

alina reyes
bernard matussi re

female nudes



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female
nudes

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In the same series

skin art, Philippe di Folco – Philippe Vaurès Santamaria
toros, Jacques Maigne – Philippe Becquelin
princes of the sea, Patrick Grainville – François Rousseau
male nudes, François Rousseau – Philippe Castetbon

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I live in a land
of dreams:
my body.



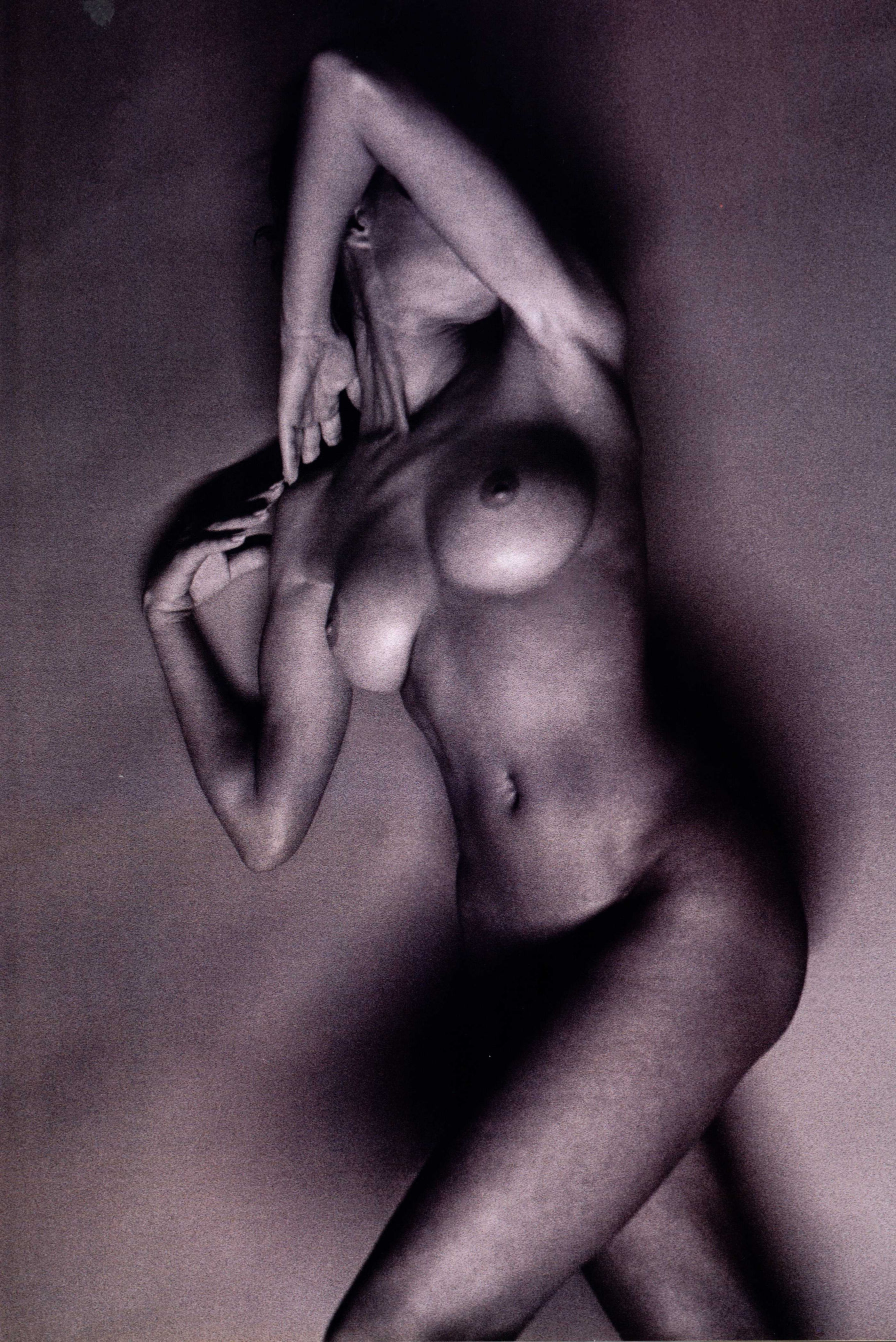
Alina Reyes nude

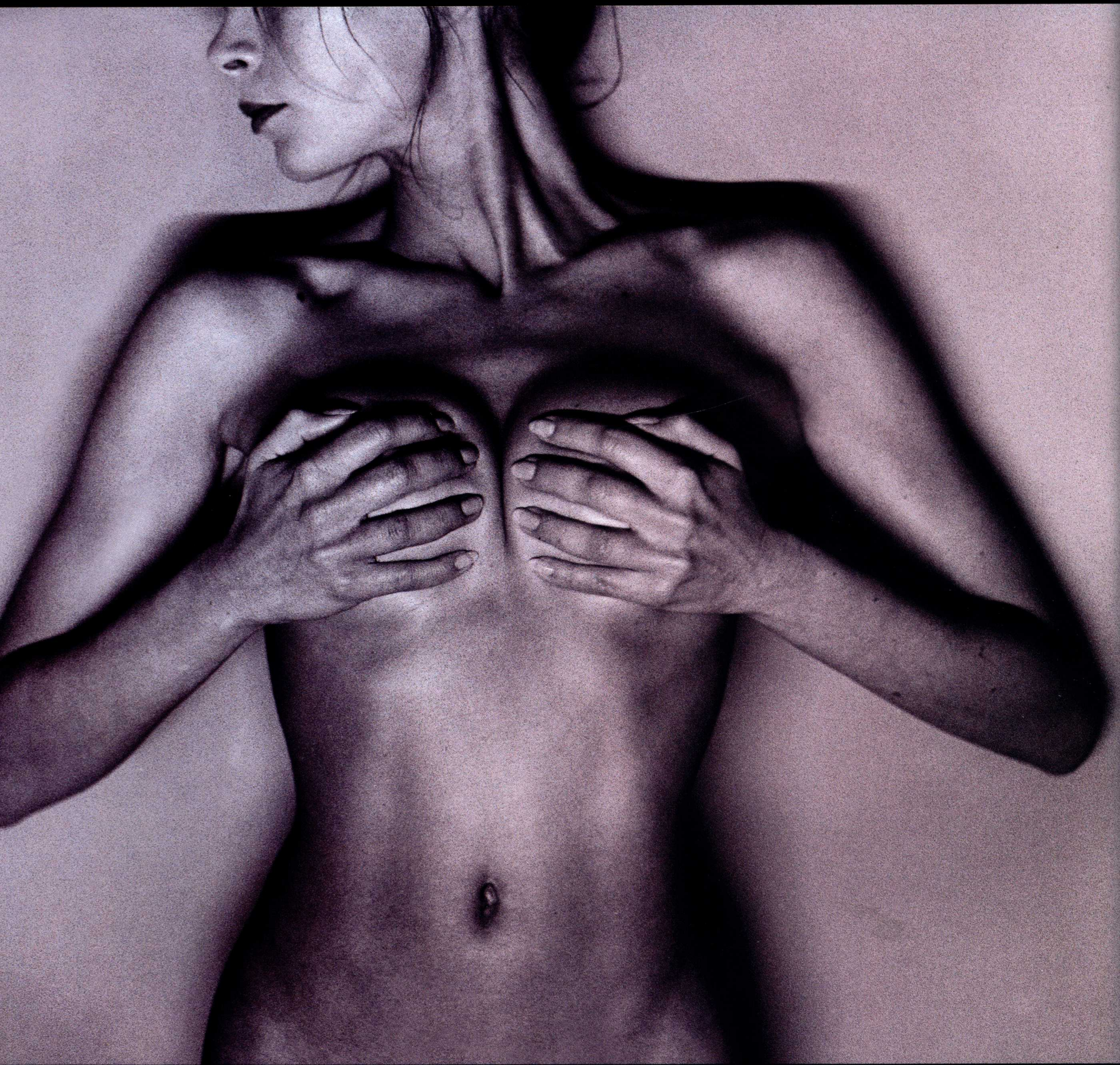
A m I a woman? At least I have the form and lines of a woman. And the inclination to enjoy it.

I don't know what it is to be a woman, unless from the desire I have of men and the pleasure I myself enjoy of being a man like any other ... me, the spouse of this woman, this other me, the one whose image appears in the mirror; this woman who, every morning, I dress in underwear and clothes that make me want to undress again – and whom, every night, I lay down, naked, in a bed of love.

Eyes closed, lying naked in the black of night, I see myself, bright and quivering, in the core of my shell. My flesh is an oyster shell: soft, pearly; tightly closed yet knowing how to open up with the slowness of a rose to allow the salt of the world to enter me. Eyes closed, alone in my bed at night, I touch my smooth flesh; I walk along the paths laid out for me, I climb myself, I penetrate myself; I take fruit from my bushes, return to the light, undertake a journey of exploration. My landscapes delight me; it's spring, no, it's already summer. A heat haze covers my wheat fields. In ecstasy, my vines mature to produce the best of all wine.

Beneath my palms the velvet softness of my thighs, again ... the fine skin of my exhausted belly ... the ache of my firm breasts ...





I love myself.

I love you, my little woman, my innocent, my heady one. Who put me in your body? I'm inside you and sometimes I escape, I dream of elsewhere, I give you to others; you, faithful, blind, unfaithful . . . you enjoy others as much as you enjoy me because you are all women, aren't you? Pleasure is what you want, and you take it for all of us!

My flesh, my soul, my piece of the void; I know what you want. A thousand hesitant, famished kisses like invisible, delicate leeches; a thousand forceful caresses exploring your mounds, your hollows and your straits. Given to me, abandoned, close to me or far from me, sense how I touch you simply when I touch you with my fingers, or with my words. My heart, my feminine self, what you need is words. I know it well and I will give them to you; my words, the words of others, a whole *farandole* of dancing words to turn your head . . . come into my arms, I am your knight, the waltz has begun!

It isn't so stupid, that old misogynous question: does a woman have a soul? Because what is a woman's existence if not dependent on how others see her? Isn't a woman always an elusive idea, a constant, inexhaustible and exhausting fantasy?



'They deserve that we should think of their breasts as two soap bubbles ready to disappear ...' declares Ramón Gómez de la Serna, who nevertheless wrote a whole ode to breasts. Yes, the whole world loves women, women's bodies, their buttocks, their breasts. All the world sees what is provocative and tempting about them. Including women themselves who, on the street, look at one another much more than they look at men; and who want only to read magazines full of images of women. Including men who love men (who frequently develop the ultimate in the realms of femininity ...).

The whole world loves women so much that we constantly seek to define what a woman *should* be. The idea of a woman: everyone wants in some way to equate her with their own idea, that is an idea which is universal and intimate as well as unique; an idea eternal and yet constantly changing: ultimately, an idea which is obstinately unsatisfying, always needing re-evaluation, from which derives fashion after fashion. The whole world loves women so much that the whole world hates them for concealing themselves in that way, for never being where we expect them to be. Because the whole world basically senses all too well that what we call 'feminine mystique' conceals a vast deceit. Posturers and impostors ... yes, even Ramón Gómez de la Serna, who loves women's breasts so much, was obliged to exclaim: 'An eternal woman, with her lightness and cruelty! What vast prostitution!'



