

**To Be A Woman Means To Be Humbly II**

## Just A Job

I've a job for you, she said, as I looked at her. What should I say, I had no words, only fascination. The most beautiful women I know? Well, Dominique Sanda of course and of course Geraldine Chaplin - or her mother, too much they look alike. It would be a crime not to mention Fanny Ardant and Romy Schneider - the list could be endless in a way. Women, all of them have their own beauty. But the woman opposite to me? It felt like the incarnation of womanhood would sit at the other side of the desk. I had some problems to concentrate.

"A job?"

"Yes, or does you have no time at the moment?"

Should I reply something stupid now, like: For a woman like you, I will have time ever.

"No, actually I have no client at all at the moment."

"That's good, because I fear that my concern will need your full concentration. I fear, that you will have no time for other clients in the near - and maybe far - future."

"Your concern?"

"A man offered me a billion dollar, for a night with him. I would have to do everything that he wants. Excluded would be things, that would leave a permanent damage. Especially no things like cutting, burning, torturing or killing."

"That's sounds a bit weird to me."

"Really? I thought, that this would be not that far away for somebody like you."

"Why?"

"You're a man - or?"

"Yes, definitively. But I think that not all men....."

".....yes, for sure. Whatever. I asked him, why he thinks, that I would accept his offer. He answered: Because, I'm the man, and you're the woman. Your job is, to answer me my question: Shall I accept his offer?"

"I not have the feeling that this a job for a private detective - if it's a job at all. Maybe you should better ask somebody like a philosopher? It's more a question of moral - or? A specialist for ethics would be the best man for you - I think."

"No, believe me, you're definitively the person I need."

"You not tell me now, that I would be the only one, who could save the earth - or something like that? This is the way how stupid Hollywood movies begin."

"Maybe this is a stupid Hollywood movie?"

"I hope not - do we start a philosophical argumentation about reality now?"

"No, you're as real as I'm."

"That not answers anything."

"In a stupid Hollywood movie I would give you a passionate kiss now. But I will not, maybe that's the answer to your concern."

And I? What would be my next line now? What a pity, I would have liked it!

"Still the question stays, why I?"

"Because, I'm the woman and you're the man."

"Okay, I take it. And I take it, because it will be pointless."

"Why it should?"

"Because, there will be never an answer to your question, at least no generally binding one. As I said, it's a philosophical question and such questions have never a last answer."

"This also applies to science."

"Not in that way. But apart from that, where I should start an investigation - I'm an investigator. In front of the building? On the other side of the world? This all has no meaning!"

"Oh, I think therewith I can help you."

"I'm all ear!"

"Enter the city and start to ask around."

"Yeah, which city?"

"The City of Women."

"Never heard of, is this an Italian thing?"

"I fear, it's an universal thing."

"And where can I find this city?"

"Maybe the city will find you? - Just a little joke! It will be no problem to find the city - you're the investigator, and....."

"Yes?"

"You're the man....."

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I sat at my desk and looked up at the ceiling - was this had been real? A check on my table, no small one - it seemed so. Would it be okay to wait some time, to wait a longer time and then to give her an answer - yes or maybe no? The City of Women, what should that mean? A city with women only - or maybe a city ruled by women? A city with women only would be whimsical - it would be no longer a city of women, would I be there! But maybe that would be the knack, would be the finesse on it? Whatever, it was too late now for doing anything - except a drink or maybe two.....

# **The City of Women**

## **At The Huge Gate**

I stood in front of the huge gate and looked at the gargoyles, way up in the air. They looked at me, like gargoyles do it, but I had not the feeling that they tried to threaten me. I had more the feeling they would invite me, to open up the huge gate.

Walk down your thirteenth beach, look for the bridge to jump of - I don't believe in Marilyn and Jesus.

I touched the wood, the cold wood, the beautiful wood and had the feeling that it would be easy to push open the huge gate. Nonetheless I hesitated, but not because I feared something, more in the way you delay something, something of that you know that it will be wonderful. But maybe there was also this anxious feeling, that your feelings were maybe wrong, that it would be not that easy to open up the huge gate, that it was maybe impossible for you to open up the huge gate.

I looked at the gargoyles again, at their beautiful faces and their impressive wings. They invited me, invited me to step in, to come into the city behind the huge gate. The city behind the huge gate? What was the city behind the huge gate?

A name, only a name - names are without meaning.

I took a deep breath and looked at the scary grimaces and the threatening wings of the gargoyles and pushed the huge gate open like it would be made of paper.

## **The Woman Behind The Huge Gate**

A woman leant at a stone wall, a huge skirt, looked like medieval or so, shabby, a bit dirty, the top open, one could see her breasts. I looked at her, she looked at me, looked inviting.

"You like what you see?"

"If I'm not wrong, then whores had to bare their breasts - I think in Florence or Venice, during the time of the Medici or so."

"Then I'm a whore?"

"Looks like?"

"Then I'm a whore."

"I've opened the huge gate. You're the first I see."

"You like what you see?"

"Still not know if this is a city inhabited by women only, or a city ruled by women."

"You're here and what would be the difference?"

"In the first case this would be no longer The City Of Women, because of I'm here now."

"Don't worry, you're the man....."

## **The City Behind Huge The Gate**

I turned my head and looked at the city, tried to look at the city. Altering and unstable, intangible and hallucinatory, time and space seemed to become nebulous, felt drunken, no clear thought anymore.....to dive into, to dive into the city to drown therein, deeper and deeper.....

## Day One – Mother Of God

### The Fashionable Lady

I opened my eyes and saw a long corridor, a seemingly endless corridor, a corridor with a red carpet, a white wood paneling and a red wall covering from there till the white ceiling. At regular intervals white doors to the left and the right, and at the ceiling, altering with the doors, huge crystal chandeliers. No windows, only the chandeliers's light - I looked behind me. The same sight, a seemingly endless corridor.

I decided to open the next door to my left - a huge room opened up. I could not grasp the room, only the low couch, gilded wood and red velvet, in the middle of the room - and the woman who was draped on it.

I had no idea how I should describe her, in her green and white dress - or should I better say robe. I saw a necklace and a bracelet with emeralds and diamonds - as well as a ring. Her dark black hair, the eyebrows and the bright red lips - the dark eyes. Her delicate wrists, the white stocking-footed ankles and the heeled black strapped shoes. She looked tall and slender, her naked shoulders and her collarbones, her cheek bones - her décolletage. She appeared like a doll, artificial, motionless, but breathing - her chest moved barely visible.

I tried to look at the spot, which she fixed during all the time, but I could spot nothing there, could grasp nothing there. I asked myself whether I should enter the room or not, but had the feeling that it would be a mistake to disturb her more then I already did - I had the feeling, even when it seemed as she not noticed me at all, that I would disturb her in her doing - whatever her doing was.

I tried to close the door as silently and carefully as I could and looked at the next chandelier. The candles were all new, it seemed as they were kindled just a moment ago. I looked at the other chandeliers, also their candles burned not since a long time, it seemed as all candles were kindled just a moment ago.

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I opened the door to my right, no surprise that another large room opened up, hardly to grasp. And again a seating furniture stood in the middle of the room – a wonderfully elegant rococo settee . A lot of gilded wood, very gracile ornamentation, dark blue velvet, the seating surface with colorful flowers. A woman sat on it, another huge robe. But had the last one made the impression of the 1940s, maybe 1950s, French or Italian or even American, this robe was definitively rococo. Turquoise with many red flowers on it, and red ribbons at the top part - around her neck a neckband with another red ribbon. Below of that her white skin, her white breasts, pushed up by the corsage, flat breath, bracelets and rings. The enormous skirt covered the whole settee, gracile white ankles and cute tiny golden shoes with ribbons. It seemed as she would look at me, but she looked through me, her eyes frozen.

Again I closed the door very slowly and very carefully, not to disturb her in her doing. I looked ahead at the other doors, did some steps forward. Should I open the next door?

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I opened the next door - to my left. A huge room, hardly to grasp, a simple wooden chair in the middle. The woman who sat on on it, with long red curls and blue eyes, wore a wonderful light summer dress with flowers and birds on it. It seemed a little bit as she would wore nothing else, apart from the black strapped shoes with moderate heels, but maybe this was only fantasy - whereby she definitively wore no bra. She smiled, her face illuminated, her sight not to define. She looked not at me, that much I could say.

I closed the door even more carefully. To disturb her, would had been unforgivable!

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Of course, I also opened the door to my right, the same kind of room, a tall and slender woman stood in the middle of it. Her skin was of light brown color, her hair dark black. She wore a kind of.....toga? Roman? Greek? Most likely Egyptian, but I was not sure about it - and no, it was neither Nefertiti nor Cleopatra, at least I thought so. In a moment I though she would look at me, would eyeball me, but then I became aware that she not took notice of me at all.

I closed the door carefully, somewhat confused, but maybe only disappointed. Aware, that to disturb her would had been very stupid.

I raised me head and looked at the next chandelier and realized that its candles were burned down nearly. Also at the next by one chandelier. I looked back, all candles of all chandeliers were nearly burned down now. In a few seconds they would die - I closed my eyes.....

### **Birth Of A Child**

"I never was present at such an occurrence!"

"Not? You were not interested in to see the birth of your children?"

"I've no children."

"Oh,.....!"

"The pain, still bearable?"

"Does it looks so?"

"Well, not really. But I have no idea how I could help you."

"Neither have I! You can talk with me, much more I fear you cannot do, as a man."

"Well, then I try my best....."

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"And?"

"I think we should cut the umbilical cord? But I don't know how we should do it, in our situation?"

"This is not such important now - can you give me my child?"

"Sure, but....."

"You really have no idea about all that, or?"

"No, not really!"

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"Isn't it a beautiful child?"

"Well, I always thought that a newborn looks not that.....beautiful."

"I think it's not a question of "that" beauty."

"Sorry, but.....well, I'm not the father. Maybe that's a reason - yes, it's a beautiful child, and to be here at this moment was something very special."

"Well, you only looked and talked. At least you stayed the course - more than many a men."

"Yeah, it's one thing to be present at such an occurrence, but another thing it's to be the one who has "to do it"."

"Yeah, nature knows why we women have to give birth and not the men!"

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There once was a man who had to punish a woman for their unforgivable behavior - she had reached out for knowledge! From now on she had to give birth, she to suffer very much while doing so! That was his sentence! Sometimes I ask myself - apart from that, that this whole story is infamous - what would have happened, when the man would had been a woman? What would had been her sentence?

## **Womanhood And Pride**

## **Hearing The Nightingale**

## **Suffragette City**

## **Single Mother**

## **Behind (The Successful Man)**

## **The Gentle Touch**

## **Invisible**

<< science

<< art

## **Day Two - Woman**

### **Playing The Rules**

She opened her legs and the king penetrated her, now she had reached her aim. She would be now the king's favorite, she would be now the most powerful woman in the country. She had played the game, that they had learned her, that she had learned very well. This was the way that was designated for the women, she fulfilled the providence in an ideal way. Yes, she had to be very carefully now, had to have an eye on her rivals, but she was young and her skin was white, her breasts were full and her vagina was arousing. In some years this might be different, maybe the king would grow weary of her, but not now, now the king was hers.....

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A fourteen-year-old girl lies nude with spread legs on a chaise lounge in a subtle posture. Her breast covered by her arm and a white cloth, the perspective exactly so, that you cannot see her pudendum right now, especially in the other version where she looks at you. She knew how to play the game, became one of the king's mistresses. But she tried to oust the favorite mistress of the king, to become the king's favorite by her own. This game she lost, nevertheless she still lived a life in noble circles, had several husbands and lovers. A fulfilled woman's life.

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He had told her that she would get the contract, she only would have to be somewhat "nice" to him. She did what he wants, later she would narrate about it, in her songs.

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Hello, I welcome you to my TV news show, my name is Martha. And I not sit on this high chair in a dress that my nice legs are presented perfectly, on eye level, that you look more at my crossed legs than listening at what I'm talking, a high chair my male partner has problems to sit on, because this chairs are very impractical. It's a lie that at my news shows I'm staged always so, that my legs are very prominent, and it's always by coincident when you can look under my dress. To say this is sexist, I'm a proud female news anchor!

### **Kill Him If You Can**

<< Valerie Solanas; murder is murder



## **The God, The Better, The Best**

<< politicians

<< economy

## **The Conservative Woman**

## **Day Three - Whore**

### **A Bouquet Of Daisies**

I look at a bouquet of daisies and I feel sad, ashamed and tired. Not enough tears I will have in an eternity - crocodile tears, not more. Only meaningless words, nothing substantial. I smell at the tantalizing flowers - how hypocritical a human being can be.....

### **Women At The Streets**

### **Little Tokyo**

### **The Girl In The Room**

<< Indian girl

### **The Russian Girl**

### **The American Dream**

## **Day Four**

### **The Salon**

<< Orlando

### **Elizabeth's Dreaming**

<< a woman who bestows dreams