

The Ulysses

Dialogue with a feminine reality in the forest of Fertility.

Over the years, our oocytes reservoir is depleting.

400,000 at puberty

25,000 to 37,5 years

10,000 to 40 years

1,000 at menopause

Falling into the hands of MAP (Medically Assisted Procreation) is like an earthquake. Uterus on wheels, the female is doomed to remove her mammal skin in favor of her neo cortex to learn how to count.

I always felt that I had a possibility ad infinitum to become a mother. An impression that my uterus was following me wherever I went.

From this magical imprecision, I switched to the violence of numbers, percentages, and binary oppositions. Yes or no. Will or will not. Possible or impossible.

If I had known...

My world has split. My uterus had neither the same color nor the same modesty. I had to place it in the hands of 'those who know', like hundreds of thousands of women who now abound in these waiting rooms, in silence.

The Ulysses are the women who crossed my path prevented me from being hurt, attacked or assaulted by the poison of tyrannical images of other people's happiness and success. These women accept reality by searching for who they are: an unstoppable desire for the trials of life. Singularly, they constantly meditate on reality. They do not want to grab it but be one with it. Being around them, I explore our forest of non-renewable fertility.