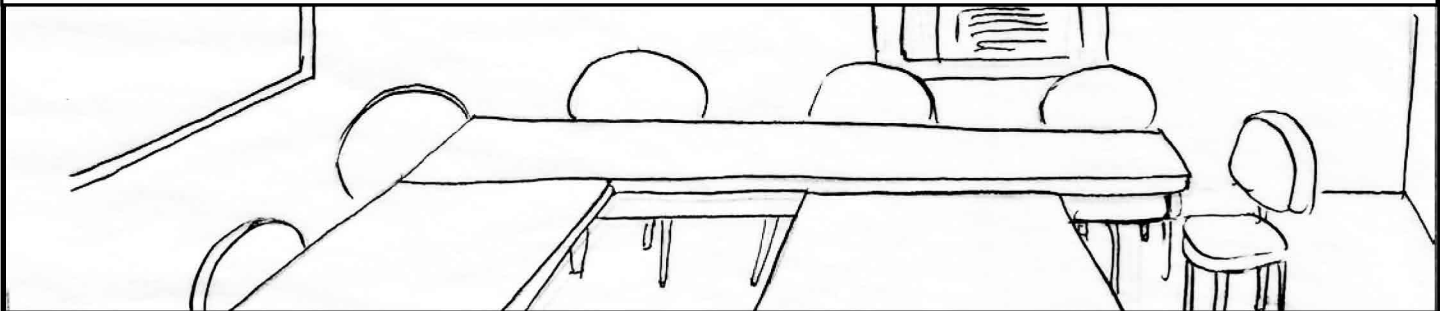
YES, MEN! I AM ENTITLED TO THE SAME THINGS YOU ARE!

AND GENERAL SELF-AWARENESS.

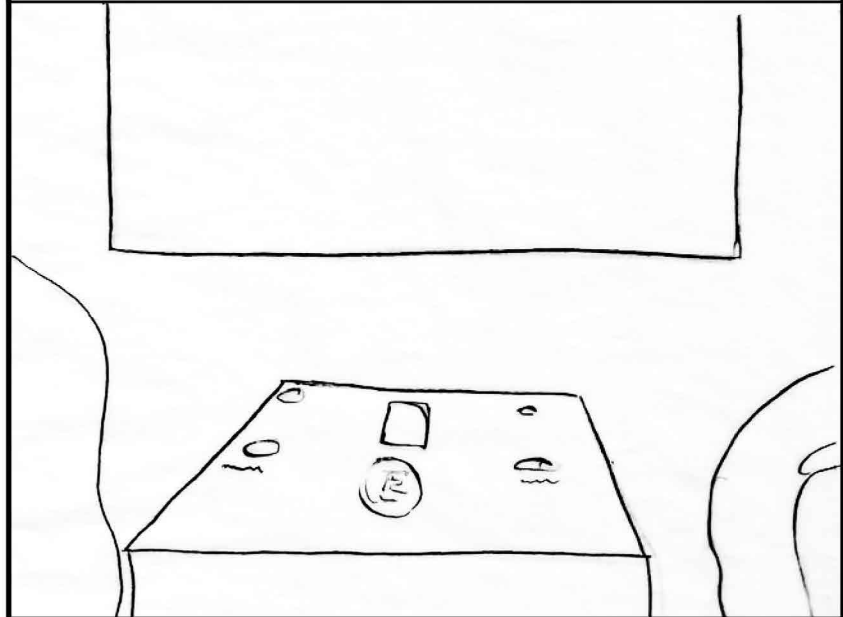
AS A COMPONENT OF THIS COURSE, WE WERE REQUIRED TO CREATE PRESENTATIONS FOR THE LOCAL CHAPTER OF GIRLS INCORPORATED TO SHARE OUR KNOWLEDGE WITH GIRLS THAT RECEIVE MORE CULTURAL MESSAGES ABOUT FEMALE SUPPRESSION THAN FEMALE EMPOWERMENT.



THE CHURCH ACROSS FROM GIRLS INC. ALLOWED US TO UTILIZE ITS CONFERENCE ROOM FOR OUR PRESENTATION.

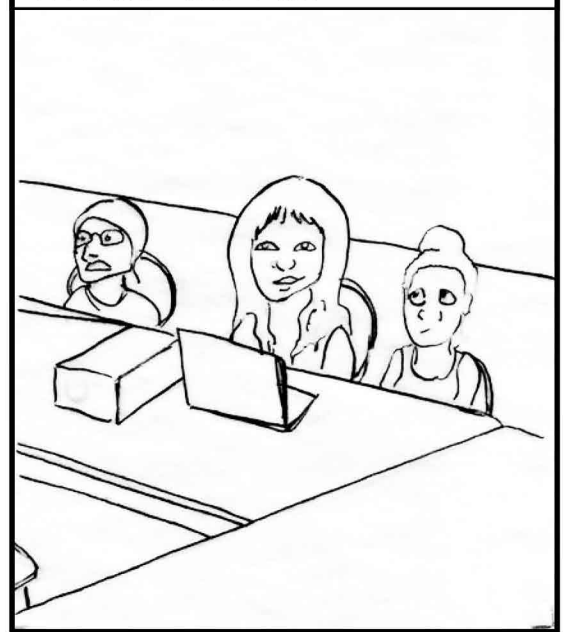


THE GIRLS, HAVING SHUFFLED INTO THE ROOM AND FOUND A SEAT STARED AT THE FIRST SLIDE OF OUR PRESENTATION; THE LED LIGHT FROM THE PROJECTOR SHINED ON THE WALL WHERE A PAINTING OF JESUS ORIGINALLY HUNG.

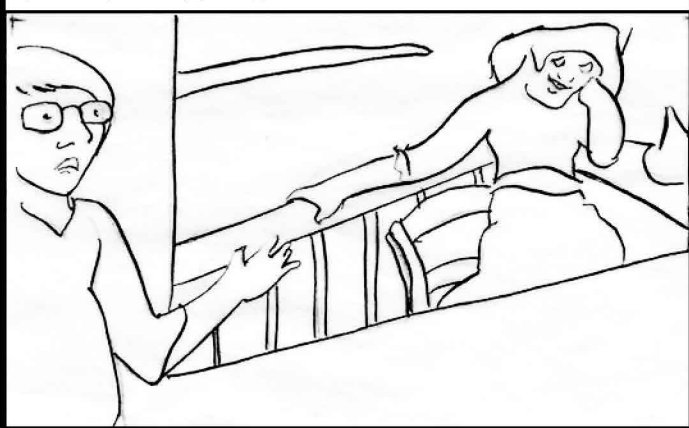


Some of you might remember me from the last presentation, but I see we have some new faces. Before we begin, let's go around the room and introduce ourselves. I'm Kaylyn and a senior student of Fine Arts and Indiana University East.

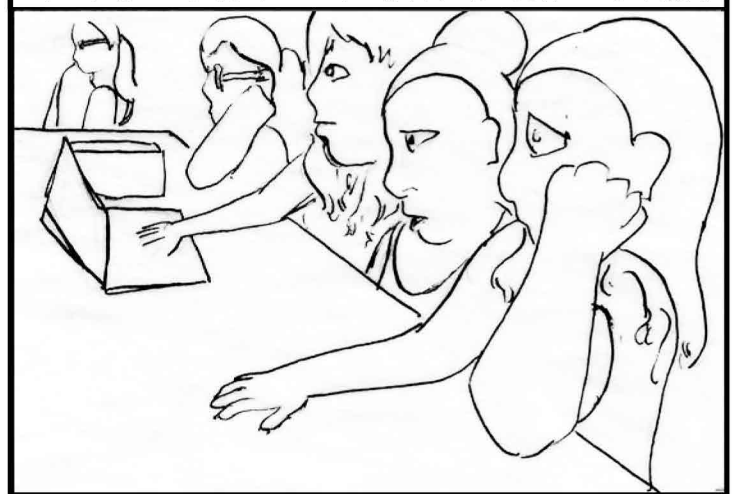
DIFFERENT AGES, DIFFERENT RACES, DIFFERENT SOCIAL CLASSES: ABOUT 12 IN TOTAL, THE GIRLS INTRODUCED THEMSELVES ONE-BY-ONE



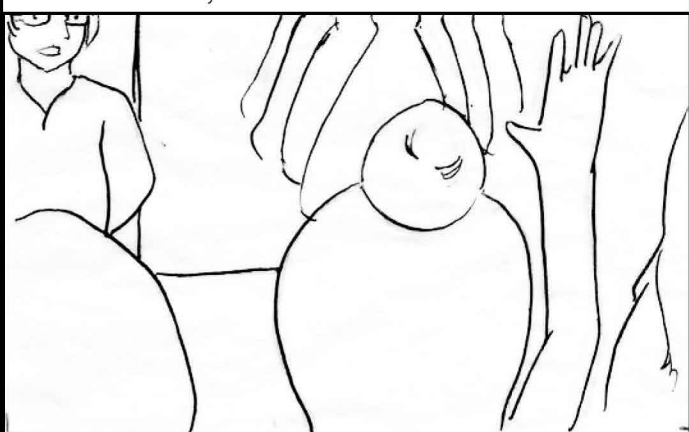
WE BEGAN BY DISCUSSING THE TRADITION OF WOMEN AS DECORATIONS IN ARTWORK, VALUED ONLY FOR THEIR BEAUTY.



THE GIRLS STARED AT THE SCREEN IN QUIET BOREDOM.



WHEN WE MOVED TO MODERN MEDIA, THE GIRLS BECAME MORE ENGAGED AS THEY RECOGNIZED THE FACES OF THE DISNEY PRINCESSES, DISNEY CHANNEL PERSONALITIES, AND POP SINGERS.



WE DISCUSSED THE WAY WOMEN IN MAGAZINES CANNOT BE VIEWED AS ACCURATE REPRESENTATIONS OF WOMEN, MANY BEING AIRBRUSHED AND PHOTO-MANIPULATED. WE CLOSED THE LECTURE BY SHOWING A VIDEO OF A WOMAN BEING TOUCHED UP FOR A BILLBOARD ADVERTISEMENT.





JORDAN WAS OLDER THAN MOST OF THE GIRLS IN THAT ROOM. SHE PLACED THE SIDE OF HER PALM ON THE DESK, A GESTURE TO REINFORCE THAT THERE WAS NO OTHER ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION.



THE OTHER ADULTS IN THE ROOM NODDED THEIR HEAD IN AGREEMENT, EACH WITH HALF-SMILES ON THEIR FACES.



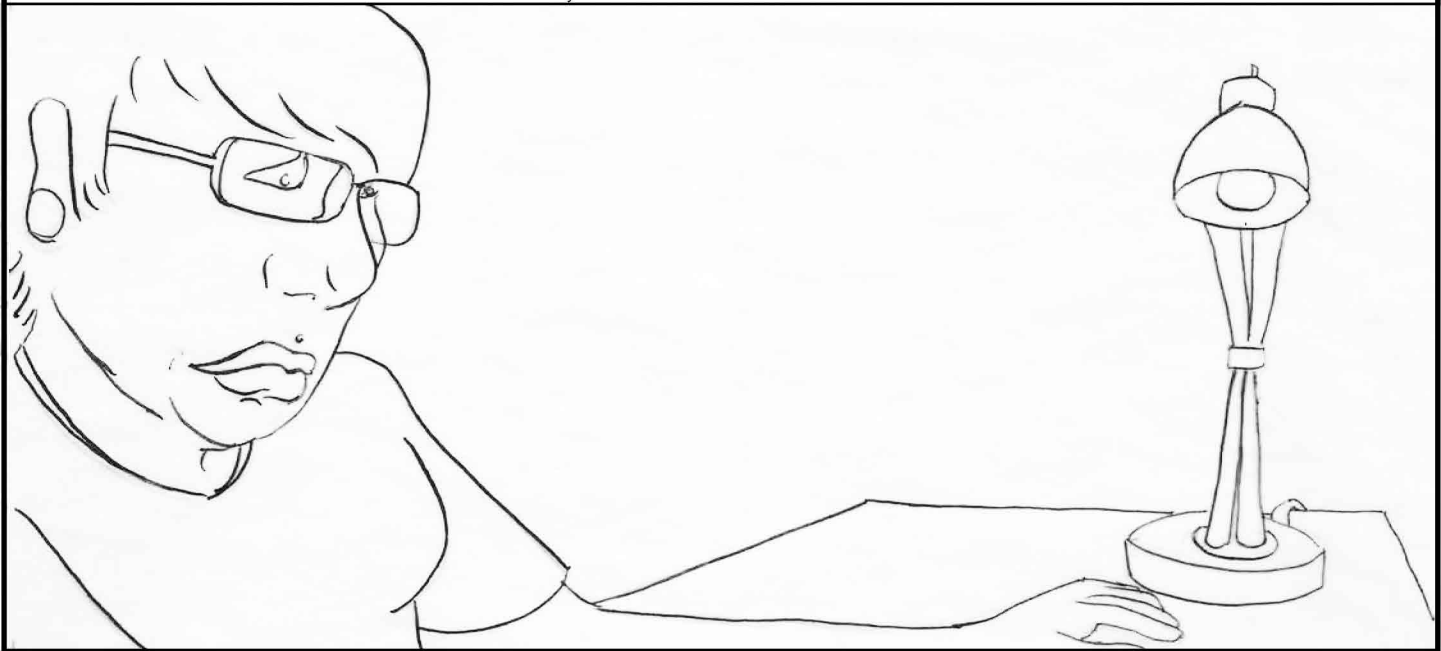
MY TEAMMATES AND I GATHERED OUR THINGS AND WE LEFT THE CHURCH TO GO BACK TO EAST FOR OUR SECOND CLASS



WE TALKED AMONGST OURSELVES.



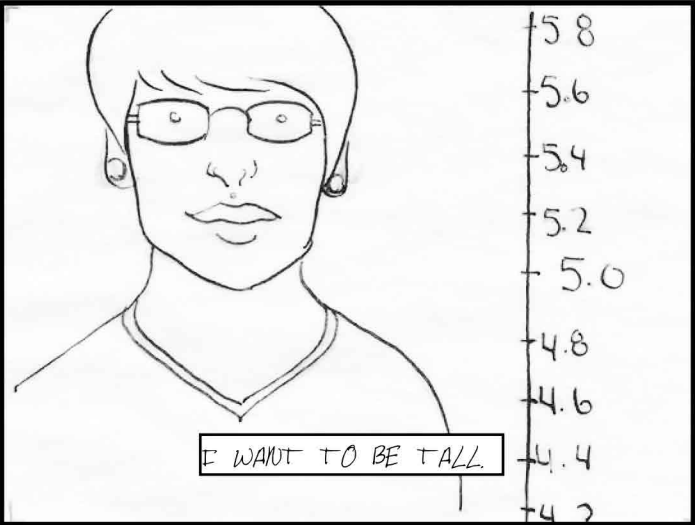
THE PRESENTATION WAS A GREAT SUCCESS, YET THIS IS NOT THE FIRST MEMORY THAT COMES TO MIND.



RATHER, FOR ALL OF MY AFFIRMATION THEN THAT EVERY WOMAN IS BEAUTIFUL, I THOUGHT DIFFERENTLY.



HOW COULD I HAVE TOLD ANYONE THAT DESPITE MY OBJECTIONS TO AN IDOLIZED FORM OF BEAUTY AS DEFINED OVER 2000 YEARS AGO, I DESPERATELY WANT TO BE IT?



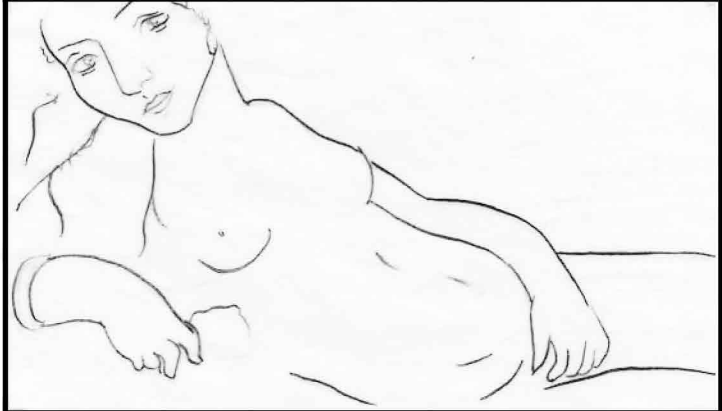
THE IDOLIZED BEAUTIES THAT TITIAN AND
BOTTICELLI PAINTED?



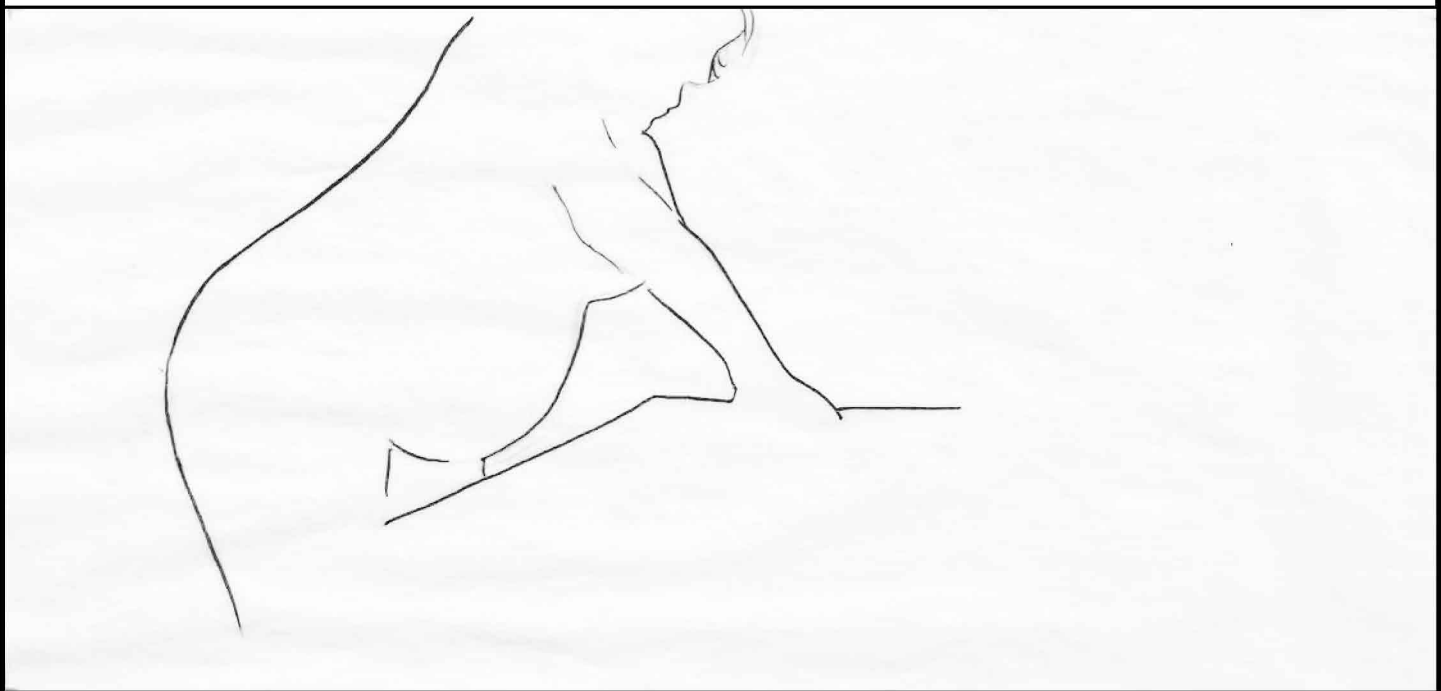
THOUGH I CRITICIZE THE NEAR PORNOGRAPHIC
PAINTINGS, I ENVY THEM.



THEIR SLENDER BODIES GLOW WITH A SOFT ORANGE
LIGHT, AND THOUGH THEY WOULD NEVER ADMIT IT IN
PROPER COMPANY, THEY ARE COMFORTABLE IN THEIR
NUDITY.



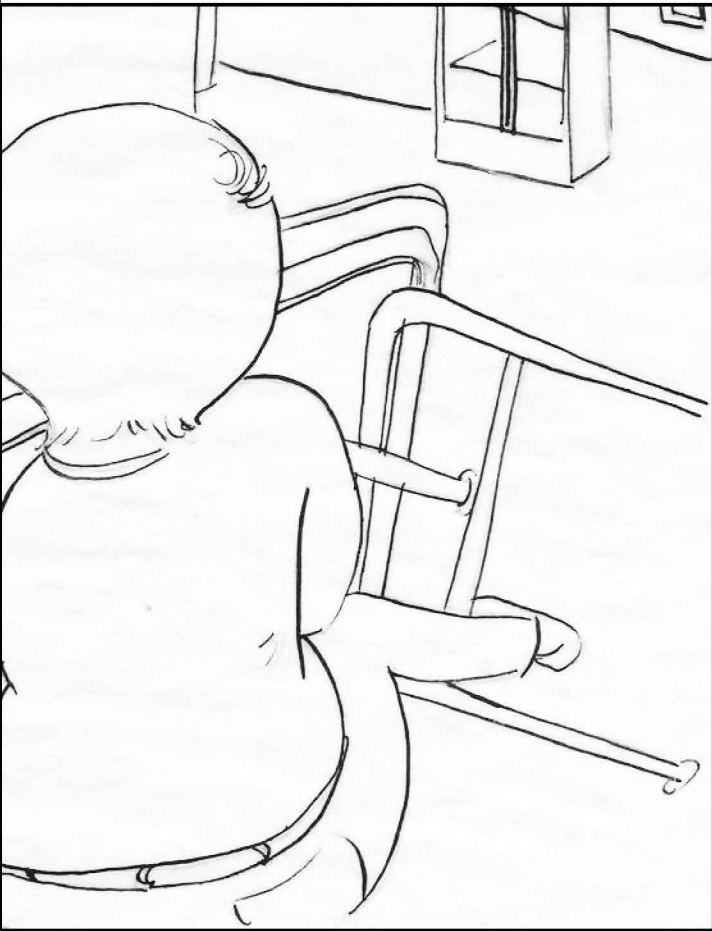
I CANNOT RECALL BEING COMFORTABLE IN MY NAKEDNESS. WHEN I AM ALONE, I DRESS QUICKLY, HOPING
THERE IS NO BODY BENEATH.



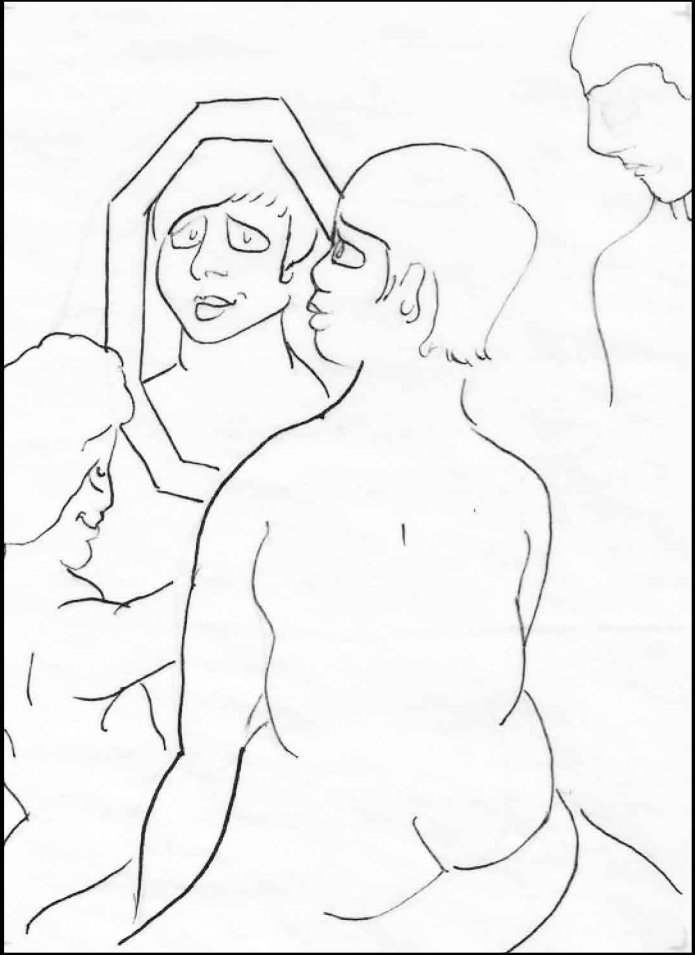
RATHER, I CLAW AT MY BODY OVER MY CLOTHES AND YEARN.



AS I SCRAPED AWAY WHOLE CHUNKS OF COMPRESSED WOOD WITH THE WATERMELON AND SPEARMINT WADS, I JESTED TO MYSELF.



I MAY NOT BE IDEAL IN A TRADITIONAL SENSE, BUT I AM RUBENS' IDEAL.



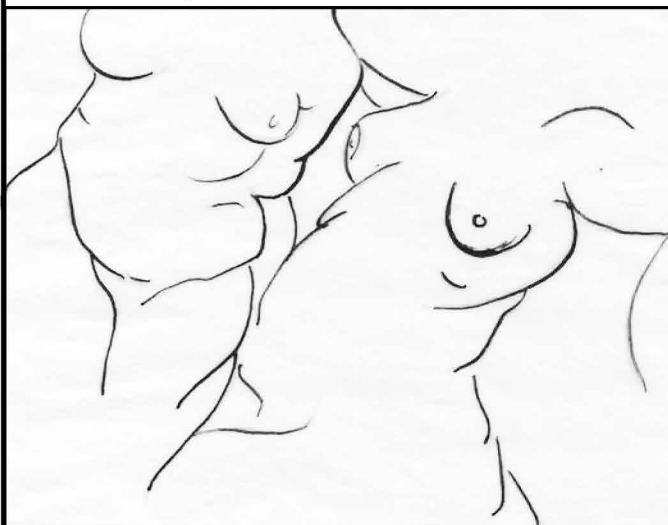
PETER PAUL RUBENS WAS A BAROQUE PAINTER. THIS PERIOD WAS KNOWN FOR ITS EXTRAVAGANCE, ITS DRAMA, AND ITS STYLE OF PAINTING WAS A SPECTACLE ALL ITS OWN.



HE WAS A STAUUGH ADVOCATE FOR WOMEN BAREFOOT AND PREGNANT OR WORKING AS DANCERS AND PROSTITUTES.



NEARLY ALL OF THE FEMALE FIGURES HE PAINTED WERE OVER-WEIGHT AND NUDE. THIS STYLE OF PAINTING WAS SO DIFFERENT FROM THE "IDEAL" FEMALE BODIES PAINTED AT THE TIME, THAT IT WAS GIVEN ITS OWN TERM: "RUBINESQUE".



BUT THAT'S BESEDE THE POINT...



RUBENS' IDEAL