



Josephine

A pathway to freedom

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Josephine

*"If she's real, we say she's trying to be a man
While putting her down we pretend that she is above us"
~John Lennon, Woman is the nigger of the world*

*"But almost without exception they [women] are shown in their
relation to men. It was strange to think that all the great women of
fiction were, until Jane Austen's day, not only seen by the other sex,
but seen only in relation to the other sex. And how small a part of a
woman's life is that; and how little can a man know even of that when
he observes it through the black or rosy spectacles which sex puts
upon his nose."*

~Virginia Woolf, A room of one's own

*"O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is!
~William Shakespeare, The tempest*

Preface to the book

The energies of the universe and the need to be free

In the universe exist many types of energies, some of which take shape on the Earth and form what we call the world. Two of these energies are the female and male: the reason we are biologically born – human, plants and animals – either as female or male or as both. This does not mean that any one female is the exemplification of the female energy of the universe, nor that one male can represent all males, because these energies can form differently within each person; therefore, a female can feel more male and vice versa. The energies have no sex. They are called male and female energies, but this is just a name. It is true that women are more likely to have a greater amount of female energy, and men a greater amount of male energy. But this is not mathematical.

For the same reason, our brain is divided into two parts: the right and left hemispheres. Each side works accordingly to one of two energies: the left hemisphere is associated with logic, rationality, subdivision and organisation of things, and hierarchy and perpetuation of the status quo. The right hemisphere is intuitive, imaginative and unconventional, but does not perceive edges¹ – boundaries of the past. Rather, it perceives the colour of things, which is the pure essence of life. It is innovative, non-competitive, and it communicates without words – language that belongs

¹ Borders are the limits of the past and the contours of our existence. They are the edges of the objects we have not yet imagined, and those we have already encountered. They are the laws, the conventions and rules of good manners, which we adopt to allow us to live within a community.

to the left brain, where there are limits². The right brain has the ability to have a unified view of the whole, and can easily accept diversity, because everything is the expression of the same being. For this reason, the right side of our brain also represents our connection to the divine.

Everything that happens in the world, and in our lives, can be seen as a metaphor. There is a bigger reason, a higher and mythological cause for facts and events to happen.

In our current patriarchal society, the part of the brain that works most is the left side: technology, logic, and rationality are often considered superior to intuition, artistic spirit and imagination. People who are guided by the “female” energy – the right hemisphere – about choices, work, schooling, or any other aspect of life, are often affected by the impossibility of expressing themselves, because what they do or say is not taken into account, as it is often regarded as being of little value. Take for example the creative category of artists, painters and writers: we see they are far outnumbered by the technical category of engineers, builders, architects, lawyers, doctors and so on. Not to mention that most artists who are considered successful are those who have benefitted financially from their art, becoming caught up in a competitive and hierarchical circuit, rather than being appreciated purely for their artistic talent and self-expression – something that cannot be measured in terms of money.

Art must be free and cannot be hierarchised. Every artist is good in their own way, especially if during their life at home, at school, with friends and peers, they can scratch away the opaque patina represented by the conventions concealing their own vision of what does not yet exist, but which could exist in one of the myriad of possible futures. For this reason, art is divine: it is a window into one of those many possible futures.

2 Words themselves are already limits. A word says where a thing starts and where it ends. In addition, most languages have conventions, such as grammatical rules.

Regarding women, we cannot forget their position in today's society: women metaphorically represent that energy of the universe – the feminine – that our patriarchal society does not want to accept, and does not want to see, preferring to relegate, compress, erase. That is why, every day, acts of femicide are being perpetuated. Everywhere, around the world, a terrible number of women die, particularly at the hands of their husbands, fiancés, brothers. Women represent, metaphorically, the energy that also exists inside the executioners themselves – the one part they want to ignore because it reminds them they could be better than they are, if they could open up to a dialogue with that part of their being, instead of seeking inexorably to eliminate it.

Etymologically, the words matriarchal and patriarchal are derived from the ancient Greek word *arché*, which means domain. But in one of its most ancient synonyms, we find *arché* also means origin. (Göttner-Abendroth, 2013)

Then we understand that within the word patriarchal, *arché* assumes the meaning of domination: the dominion of the fathers. While for matriarchy, *arché* takes the sense of origin: the origin the mothers.

This not only emphasises that in the past, at the origins, most societies were primarily matriarchal, and only later became patriarchal, but above all, it denotes the idea that the mother is the origin of life. From a biological and social point of view, what this statement means is obvious, but it also has a very important metaphorical meaning: pregnancy is the only stage of human and animal life in which one being is physically one and two at the same time – the mother has her future inside herself, the child in her womb represents her plan to perpetuate herself in the world. By extension, every project that is an expression of the soul, is firstly formed as an idea that is given birth to, and needs to be nurtured and protected like a child. For each of these expressions are the perpetuation of that person, into the future world. So our children are metaphorically us, and when we are released from our past, we are born again as new people.

That's why it's important to free ourselves of our limited beliefs, to get rid of everything we know. For to imagine and accept whatever new is coming, we must first rid ourselves of inherited conventions and superstructures. To achieve this, we need to carefully look around each day and decide what we like and what we want to change.

Our daily actions lay the foundations for societies to come. Just ask the simplest questions – the ones children do when they are very young, when they still know everything about the world and about the universe, yet have no knowledge of the norms to be respected. A time when they constantly ask, “Why?” I guess very few adults will be able to answer these questions, and even truly free minded people will have difficulty explaining to children that some concepts can only be accepted, and have no explanation at all.

“Joséphine” is a short story that speaks of personal liberation. The tale is set in an unspecified time, since it tells the story of our ageless world. Joséphine is a young woman in the fullness of her youth, who was abandoned by her mother as a child, as often happens in fairy tales. This is not a random casualty: the fairy tales almost everyone knows – Snow White, Little Red Riding Hood, Cinderella, etc. – are reminders and evidence of the presence of matriarchal societies in ancient times, at least in Europe. It is true that the main characters of these tales are almost always female, but gender is not an important detail here because these stories speak about the liberation of the female energy that is inside every person, regardless of gender. The fact that the mother is always absent, denotes that the daughter is already the mother's transformation, the mother is the daughter because the daughter is the mother's evolution.

Don Diego represents the worst side of the status quo: the plotter and social climber, the unscrupulous individual whose personal condition can only be achieved by completely ignoring the condition of his brothers and sisters on this Earth. When the divine is forgotten.

To escape means to disengage from our past, to open ourselves to all the possibilities of happiness, or balance, we might find within us, once our transformation starts to take place. Of course, running away does not mean leaving our house, our city, or the country we are living in, to look elsewhere for what we want: in most cases, happiness is not a geographical condition, but something that grows or shrinks inside us. When we are happy, we feel that somehow our spirit becomes bigger, and we are better connected with that part of us which is timeless and immense – nowadays called “God”.

On the other hand, when we are unhappy, we tend to be bound inside ourselves, our energy loses volume and we feel that something is wrong, but we do not know what: this means we are separated from our true spirit. Unhappiness, however, is not a state of mind to denigrate. On the contrary, it is a message that tells, or screams, to us that we must change, that we must look for something new: it is a state of potential, and if we can grasp this message, we have the opportunity to grow and expand.

“Joséphine” captures the theme of women living in patriarchal societies, across all ages and continents, relegated to their role of wives, mothers, and ghost like presences in homes where everything is expected to work effortlessly. It tells the story of a woman who has courage, and moves the mechanism of divine providence to save herself, and to create for herself a better future, in order to grow and evolve.

The patriarchal society invented the image of the chaste and submissive woman, and founded the myth of virginity: in practice this was the only way to know who really was the father of the children, as the Romans used to say: *Mater semper certa est, pater numquam*³. But Joséphine is a woman who discovers her sexuality, and refuses to forget that the body has needs that can be satisfied: needs of beauty within the physical world. Sexuality can and must be experienced with joy and cognition because it is in the ecstasy of orgasm that we lose contact with the world and time, and we are able to live in the infinite.

3 The mother is always certain, the father never.

For Joséphine, to fall in love is a metaphysical experience: it allows her to see her life from the outside – a metaphorical desert in which everything that was important to her has lost its value. Only then can she imagine for herself a bigger, wider future, because, from that moment, her spirit starts to occupy more space and she learns that there is no need to ask permission for what she already owns, or what she wishes to have.

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Joséphine Timeless Beauty

Last night, I dreamt of a soup tureen – one of those beautiful ones from Mason's: English, ceramic, white with a dark-pink image printed on it.



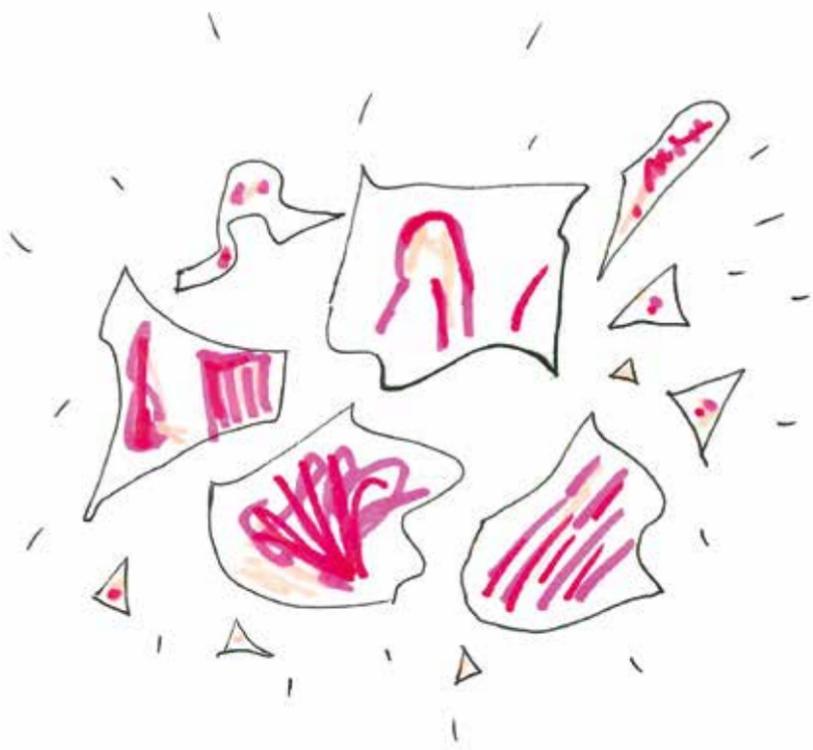
It was suspended in the air, alone with all its beauty, with nothing to distract it from my gaze. Magnetic, it drew my full attention on itself. Then my eye, now I recall, focused on the image on the tureen: a little girl who was holding her parents' hands and throwing some crumbs to a huge white swan.



After that, I dreamt of the old tureen's owner, a lord who kept it in a shack, in the dark, because he said, "In these days nobody can recognise true beauty."

A rare treasure was concealed inside a half-abandoned hut, hidden from sight.

Then the bowl suddenly fell, shattering onto the ground.



Joséphine

Here is my story that I'm writing on the spot.

My name is Joséphine. I was born of a French mother, but I lived most of my youth in Italy, my father's homeland, and the country where my parents met and fell in love.

When I was growing up, there were just three of us: my mother, my father and myself. My dad was an ordinary but good looking man who my mother had fallen in love with, a few years before I was born. My mother's family were rich bourgeois, living in the north of France, and my mother run away from them when she was in her early twenties. She never went back, as far as I know, at least while she was with us. Anyway, I personally had never met her relatives, at that time.

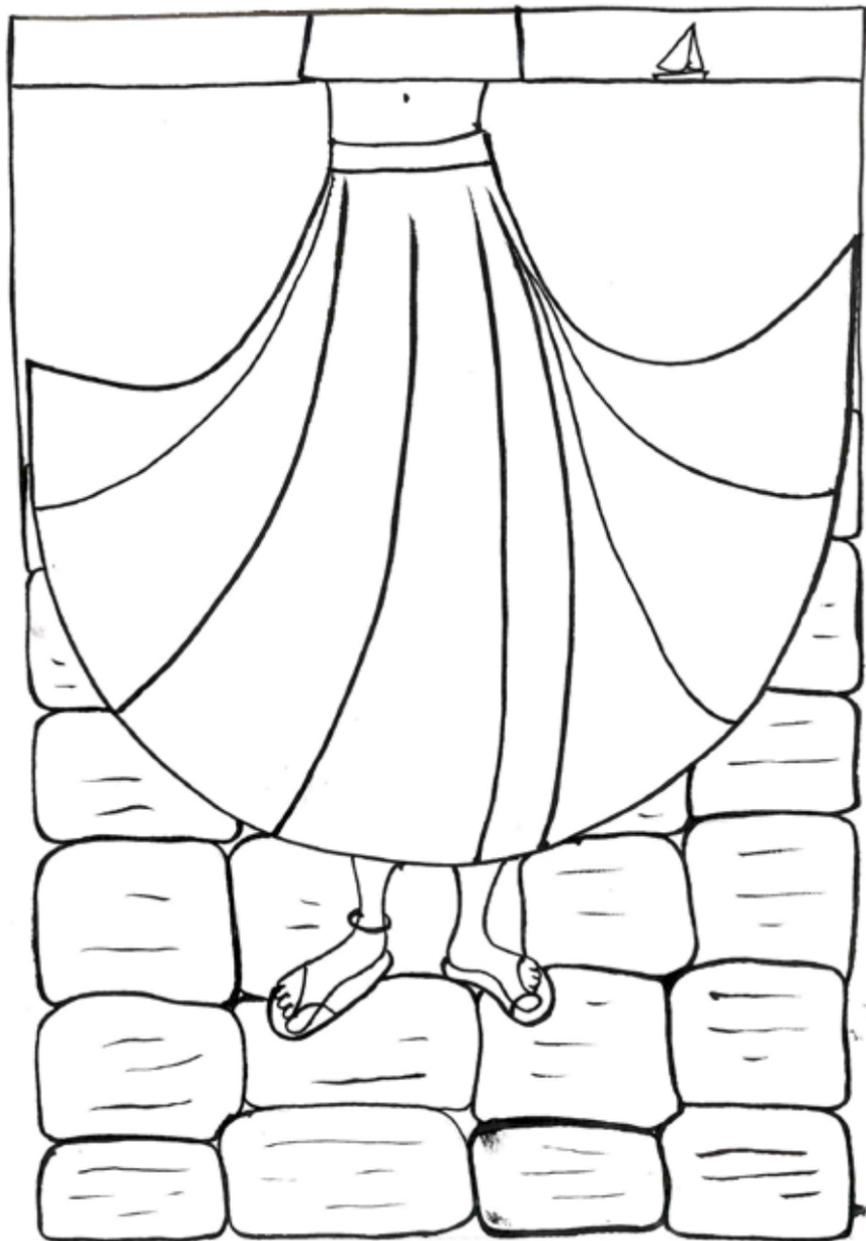
She owned, though, a good amount of money, and with the money my father earned from his fish shop, we had a nice life-style. I remember a pleasant life, and I thought we were happy. My mother was lovely, very caring, and we spent lot of time together while dad was at work.

However, I also remember a period of time, when Mother tried to seem fine but clearly was not. Alone in her room, she would sit, face in hands, crying. I could see her from the small gap in the doorway, but I was too afraid to ask why she so sad. I was terrified of the idea of losing her. I knew she felt lonely; she didn't have anyone except Dad and me.

Soon, she started to meet new people, and often went out alone. Then my parents fought. In the evenings, when my father came back from his job, they would scream at each other, and Mother would run to her room, crying.

During that period, I was desperately sad, but the worst feeling of all was the powerlessness; I knew I couldn't do anything to change our situation.

Then the day I feared the most came: Mother abandoned us. I was fifteen at the time. I heard a rumour that she was on holiday with her new friends, sipping an aperitif in Naples's harbour, when she met a sailor and left with him.





My father was furious, he stopped talking for a few months, even with me, but I knew he was worried for her. Few months later, a postcard came, addressed to me.