

princess Prince

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translation Maria Giovanni, 2018

We immerse ourselves into the ocean, we come
out to apply our hands of volcanic sand on the
wet bodies, or else we throw our entire selves
into the sand. We become grey or cave paintings
look-alike.
We glue black and white stickers on our fore-
heads and cheeks, we stick some on the house
rabbit as well.
We trace harsh faces on ourselves with dark
powder and light shadow. When that is done, we
apply make up without subtlety, we're not subtle
enough to be true dragqueens.
Well maybe you could.

The little boys and girls are dressed up as Simba, in beige or in brown, sweatshirt and leggings. One of the children hasn't got leggings on but instead cream woolen tights rather thick rather opaque but still tights, he feels *naked*.

These childhood pictures in princesses dresses are strange to look at, as much as falsified archeological reliefs. Or little accusing witnesses. To be sure that it doesn't prove anything, it needs to be remembered that my brother too, who dressed up as a princess, dresses up as a soldier now.

A 16€ pair of red heels comes years later to complete the princess's outfit. It's a matter of looking like an unmistakable girl and knowing you're a transvestite.

On the reference image, the Egyptian queen costume was light and see-through, which isn't the case at all once sewn by the grandmother. A huge frustration tantrum condemns the treacherous result of this entropy to the bottom of the chest. Might as well learn how to sew by myself. That will be done.

A nightgown stuffed with all the trunk's costumes in the role of enormous breasts and buttocks. This matron costume makes the parents laugh. It stays, this fantasy of a *gigamorphic* body, with, if possible, a localized control of each hypertrophy. It shifts into an hallucination in a high school classroom, hands expanding all over the room, nobody notices.

“Suck this fat tummy in!” This is during the photoshoot for the ballet gala. A 6 year old fat tummy bundled in tulle, is outrageous. Afterwards, never forget to hold your stomach in, at all times and on pictures, avoid tutus, avoid dancing.

In the playground among the chestnuts, a prostrated creature is trying to turn into a stone: avoid moving, avoid eating, avoid desire.

“Those are boy's trousers, why are you wearing boy's trousers, they are not nice.” Indeed they are boy's trousers and they are super ugly. Having been seen in them is worse than being naked. Then we will become best friends.

Another boy's pants, a blue and white striped shorts not fitting either is worn during the first punishment in primary school. Its shadow is laughing while listening to the reprimand, everything is its fault, it's so ugly.

One of the shelves supports a stock of grey, white and some shades in between sleeveless vests, of a slightly more illegitimate neutrality. They are not really vests, the kind with straps, these are what we call “marcel”, whose cut follows the shoulders and brushes the neck. They are used as underwear, it's a bit cliché but it's comfortable, even Sigourney Weaver escapes the alien in a tank top and mini-panties.

This collection of hair lasts for nearly six years. In the beginning, each cut-off fringe would join a carefully sealed and dated envelope. Now they are lumps of hair which less regularly fill freezer bags. Now, it's not about the fetishist hoarding of dead personal items anymore, the hairs are a drag-king stock, re-signified as potential beards. Cut again and glued on the face, they are years of stubble that rinses off with warm water.

They are many techniques to bandage breasts but binders are expensive, sprain strips slip, tape sticks to the skin but works pretty well. Once the chest is flattened with duct tape the body feels *itself*, it requires many tricks to return a body to itself.

My brother's brother finds himself so sharp that it's exciting. If it's possible with three hairs pasted to the chin to be a boy in the mirror, then it's possible.