

Sexuality and Money, Movimento Femministo, 1979

I found the suggestion that I might be happy on the market stalls where the vendor and the buyer were not different but only dressed differently. On sale besides were only an infinity of needs of the highest quality (the desire for) and of the worst production (need for). The cost was lifelong installments of the obligation to speak, my signature was not sufficient, it had to be guaranteed by the role of being a woman. A game of request and offer whose answer is always missing because it has grown up amid offers 'born' of questions that were not mine, that were consciously wrong, in which one always looks for the proof in favor, and this proof is history. It is the market of logic where reason never enters, where sadomasochism is a substitute for an impossible intensity, because the subjects are points of flight for anxiety, possession and power, the eroticism of diversity that declines the repetitiveness of estrangement.

The market is the only reality that can be paid. Its currency is the coin and the symbol of inexistence that become the exemplary gesture, the adjustment to the market's rate of exchange by abstraction, where my thought has no currency.

The buying and selling of my unreality; the connotations of representation, where I am always invited to pretend myself in love or convinced of the need to marry power or dissent, culture or counter-culture, while being forced as a schizophrenic subject into the hierarchy of identification. I condemn capital while they force me to capitalize on myself, but today I know that the economy is never neutral, that time and the economic relationship are other from me, but are imposed on me as reference points to organize my defence.



Economy therefore becomes all unerasable memory, because I have to defend myself continually and affirm that I exist with recognizable gestures and thoughts that can be given a price. I am therefore forced into a humiliating battle, because the market does not yet sell feminism and I have to impose it; yet I don't want the word of history; rather I want to be subtracted from history; except this subtraction must find a means of expression, because otherwise it is based only on the other version that, having always been defined and used as my absence, is filled by the greed of order.

I can still make recourse to pathology to criticize the norm, and I have to be careful that it is understood as sanity and not as a product of folly. I am forced into, but not converted to, emancipation, yet I must be careful that it is not a new kind of inclusion where I become a subject only because I can be assimilated.

I want to be myself but also I have to be a "movement" which expresses the political nature of a conscience that helps one to discover and manage the right to happiness and knowledge as real faculties; not as the duty to be a place recognizable for the absence of desires on part of the dominant castration, that has no rights but only codes and procedures against which I 'must' fight because I have a right to myself, and the ignorance of the male removal offends me with the categorical imperative of having to impose it on him.

The 'movement' therefore becomes the 'currency' of displacement which is outside economic logic, the number and suffocated mentality that finally starts to act, an open number, not so much because it accumulates but because it is 'fluid'.

I feel no morality about this necessary currency unless it is making sure that it is not for us or amongst us that it must

circulate for ever.

Nowadays I am so unromantic that I can begin to live. I am so unromantic that the "becoming woman" talked about by the male who runs after the money of 'his' female part does not seduce me on the black market of alternatives. I am seduced by the gestures we do not make, the language we do not use, the fact that you and I both know so well the measures that we submit to and that we frequently offer in return, although not loving it, and that every time you present yourself with a 'category', my declaration of love and my political proposal is in succeeding in conjugating the verb of refusal to recognize ourselves and make us alike in that way.

The gold market has no tables for us, but it is not because of this that I do not wish to be rich with you.

I hope you do not need me to sign my name.

NOTE: this appears to be nowhere on the internet, so I typed it in. the translator is Veronica

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Copied from Anne Boyer's blog:

<http://anneboyer.tumblr.com/post/32399250581/sexuality-and-money-movimento-femministo-1979>

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