

**eva mahkovic**

**on days like these, my mastercard suffers the most**

19<sup>th</sup> december 2017, 23:21

cold beats heat.

rye beats rice cracker.

taylor beats katy.

city museum beats modern art gallery.

marzipan beats nougat.

dostoyevsky beats tolstoy.

euripedes beats seneca.

mycenae beats troy.

british beats american vogue.

(edward enninful beats anna wintour)

fyodor beats a terrier, a collie, anything with feathers or a guinea pig.

kylie beats kendall.

sofia beats francis.

elizabeth i beats mary, queen of scots.

(head beats heart.)

a schleich t-rex figurine beats a handmade polka-dot purse.

woody fragrance beats jungle scents.

new york beats paris.

and marie antoinette beats her mum.

anne boleyn beats religious non-reform.

birch beats chestnut.

(and willow beats oak.)

brown beats violet.

saint agatha beats saint cecilia.

(but saint photina beats saint agatha.)

having one eye beats having two but being tossed into a black hole and changing form, especially if forever.

having eyes beats not having anything at all.

chestnut shades of nail polish beat the ones named after tropical fish.

(old-fashioned fish beat tropical ones.)

leonardo beats robert.

having an eating disorder beats a lifetime of being fat.

jesus beats buddha.

feminism beats harvey.

a single felled christmas tree beats a whole ocean of artfully-grown orchids seeking life in spherical plastic.

mac beats benefit.

diptyque beats anything else designed to smell nice when lit, and

salmon beats trout.

goats' cheese beats no cheese at all.

(and a gluten intolerance beats a lactose intolerance.)

botox beats the shame of time.

(though no one will admit it.)

(and a lost, stolen and depleted glossier lipbalm beats an entire lifetime of carmex.)

bankruptcy beats a loss of self and self-respect.

and self respect beats everything else in your possession.

diazepam beats fear.

and a jesus on a motorcycle logo beats a cockroach logo. or a pink plastic ladybird.

gold beats copper.

and a golden calf beats images of ideals lost.

a book on rare diseases beats a sticker book.

and munch beats anyone else.

and jeff koons beats zadie smith.

(that connection isn't logical.)

having a small pendant with a rough diamond beats having small ears.

sleeping beats waking up at five fifteen and feeling happy.

burn beats core.

sore arms beat a sore back.

cutting a lot beats cutting once with feeling.

facebook poetry beats no poetry at all.

and rhinoceros beats unicorn.  
vitra beats iittala.  
retinol beats hyaluronic acid.  
lily bart beats rebecca sharp.  
sharon and dorothy beat a person with no name.  
hermione granger beats cho chang.  
jack beats lena.  
movrin beats money.  
and anything beats amelia sedley.  
maintaining your eccentricity beats not even knowing who amelia is.  
being me beats me being someone else (other).  
(otter beats desert fox.)  
(and the tale about the plastic pigs beats a dramatic monologue about oneself.)  
a stuffed rabbit beats disgrace.  
an unusual job beats egoism.  
egoism beats self-destruction.  
to have grace is to beat everything.  
and the word dusk beats the word wrath. and even better is the word light, but during the daytime.

i'm not convinced that a single one of these statements is true.

(except the one about fyodor and guinea pigs.)

((and obviously taylor.))

**10<sup>th</sup> january 2018, 23:45**

if you're a selfie girl, you're self-obsessed.

if you're a no-selfie girl, you're uptight and your pictures are boring,

if you're a girly-girl, you're an airhead who promotes the patriarchy

if you're a tomboy, you ought to be a girly girl.

if you prefer the company of women, you'll have to watch your back.

if you prefer the company of men, you're not supportive.

if you wear heels, you're trying too hard.

if you don't wear heels, you really ought to.

if you're in a relationship and well-groomed, you're not a real feminist.

if you're not in a relationship and not well-groomed, you're asexual and there's something wrong with you.

if you like prada, you're too classic.

if you like gareth pugh, you're over the top and most likely mad.

if you like mcqueen, you have to specify which era.

if you're thin, it had better not be due to dieting or, god forbid, an eating disorder, because that would make you desperate and obviously crazy.

if you work out, you're desperate.

if you don't work out, you're fat.

(and there's no way that being fat can be cool.)

if you buy your own drinks, it's not exactly ladylike, even in this day and age.

if you don't buy your own drinks and you don't drink at all, you're uptight or whatever.

if you're pro-botox, you're desperate and shallow and self-obsessed and offering yourself up for ridicule (same goes for plastic surgery).

if you're anti-botox, you're old and ugly.

if you've had four children by the age of twenty-seven, one named krystal (like the champagne), you're overpopulating the planet with not exactly high calibre genetic material.

if you haven't had four children by the age of twenty-seven, one named krystal (like the champagne), then you're not a woman, and there's almost certainly something wrong with you too.

if you're well-educated, you're an over-achiever and self-obsessed.

if you're not well-educated, you're an airhead and you're accepting a subordinate role.

if you're a second-wave feminist, you're annoying.

if you're a third wave feminist, you're an idiot.

if you're a fourth-wave feminist, you're aggressive or you're championing social media and capitalism and the patriarchy to boot.

if you're all for black dresses at the globes, you're a girly third-wave feminist and really stupid.

if you think black dresses at the globes are a no-no, you're just bitter.

if you're sitting at home, you're bitter, obviously.

if you go out, you're desperate.

if you buy your own flat, you're a spinster.

if you don't, then i don't know what.

if you're a spinster, first of all you're bridget, next you're an ogre and then you're one of nature's extras, whose corpse will one day be devoured by ravenous german shepherds.

if you like the oprah 2020 speech, you're propping up the patriarchy.

if you don't, you're still propping up the patriarchy.

if you try, you're desperate and that's not a good thing

if you don't try, it's your own fault.

these are just the basics, but go figure.

i'm just gonna sit here quietly on the sofa, drinking a g&t, reading a book, checking my socials, painting my nails and pretending that the world doesn't exist.

**12<sup>th</sup> january 2018, 22:30**

some days are worse than others.

you're angrier.

you take more things personally.

you can't see that those personal things are not, in fact, personal at all. just a reflection of external pressures.

for sure.

for sure.

well guess what.

that's not always true.

on those days it's impossible to translate a single word.

there's no knowing anything.

doing anything.

no honouring commitments.

(commitments must be honoured, because that's who you are. you are you.)

no getting up at five fifteen.

these aren't the days that commemorate saints who had their hands cut off.

no significant births. none that you could identify with.

nothing,

not even the escapades of henry viii made it to the historical record on this day.

and your rose-tinted spectacles have abandoned you.

and you're too catatonic for self-destructive behaviour.

nothing,

nothing on this earth could be done to improve

this day.

the only good thing is that a year ago on this day

someone donated their organs.

but you've cashed in on that story already.

a long time ago.

(a year ago)

for days like these there's mastercard.



(emoji: flying dollars)

25<sup>th</sup> january 2018, 22:20

i sometimes wonder what it would be like if one day (let's say now) i were to:

put on the alexander mcqueen dress that's been hanging in my wardrobe for a year because i still look fat in it (even though it's got beautifully cut shoulders and is the most beautiful thing in the world (like all mcqueens))

buy those snakeskin margiela boots and actually wear them and be a grown-up and a woman and still be me (as much as that's possible)

just once be able to voice the bad thoughts in my head without still worrying about it two years later

(and the good ones too)

not think of myself as absolute

(wait, this isn't a new paragraph, but the basis for, and the result of, what i've just said)

if i didn't find things difficult and final

if i were inconsistent and cool with that

if i could accept myself

sometimes i think about all of those things, but then all of a sudden it's daytime and i'm reading the words of a grey-haired psychologist in the women's supplement which says

(I'm rephrasing slightly)

*this comfort zone stuff is a motherfucker*

and you must get up at five am to go to bootcamp

and trainers are comfortable

*and millennials love political correctness*

and freedom is just an illusion

(and the mcqueen would just forever need taking to the dry cleaners anyway.)

**15th February 2018, 20:34**

today i received a call by a woman from the office for national statistics, as i was one of three thousand people chosen at random to answer some questions about household expenses (persistence on the phone pays off. hers. obviously).

highlights:

woman: so you're on your own. this won't take long.

me: yeah.

woman: and you don't have a car. it won't take long at all.

me: ok.

woman: so you've got a pet. was this pet purchased in the past twelve months?

me: no.

woman: i assume you haven't purchased any children's clothing. or accessories. nope. nope.

nope. nor any men's footwear. or clothing. {she drew her own conclusions there. but she wasn't wrong.} nor any toys. any teddy bears maybe?

me: ?

woman: no. and you don't have any arable land or homegrown produce.

me: i do not.

woman: do you have a bike that's insured?

me: i do not.

woman: in the last six months, how much did you spend on tickets to sporting events? nothing. outgoings for hair, massage and skin care. now that we've got. yes. how much would you say you spend per month on food and drink?

me: {i say something. the woman gives a knowing smile, because i said what she expected to hear.}

{luckily i didn't need to reveal that the majority of that goes on champagne and spinach and mint smoothies.}

woman: any internet purchases?

me: YES.

woman: what do you buy most of online? white goods?

me: ?

woman: in the last twelve months, have you bought a fridge?

me: no.

woman: in the last three months, what would you say was your total spend online? a-ha. i see. {i'd rounded down.}

woman: do you pay rent?

me: ? {i'd already said that this was my flat. well, the bank's.}

woman: any rent for a burial plot?

me: no.

woman: any additional retirement insurance? accident? life? how much did the opera visit cost? any literature and/or children's book purchases? the category is literature and/or children's, so literature on its own would count. maps and dictionaries? and you don't have any monthly travel cards? you don't have any of those outgoings?

me: my work is nearby.

in twenty nine minutes we had discussed every aspect of my life.

at the end i felt small, and i got a sense of how i ought to be in order to be normal. i'd have a car, a parking space and i'd know the exact cost of my water bill. i'd know how much i'd spent on towels and napkins and the cleaning and beating of rugs (that i'd own.)

i got the impression that there was quite a lot wrong with me.

9<sup>th</sup> may 2018, 09:55

yesterday i got back from work at 1.30am. i went to bed at two.

because, in my life, i'm basically predisposed to masochism, i also wanted to know more about these two beauty vloggers i discovered last week, so i then watched slovene youtubers for another hour.

(on youtube. where else. i know right.)

((their discourse seeps right into your pysche.))

i discovered that I don't know a thing about life.

some young woman, who's got thirteen thousand subscribers and sixteen thousand instagram followers, talons painted nude with diamantes, is unveiling her primark purchases (and from some other shitty shop i've never heard of) in an eighteen-minute long homemade video with her pink teenage bed in the background.

this is called a "primark haul".

it was all trash.

there were around thirty pieces of trash (or forty-five):

three bags

five tops

a rucksack ("i so wanted this one")

four bodysuits

three bras ("this one is so cute")

a plastic belt

two notebooks (“eeeeee”)

a bag tassel

glitter

fixing powder

foundation (“it’s a bit light, but whatever”)

black eyeliner (“oh wait, it’s white, they didn’t have black”)

a load of crap.

a load of crap.

a load of crap.

each piece of trash cost between two (the slutty bodysuit with gross metal bits down the side, “really cute”) and eighteen euros (the oversized fake leather bag, “i so wanted this one”).

“get down to primark. i bought like so many things. honestly like such good quality, such good value, i honestly so recommend it. me and my mum said come on, let’s go check it out. then ended up with all this. go in the afternoon, because it’s packed at the weekend. take the afternoon off school.”

“i bought this shade, even though, yeah. i don’t know when i’ll use that colour. it’s not a nice colour. but it was only two euros. reduced from six. which is really expensive.”

there was a bit of life advice scattered in between.

(“don’t do your make up in public, it’s really gross. do it at home.”)

the video’s got dozens of comments from young girls underneath.

(“you’re the prettiest!”)

“best video!”

“thanks for the tips!”)

the whole spree was worth between two and three hundred euros.

that’s a ridiculous budget.

with that a girl could buy:

- seven things from COS

- two or three things on outnet

- a classic alexander mcqueen scarf half price on farfetch

these are things you can keep for more than one season, or forever, and which don’t:

- fall to pieces after one wear
- sit forgotten in a bag until the next primark haul
- enslave children on the other side of the world
- pollute the earth's surface until the end of time.

it makes zara (which normally i hate on) look like haute couture

it makes the basic bitches, as they've thus far been known, highly sophisticated beings.

it makes my brand of materialism seem like

nothing

nothing

nothing

and no-one will convince me that the above

- that mindless accumulation of cheapness –

isn't a million times more damaging.

(besides knowing nothing about life, i don't know anything about makeup either, and i certainly don't use primer.)

good luck with raising daughters.

**18<sup>th</sup> july 2018, 14:13**

people have children. (daughters.)

they sign them up to ballet.

to piano lessons.

to dance school.

to gymnastics.

to horseriding.

to swimming.

to violin lessons.

to harp lessons.

to english classes.

to spanish classes.

to russian classes.  
to chinese classes.  
to latin classes.  
to tennis lessons.  
to hockey.  
to drawing lessons with a professional artist.  
to extra maths.  
some to sunday school as well.  
they quibble about their kids' marks at school.  
take them to the louvre  
and to moma  
and to the smithsonian american art gallery  
and maybe even to all the guggenheims.  
they're ambitious.  
the kids grow up and become  
youtube influencers. or, best case scenario  
vegan instagram mamas  
or they create anthony bourdain-style dinners, pork chops  
and on their beige walls they've got posters of stylised, child-like drawings of foxes,  
locally made.  
they work in advertising.  
or in HR at the bank.  
they don't need russian or the guggenheims at work.  
but an occasional mayakovsky quote or something by koons looks nice on the insta.  
especially if there's some kid standing and looking at the koons.  
maybe they don't even have instagram.  
but they do have five offspring.  
they are primary school teachers and permanently on maternity leave.  
they give their kids nice slovene names.  
these ones have never been to the smithsonian american art gallery.  
but they've been to the louvre, once, on a school trip

in their third year of secondary school.

these have never played the harp or been horseriding.

but they were (also at secondary school) the second best in class for chemistry.

when they get dressed up, they wear skin-coloured tights a shade too dark that give their knees an ugly shimmer.

but it doesn't matter, they've got their five kids already, and enough time and eggs for another.

there's always ugly dining chairs in the background of their makeshift family photos.

two days ago, when i watched the netflix originals series alias grace, set in 1843,

i was horrified at how awful it was to be a single working woman 170 years ago.

yesterday, when i watched a new video of a Q&A with slovene youtube influencers, filmed in 2018,

i was horrified at how these really young followers

(maybe they go to piano and russian lessons too)

already know what the most important question is for their great role model:

“when are you getting married and what will you call your baby?”

i'm glad i'm a feminist

but jesus girls (and the world)

sometimes it's really not easy

and what happened to latin and chemistry?

**22<sup>nd</sup> july 2018, 22:49**

if i were to be born again

i'd like the summertime

i'd be thinner

i'd have better hair

and eyebrows that weren't weird

and a non-weird profile too



i wouldn't have laughter lines  
or two parallel lines on my forehead  
i'd have better, whiter teeth  
and i wouldn't have dry skin on my elbows  
and my bottom front tooth wouldn't stick out  
i'd always remember to say what i wanted to say  
and summer would not be a problem for me  
i wouldn't have been so clueless when i was younger  
and when i got bitten by mosquitoes, i wouldn't still have a rash two years later  
and mosquitoes wouldn't bite me at all, because i'd have better blood  
(or worse, i.e. worse for the mosquitos)  
i'd have better self-image that wouldn't  
get mixed up with a superiority complex or elitism  
if i were to say that i'm working, i'd actually work, not  
this  
and wouldn't get a flakey forehead whenever the slightest thing, illness, stress or food,  
didn't agree with me  
i wouldn't be stressed  
i'd never need to shave  
and i wouldn't have curls  
and so much guilt  
and people would like me more  
and i really would clean fyodor's teeth every day  
and i wouldn't criticise those who are less capable, because i wouldn't be scared of them actually  
being better than me, or i wouldn't care if they were  
better, but also worse  
i wouldn't be frightened of getting an incurable tumour  
like anywhere  
and i wouldn't be terrified of people noticing my mistakes  
(especially physical ones)  
and i wouldn't immediately admit defeat, every time

i'd know how to use my time better  
but most of all  
perhaps i'd be more satisfied

that's all.

i'd keep my head exactly the same.

i'd still love balenciaga.

**19th august 2018, 18:44**

today is kylie jenner's birthday.

she's twenty-one.

today's the first day she can legally buy alcohol in her country

but already

she's a self-made millionaire, and in those youthful years has also completed a more traditional female obligation:

giving birth and publicly proclaiming that the child  
is her greatest achievement.

she doesn't promote anorexia either

because she's got many curves

and she's the only woman whose hair can change in a single day

from black to blonde and back again

without damaging her hair at all.

with all those qualities and achievements

i don't know why we don't

rightfully proclaim her

a s u p e r w o m a n of our time

but still

why is that

so difficult.

hbd KYLIE (lips emoji)

22<sup>nd</sup> september 2018, 22:16

there's no such thing as love, there is only political union

i've written that somewhere once before, but people piled on me like wild animals

haha

cynicism

it's what that character said, but you didn't mean it that way

you're too young for such statements

there were more comments besides – old-fashioned, un-ironic pop culture references and quotes

from saccharine poems and other clichés of the human era

i slowly started to realise that everyone secretly believes the same

a lot of people

{because it's the truth} :

love

[romantic love]

doesn't actually exist, all that exists is

political union

solitude

convention

established familial norms

collective interests and collective values

[collective stuff]

the sofa

when you're actually still a child and the world is simple and straightforward

illusion

the brain's underdeveloped frontal lobe

{cortex}

biology

biological clock

habit

fulfilling expectations

[whoever's those might be]

{because that's what you want}

an ego boost and everything you gain from it

security

many years

an illogical desire for a big event one day

[see {convention} and {ego boost}]

accountability

and accepting the consequences of your actions

other people

what they think

great expectations

[the best is yet to come]

fear

boredom

societal image

[which is the same as political union]

{and at the same time political union has other meanings too}

there's probably something wrong with you

no big deal

*co-dependency*

*neediness*

attachment

empathy

sympathy

comfort

contempt

the fact that you belong  
so as not to become apathetic  
severina  
ed sheeran  
alcohol  
hormones  
fixation  
fascination  
chance  
eyes  
fear of not being enough  
a despair which alters you as a person

[defines]

{even though it makes you stronger}

[[and you grow]]

*anyways*

there's other stuff too, small and uncertain and which evades description  
and stuff that'll never be remembered by history  
because it's pointless and random and

*anyways*

life is random and indescribable, so

*who'd know*

*and*

*whoever knew.*

**13<sup>th</sup> october 2018, 15:49**

nothing beats being princess eugenie.

you've got ed sheeran as a friend.

you're an ideal twenty-eight years of age.

you're only ninth in line to the throne (and soon likely to be relegated further), so you don't have to carry out royal duties and cradle sick children and

you can sign autographs.

you're only ninth in line to the throne, so you can wear a miniskirt and black nail varnish, because you don't have to be beige and polite all the time.

when you're young and foolish you can be drunk and fall out of limousines and slash the aforementioned ed sheeran's face with a sword,

and now, today, when you're grown-up and serious and an ideal twenty-eight years of age, no-one is going to hold it against you too much.

[because you'll never be queen, obviously.]

vogue reports on your wedding all the same

and british vogue publishes your portrait beforehand

and liv tyler

demi moore

and naomi campbell are proud, on the twelfth of october twenty eighteen,

when you're an ideal twenty-eight years of age, and they're considerably more,

to be invited to windsor chapel.

[#royalwedding]

you can be the director of a gallery in central london.

{and be one even though you're only – an ideal – twenty-eight years of age.}

you're not locked up in the palace.

you don't need to give up your career when you get married.

{even though the former was more miserable}

you can go to work and go shopping and watch netflix in the evening and say that you like eating cashew nuts with mustard, even though you live in kensington palace and stella mccartney is only too happy to send you clothes for free

and then announce it on social media.

because you're only ninth in line to the throne,

you're free, but you're still ninth, so you're also rich.

you can have facebook.

you can have instagram.

you can go work out in the park.

you can go and get food from waitrose.

the queen lends you a tiara.

you can drink diet coke and vodka-soda and go to chiltern firehouse in the evening, instead of dressing in country casuals and seemingly getting bored in the best box at wimbledon.

based on all of that, being princess eugenie is the best thing in the world.

but anyways

if my wedding cost three million pounds

you'd never catch me in a peter pilotto dress (blonde facepalm emoji)

**28<sup>th</sup> november 2018, 00:53**

in recent weeks, or the past year

{two years}

(but before that even, in my younger years)

I tried often to pinpoint the exact moment when you truly become a grown woman.

(what is it that has changed?)

today, i came to the following conclusions

(some of them are old news already)

so:

you're a grown woman when

something changes you to the extent that you're no longer the same

when you recognise that institutions (status, professional success, money, a traditional life trajectory) are important in life

(even though people like to call themselves free-thinking)

when it becomes clear that all face creams are just a poor substitute

for botox and non-invasive thread lifts

(no-one ever told you this)

when you know that your friends won't be *here for you* as they like to say in cheesy films,  
because they've got their own lives  
that's only right and logical  
you're a grown woman when you've been sufficiently let down by someone  
and then, when you see that love really does last three years  
(that's the title of a beigbeder novel)  
but you're even more of a grown woman when you see that so-called feeling  
(at least as defined and legitimised by the existence of disney and hilary duff films) does not in  
reality exist at all

{the only union is political union}

you're a grown woman when a tidy flat is a perfectly acceptable source of happiness  
(perfectly acceptable)

as is champagne on a girls' night in  
or staying in alone, early night, bed  
or fyodor

or a new dishcloth (because the memes aren't wrong)

or when lindt marzipan is on offer at €3.49 (hardly ever happens)

or when you start a new series and still have seven episodes left

or when you know that there's a new season of big little lies coming in 2019

or when you come home and fyodor hasn't been sick

these are all perfectly acceptable sources of happiness

you're a grown woman when

you look shocking and you leave the flat anyway, reluctantly *but still*

because

*who cares*

because you are also a grown woman the moment you know that nothing actually means anything  
when you know that maybe politics and zeitgeist are the reasons for your success

you're a grown woman when your idols have fallen

when you see that institutions (status, money, professional success, a traditional life trajectory)

mean something to others as well {other so-called free-thinkers}

([maybe more than they do to you])



at least a few of them

you're a grown woman when you understand your parents

and especially when you know when to distance yourself from them

{still searching on my own behalf here}

you're a grown woman when you come to realise that the two most important concepts in the world are

*point of view and context*

and the most relevant concept is relativity

and when you know that things aren't eternal

(but some things also miraculously are)

{see: institutions and all that falls under them}

[and this mysterious fact must also be changed]

you're a grown woman when you know that you're not absolute

but just a small entity

and

almost all of that sounds bad

but it's not:

you're also a grown woman when you know that all of that

isn't tragic,

isn't bad,

that all of that is perfectly fine.

**28<sup>th</sup> january 2019, 21:41**

i hate the theatre.

i hate art.

though they ought to speak the truth, they're often just words that express abstractions and unknown things.

i hate the middle stage of painterly (and any kind of artistic) expression.

the beginning stage is the only true art.

or the very final stage, by which time you've already stopped caring what others think about you.  
(in the beginning stage, on the other hand, you haven't yet worked out what you want to say.)  
(or how.)

{but at least you want to say that.}

so go figure.

i hate people who are among the most successful in the art world, but still humble at the same time.

{because: could being the best come any easier to you?}

i also hate people who just call what they do 'art'.

and those who don't.

and those who will go on denying the label 'art' for ages, until it's the same as if they'd agreed to it

straight away.

{it's better to think what your beginning and final stages are. or: what in your life do you not care what other people think about?}

go figure.

i hate people who convey everything precisely (and at the right time) in their art, which is a word. all that means is that their principles happen to be aligned with the world and its means of communication.

and i also hate those who at the end of the day say that it was all ok, and sleep soundly til morning.

and i hate those who know how young women must be raised to be able to find themselves in life.

just like i also hate those same young women, who then actually find themselves.

(because who knew, and who'd even want to know, what goes on in their hearts and minds?)

how?

i hate those who know what the word interconnectedness means and who start singing about it on an acoustic guitar.

i hate people who are forgiven and aren't punished every step of the way.

i hate desigual t-shirts

and contrived good spirits

and contrived benefactors  
and debut novels whose only reason for existence is their genre  
and contrived anti-fascism warriors  
and none of those things have a logical connection to my hatred of art, which is a word  
but go figure, i'm well on my way with the hatred now  
and i hate feminists of some 'true wave', who look at you and  
you're not enough  
and anyways  
i hate people who tell you that life has a certain predetermined running order  
i hate that because for me it turned out to be the biggest lie  
and an unkind, uncomfortable truth at the same time  
(truth, which isn't a word, is never as you once expected)  
i hate those who said that things in this world have some kind of meaning.  
{i hate that because things have meaning if you're familiar enough with their context; and it's  
almost impossible to always be familiar enough with the context.}  
i hate expectations, even though they contain the only form of happiness that actually exists.  
i hate solidarity and political friendships and political union – which aggressively well-meaning  
people like to call love,  
though in truth, it's just a pity-worthy human attempt at battling through life  
and most of all i hate art, which is just a word  
and which doesn't come about out of necessity.  
it might appear that i hate a lot of things  
though in reality that's not true  
and it is  
and it isn't  
and it also is  
and i could say that the truth is, even though i've already denied the concept of truth, the opposite  
of any one of these things  
and it isn't  
and it is  
and go figure

today is one of those days when things aren't quite clear.

8<sup>th</sup> march 2019, 15:25

today is the eighth of march, the day when i unleash the mastercard  
despite all the sweet messages exchanged between women, i'd say that on a day-to-day basis i see  
very little female solidarity  
that isn't mostly just words  
come on girls and that  
and in the end almost every girl sells you off for cheap or for nothing  
*i call myself a feminist*  
but criticising other women is my favourite way to relieve everyday pressures and uncertainties  
i'm nasty towards women who wear terrible clothes  
those who pick something out in the morning and then you see them on the street and think,  
seriously, that's what you chose  
women who make things themselves get on my nerves (coin purses)  
and sport moms, who wear shades and beige trousers and pink anoraks and have children that get  
under your feet around rožnik  
it gets on my nerves when women don't do anything about being overweight  
or about being hairy  
or about their wrinkles  
about their lack of goals and ideals  
it gets on my nerves when women change who they are after giving birth  
those who don't use moisturiser and then  
they have skin like parchment paper  
and those who preach to you  
about everything  
about everything you're doing wrong  
and frustrated women, saving themselves with bad ironic humour  
and those who don't get their hair cut regularly

and most of all  
kept women  
so backward  
so lazy  
what a pillar of patriarchy  
*i call myself a feminist*, but all of these ugly thoughts remain true and here  
it's probably because they're actually all directed

at me myself  
and at all those things that would allow me to be vulnerable  
either too much  
and at the same time not enough

so  
i wish for us all, on the eighth of march, for the system to not be set up to make the ugly thoughts  
so easy  
i wish that we didn't have to constantly strive towards always being everything  
and not enough  
i wish for no more to be expected of women than of men  
and for everyone to stop expecting too much from women  
and too little  
i wish that the stigma surrounding the words  
spinster whore mother virgin saint feminist homewrecker boring basic bitch  
no longer existed  
and that everything there is could be enough

so that so that and these utopias  
because, well  
i wonder when i'll give myself a break, say the bleachers  
and hermione granger and the goddamn patriarchy, says i  
and well

let's do this, girls.

11<sup>th</sup> april 2019, 22:06

today i'm thirty three years old  
as old as jesus was when he died  
as old as bridget jones when she makes the blue soup  
considerably older than anna karenina and charlotte lucas  
one year younger than amy elliot dunne (wonderful, beautiful amazing amy)  
four years older than lily bart  
let's say she was a woman in new york 1905 at twenty nine, similarly close to her peak but at the  
same time tired of the fear and expectation and egotism and disappointment  
as i am here and now.

thirty three is the age when certain things in life could be behind me, and don't tell me otherwise  
straightened bottom teeth  
air conditioning in the flat  
laser eye surgery  
and, universally speaking, more important things  
stability  
inner peace  
children?  
political union  
a settlement  
(if things don't work out in the end)  
at least a settlement  
that most awkward word on the planet.

around thirty is the age that literary heroines become funny like bridget, and don't tell me  
otherwise

their scrapes and feelings and failures and desires are a source of amusement  
because what right do you have to desire anything? do you happen to belong anywhere?  
they become worthy of contempt, like charlotte, who settled for less  
or lose their minds like anna, who believed in more  
but lily bart  
i identify with lily bart the most  
even though she's tired, lily bart's holding all the cards  
the face and the fashion and the feeling and the head and the nice clothes  
yet she didn't succeed in spite of it all  
a settlement  
sleeping draught  
her pride was not a good thing  
but she played the game, as the world said  
but that haughtiness  
how much time do you think you have  
it was not a good thing, that she hoped for more

anyways  
that's all very weird  
i'd say that ten years ago and more i had a much better idea of who i am  
what i want  
and mainly, what's right in life  
today i'm not convinced of anything  
i'm doing many bad things  
i have no idea  
i don't know what's true  
i don't know how to put something into words to make it true  
i don't know when a person is most truthful  
today everything is so weird.

today i'm thirty three years old.

i'm not powerless like charlotte and anna  
unlike bridget my soup's actually pretty good  
but i still need to watch those expectations  
because  
#lilybart (heart emoji)  
if you're not lily bart, you're actually just  
amazing amy  
sadness and then anger is a natural evolution of emotions  
amazing amy the villain  
her head and hands and nose and bleach and rage  
because up to now you did everything right  
but it doesn't matter, nothing is right and nothing is enough  
amazing amy  
her head and hands and nose and bleach and rage  
beautiful amazing amy, thirty-four years old and angry about everything on behalf of everyone  
about the funny, the out-of-their-minds and about all the expectation  
totally amazing amy  
the final type of thirty-something woman  
the villain

anyways  
in truth there's just one thing i'd like:  
to know, when i grow up, how to better express all of this  
to be, when i grow up,  
gillian flynn.

*excerpt translated by olivia hellewell*