

Give it to me, baby

The world needs wannabe's.

Oh the world loves wannabe's.

So let's get some more wannabe's.

The aroma of coffee flooding the house, the dog wagging his tail in drooling anticipation of breakfast and his morning walk, the cat stretching in all the wrong places at the most minutely wrong times, narrowly escaping being squished to death by either her or him, as they're half-floating-half-running around the house, not-quite-trying to get ready for a new day without each other.

WAIT, says she. I dont have to be in school til 11 today, we have another hour!

They take their coffee to bed and go back to making love in that half-playful-chatty-unrushed way of lovers who were up all night, gorging on the awesome miracle of having found each other. What a night we had, says he. Yet I still cant get enough of you. Did you cast a spell on me?

Of *course*, dilly. We're taught that as soon as we get our first period, how to cast spells on Gadge guys we fancy. You'll never be able to be with another woman if I don't let you. So you'd better do what you know I like, and *pronto*, she giggles.

And he does, with excited submissiveness. And she thinks she is the luckiest woman on the planet. And so it begins.

The transfer.

In this essay I aim to explore „power” as a „magical” trait of Roma women - as perceived by their non-Roma lovers. My contention is that this power of attraction comes to translate into „danger,” as a projection of the man’s thirst for power and confirmation of self-worth; a thirst that is as tormentously schizoid as it can be most healing and benefic on the path to accepting difference as a means of liberation as opposed to a means of annihilation. My discussion is based on extended empirical observation and personal experience, my awareness or understanding of theoretical and academic norms being very close to sea-level – hence the Danielle Steele *captatio*.

What *is* the point of my borderline-seedy opening, some may wonder. If you were shocked or even offended by what may easily come across as a coarse first draft of a rather sordid erotic novel, I assure you my intention was not gratuitous or commercial. This journey of self-reflection must begin with re-visiting those times in our past when passion was so overwhelming that we could do little else besides consuming it and allowing it to consume us. Those crazy times during which the remnants of our „rationality” issued forth only affirmations such as „I never thought love could be like this” or „if I die now, I will die the happiest I've ever been”.

To feel that way comes with a renunciation of power in favour of the object of your passion. If your power is one of the elements of attraction for your partner, i.e. if he or she is attracted to you precisely because (to them) you exude a power so great it makes them crave you, then you're in for a very contorted string of experiences.

It begins with such inflated declarations that you have to stop and blink in the midst of half-amused, half-disbelieving perplexity. Your non-Roma pursuer will spew all manner of clichés at you, in the most adoring fashion. They will display you in the trophy window of their conquests, for all to see what a woman they've got. You in turn will be flattered but will remain half-aware that all this may be precisely because they don't really know you – but rather project in you a trophy won by a conqueror version of themselves. Put in more simple terms: their irresistible attraction to you comes from a fear that they're either not „man enough” to master such an impossible-to-control/command Roma woman with both mythically „magical” powers and an intellectualized awareness of their difference OR a fear that they might actually be racist at heart, and therefore on constant alert that their concern for intersectional respect to relationships might stem from a deep-down arrogance born out of privilege. So as a Roma woman engaged on the activist scene, you learn after countless tries that what you are doomed to attract are more often than not wannabe machos or even wannabe hitlers. Best case scenario, they'll just never go near a Roma woman again in their life, and they'll never talk about it, so it will remain a relatively harmless trait and a hidden scar on their ego.

Im not sure when/if im ever going to finish this article. In case I do ever go back to it, here is my initial article plan:

Thesis: an aura of danger confers you power: to lead, to attract, to manipulate, to heal, to hurt

On a professional level, illustrate that with my lgbt “scandal” story

On a personal level, compare and contrast ovidiu and sasha stories against tim story

Conclusion: danger aura annuls your true power. Trick is to expose your vulnerability and pray they see you're only human, otherwise you end up so ALONE

Posto-mo final rants, possibly type as print installation, check with valentin:

the perversity of having to mask your power in order to be able to exercise it

the fatigue of that

the inevitable flop of that, due to random factors such as the presence/absence of desire or public events or major political turmoil

