

***...fantasies are wild and reckless things  
and I often lose control.***

Written and performed by Tannaz Motevalli and Violet Eckles-Jordan

**Act I**

**V:** As a virgin, the desire to become pregnant seems far-fetched, except within the realm of immaculate conceptions. I wonder if every origin story is secretly an immaculate conception... We comfort ourselves in the notion that nothing can simply be without being born, that there is always a “beginning” and so birth was created. Or maybe, we are comforted in the notion that in our conception we are always granted a home, a place to belong, our mother’s womb. Maybe Virgin Mary’s only purpose was to be the bodily home for the little embryo Jesus and that was it.

**T:** I look at my penis and wonder what lies behind it. I begin to think that I have only assumed I do not have a womb. I have only seen my body from the outside. I have had no serious medical problems so no one has really looked inside me. There is always the possibility that behind my penis lies everything needed to carry a child. There is no empirical evidence that I know of proving I do not have a womb. I would probably only need to take away the exterior portion of my genitals for the child to be able to be born, but I’d prefer to keep my penis.

**V:** I look at St. Teresa. I see her closed eyes, she’s in a space beyond this. Engulfed by God’s visitation. Her mouth open asking to be filled. He enters her and she is within ecstasy, within an orgasm, and her body is a vulnerable empty shell.

*“I saw in his hand a long spear of gold, and at the iron's point there seemed to be a little fire. He appeared to me to be thrusting it at times into my heart, and to pierce my very entrails; when he drew it out, he seemed to draw them out also, and to leave me all on fire with a great love of God. The pain was so great, that it made me moan...”*

I am not a virgin because I'm a prude, I'm just waiting to be entered by something like God. I'm not religious and I'm only spiritual when I want to be. I'm selfish, dedicated to myself...sometimes I'm in love with myself, and for now my hand is my God entering me.

**T:** I lay down in my shower and wonder what it would be like to have a different body. I do a motion that helps me visualize this. It's like I push in on the sides of my stomach and attempt to form it into a better shape.

Maybe one somewhat like this...

I stay in the shower just like this until my skin is red and sore. When out of the shower my stomach returns to its original state. The state it was made in. I push my thumbs into my belly button and attempt to put it back the way it was in the shower. I think the hot water is what allows me to mold my stomach into a better shape.

**V:** As Hanne Blank puts it, our interest in the virgin is often not even the virgin itself but everything that surrounds it, and what people believe is true about it. "A virgin is a blank screen upon which to project one's fantasies to the contrary." My virgin body feels like an empty vessel constantly being filled by things other than myself. And in this bodily violation of foreign substances entering my pure form, I feel reinvigorated to continually restructure myself until I am both the filling and the filled.

**T:** I now know that there has been a human who gave birth successfully from a transplanted womb. The person was twenty six and the article i read on them said that they were *born* with a vagina (unlike myself). They only lacked the womb. I need more than the womb. Why do babies live in the womb, couldn't they live in another organ, or maybe a sac that grows alongside my stomach? Maybe I am just simplifying birth because I do not remember my own. The best uterus to get transplanted would be someone genetically close to you. It seems apparent that the best option would be one's mother.

V: "You could give birth to a baby from the same uterus that you yourself were born from."

## Act II

V: My fascination with pregnancy began after seeing a video on my Facebook feed of a baby born still enclosed in the amniotic sac. This video coursed through the internet at lightning speed and now there are many like it to be found on YouTube.

Some may find it gross, but I think most people react in amazement, as did I. This gooey alien round enclosure surrounded the infant, who despite its birth, was still very much unaware of its own existence in the world. As the rubber gloves of the doctors and nurses gently wipe away the blood from the surface of the sac, the child yawns, unaware that on the other side of the goo erupts gentle vocalizations of awe from those witnessing. And with the slickest and quickest snip of the scissors the child slips out and coughs and cries and is officially "born." In the sac, the child looks angelic, pristine, and warm. Once it leaves the sac, it is purple and grasping for air.

V: Last winter I decided I wanted to perform the act of birthing myself. I wanted to revert to the womb, a place in which existence was void of identity. I was unsuccessful in my attempt mostly due to the reality that to be is also to be seen and that one cannot function without the other. I could not be alone in myself and also be performing, it is an impossible feat. I do want a child, but I think I'm more fascinated in the act of birth and the impossibilities suggested by its possibility.

V: What I am still attempting to grasp is what I really want out of all this. Do I want to be pregnant or specifically impregnate myself and then possibly give birth to myself? What crooked part of me desires so much to make an inherently productive process so unproductive?

### **Act III**

**V:** Last night I dreamt a parasite had entered my body through my belly button. The pain of its entrance was sharp but quick. I felt it roam around my insides, it's little tail laying eggs as it travelled. The little eggs hatched and multiplied inside me. It was warm, like this...Do you feel it??

**T:** In the morning I woke up to find my belly button red and blotchy. After washing my face I noticed the same blotching and bruising along my ear lobe. I believe at some point in the night the parasite travelled through from my belly button and came out of my ear. I am now bloated and sick to my stomach. The parasite may be gone, but something is growing inside of me I'm sure.

There is no beginning or end to an umbilical cord, no start or finish. It is a passage point in which life travels between parent and child. Through the cord, the parent becomes the child's only access point to the outside world.

**V:** A pregnant parent at their baby shower is bombarded by all the other children crouching down to press their ears against the swollen belly. The child inside the womb is not moving, like a fish frozen in it's bowl upon noticing it is being surveyed. The children, as though at the aquarium, gently knock against the parent's abdomen chanting "knock knock anybody home?" The child never kicks, doesn't budge an inch. As the children leave, the parent's muscles relax and send a signal to the baby inside, (whisper) "the coast is clear" and the baby kicks away, a song only those two can hear.

**T:** I am alone in this world and all I want is to create!

## Act IV

**V:** I began masturbating out of the womb; my mother told me as a young adult that I used to hump pillows in my crib. This continued throughout childhood – gentle rubbing against objects when alone in rooms, bunched up sheets in my bed on nights I couldn't sleep. Before I knew what it was that I was doing, the fear of getting caught was almost paranoia. For me, the act of masturbating, before having language for it, made sex spectacular because there was always an imagined audience

**T:** When I am alone in my room I imagine myself as having body parts that I do not have. I mutter the anatomical names of things I know nothing about. I wonder what it would feel like to have these pieces, to really have them and not imagine them. Silently I look at every part of my body I can see.

**V:** It was only until my own self-awareness kicked in and I was liberated from the bindings of ignorant masturbation. My thirst for sexual exploration and knowledge then grew exponentially.

**T:** I no longer enjoy being alone. I now know of many men who know the words for all the parts and pieces I have been looking for. They say them to me in the privacy of their bedrooms. They look at me and see me and say the words for things I do not have.

**V:** Masturbation became consistent ritual endeavors of insular looking, feeling, memorizing, and knowing pleasure. Masturbation was the only time sex was just for myself.

**T:** While having sex with a man I do not love he says the word 'clitoris'. He pushes me down by my chest and kisses me. I don't think that this is what I want. Tonight I will return to the privacy of my own bedroom and begin researching all the parts and pieces I have been looking for. I will begin researching lack.

**V:** The virgin as described by Katherine Bradway is “a woman who is ‘one-in-herself,’ belonging to herself alone, being her own mistress.” I believe this to be true for me; or that all the time spent with myself, all the body-time/sexy-time I enjoy in the comfort of my solitude is towards the goal of ultimate virginity – ultimate completeness. However, fantasies are wild reckless things and I often lose control.