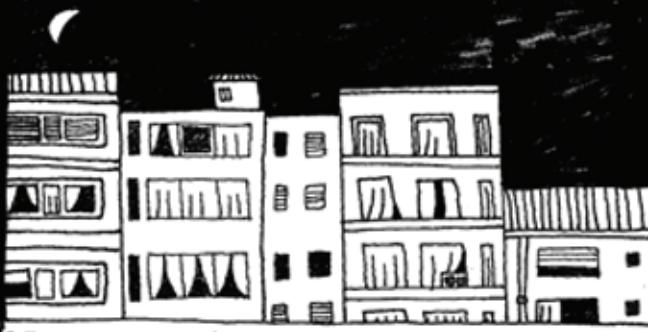


TEXT : LILIANA VELEZ

DRAWINGS : POWERPAOLA



I THOUGHT ABOUT IT ALL NIGHT LONG. THE HEAT WAS INFERNAL.



I REMEMBER THE FAMILY DINNERS WHERE I WOULD SURPRISE EVERYONE BY GETTING UP ON THE SEAT OF MY FAVORITE CHAIR.



I WAS JUST 7 YEARS OLD AND ENJOYED THE NAKEDNESS OF MY SKIN, AND MY GROWING BODY, WHICH INCREASINGLY RESEMBLED THAT OF MY MOTHER.



YOU KNOW, IT'S CHILDREN'S STUFF, PART OF GROWING UP.

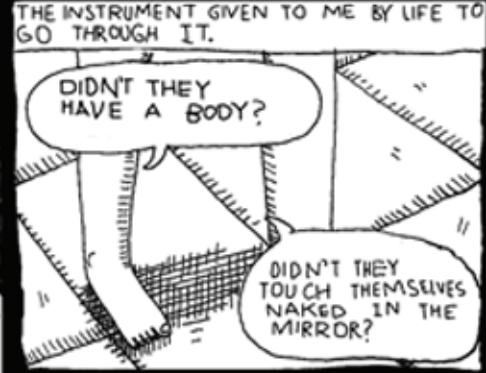


BUT WHAT I COULDN'T EXPLAIN IS THAT, AS CHILDREN, THE MOST DIRECT WAY TO INTERACT WITH THE WORLD IS THROUGH THE DISCOVERY OF OUR OWN BODIES.

SO MANY MYSTERIES COMING TOGETHER, AND I WAS IMMersed IN THE PLEASURE OF HAVING THIS WHOLE LITTLE BODY JUST FOR MYSELF.



I WONDERED WHY I WAS BEING PUNISHED, IF IT WAS MY BODY, THIS INTIMATE SPACE.



THE INSTRUMENT GIVEN TO ME BY LIFE TO GO THROUGH IT.

DIDN'T THEY HAVE A BODY?



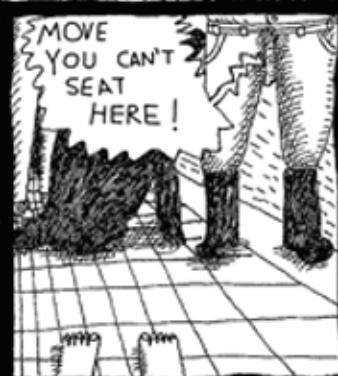
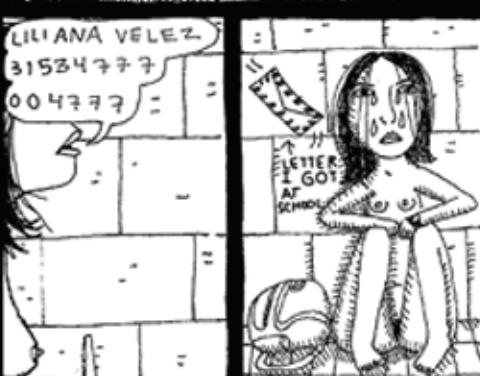
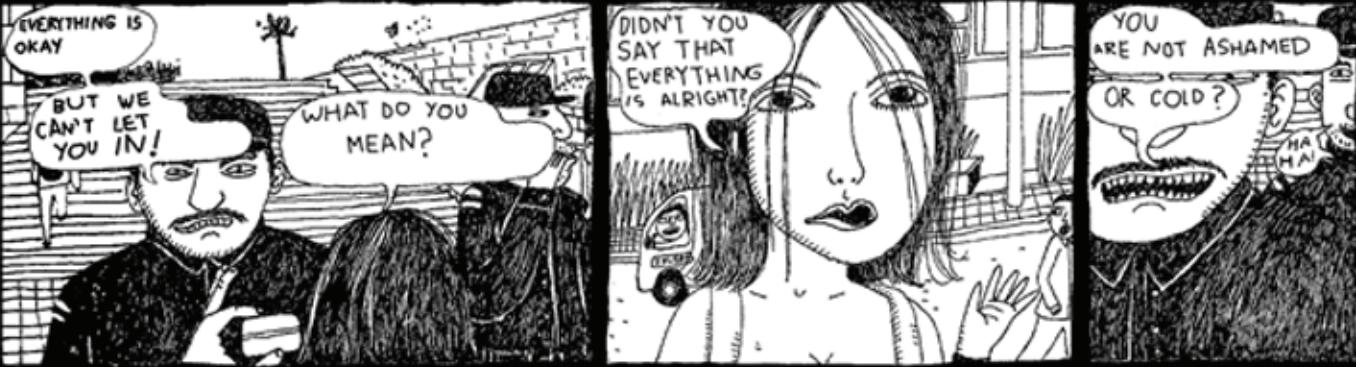
DIDN'T THEY TOUCH THEMSELVES NAKED IN THE MIRROR?





I FELT FREE AND PROTECTED INSIDE A SPHERE WHERE MY BODY COULD RELAX AND STRETCH.





I WAS DISAPPOINTED TO SEE HOW MY GESTURES AND ACTIONS WERE PREDETERMINED: GOOD OR BAD, CRAZY OR SANE, MALE OR FEMALE, BEFORE BEING MINE.

