
BOJANA

You're enjoying something, and while you're yielding to it, you're fully immersed in it, absorbed, surrendered, you're in some kind of undisturbed unbroken unity not having the chance to differentiate yourself from the object of your enjoyment

This is a strange thing, the moment you become aware of it, when the girl is in the bed naked and when she starts undressing herself by giving names, do you like my legs, do you like my thighs, and what do you think of my breasts

She proceeds carefully in differentiating all that could be perceived into separate units, until she covers it totally with no remainder, at this very moment, she recognizes something, something she can attribute, she can extract, me – my body - my breasts-my legs – me is that I have myself - a property

But the property is not yet worth anything, it isn't a value, in order to make it a value, it has to be separated from the reality, first, it has to make itself known,

Yes, I like your legs, I do like your behind, and your breasts, yes, enormously, and first it is only words that leave the body, or the image of the body in the mirror, But this is precisely the beginning, the girl has to make words spread, travel, searching for proof

And the proof is forged when the lover, yes, he knows of this property, or better to say he is living it, but not aware of it, I mean, not aware of the effect that body could have

outside of his love, because it isn't independent yet, it hasn't untied itself, so his indifference to her plea for recognition is the beginning of transition,
Because the body wants to go out of itself, to become a quality, it wants to travel, float, convert. translate, transform, to think for itself, to take different forms, take another lover

The producer, who is sitting in the car, and for whom her husband is writing a script
This is the distinct moment I would like to grasp

When she comes and stands next to the car with the producer, and starts walking around it, she sees that she is watched, she knows that she is watched and she watches her being watched, no, that's not possible, she can see her own watching only if she closes her eyes, watched not directly, it is all communicated through the mirror, there is a rearview mirror on his car, he's looking at it,

This is the moment the value is formed, when she goes outside of herself, because she objectifies herself, as an objectified self she can become the object of her husband's will, that's why she gives all the responsibility to him, she surrenders to him but not in love, more like a slave

She's showing she is possessed, she has an owner,

Do you wanna go for a drink, yes or no, are you coming to Capri, yes or no, the producer's clear and she says: it depends on what my husband says, but the husband can't manage, he's the same, he doesn't understand it is about a bargain, you're going to write this scenario, first, because you need the money, and second, you have a beautiful wife

That this quality this body is money, I mean, the quality doesn't stay within itself, found like a talent or potentiality outside time, the producer steps in to act, he's going to observe, isolate and convert this upper-lip into a fetish so that every other woman desires it, like it were absolute, it has a price, standard, absolute on demand

We have this possibility to abstract the content of thinking from the act of thinking
And this is what I'm thinking, why can't we see this oil, do we have to train ourselves to convert everything into an energy value?

why isn't there any publicity about oil, it's so ugly and dirty, I only see it when it spills in the sea, a smudge of oil, that is a mistake, an environmental one,

And what would you show, the factory, pipelines, do you advertise money?

No, you advertise a bank or insurance company, the institution which represents money, so therefore you advertise a good life that the bank makes possible, because value obviously needs sentiment

And the sentiment there is her contempt for her lover, who refuses to take part in her game, he doesn't answer by acknowledging her quality which he just lived like life, he just doesn't distance himself from it, he can't look at it from the outside, that's why he can't be jealous, that's why she has to do it, she unties herself and then she can judge, she sees it from a distance, a critical distance, how her lover is weak, because he doesn't act, he doesn't defend her body like his property

She has to create the resistance to make him conscious of her, like the most banal thing, that he feels some rough friction when he touches her, so that when he wants to make love, she turns her ass and says, Okay, but make it quick,

She gets the power, not of a product, it's wrong to think, the power of a machine, Dactylo, she was a typist, and decides to go back to Rome to start working again, as the work was away when there was love, no, the love was away when it seemed love needed some work,

She puts a wig and buys a new dress, and this all happens on the outside, so you would say this is the perfect example of commodification, but I would say she's triggered to produce herself, she is in the car with the producer heading to Cinecittà studios in Rome, she'll become Brigitte Bardot, she is Brigitte Bardot