

# BOYZ

Pippi Nola

Text by Romily Marbrook

Boys, the green screen of our lives, the props to our performance, a desire for a purpose. There is no “me” without men...

Boys pretend not to care, or maybe they don't. It's insignificant because it's your perception of their gaze that really matters. And it doesn't matter what you are, because the archetypes of the “boy” and the “girl” apply to all of us.

The health application on my phone tells me I'm about to ovulate. Maybe I should have a baby but I still want to indulge myself. Yeah I'm manifesting purity and health but I'll have a ciggie, a little bump, a hit on the vape..

Dichotomy of self, painting. Girls can be hot *and* make art. Purity is associated with painting, its strong virtues of form, colour, masc rigidity, and rules to be critiqued by. Cute girls are allowed to break these rules, cute girls are allowed to use black to shade in their paintings. Pippi's paintings create their own genre of hot girl intellect; expensive shoplifted acrylics and a discarded canvas that a relative got you for Christmas six years ago when they learnt you were going to art school. The “Cute Girl” is smart too!

Imgur, Flickr. Neon lights, neon party, green screen, formative experiences. Snooki with her fake tan and her belly out. Snooki is like a rare animal that we keep in our computer and bring out when the time is right. Like the Britney discourse, we're all at a party and talking about how we need to free her, my friend says let's all rip out our IUDs in solidarity for Britney. Bellybutton rings, being tan or fake tan, bleached hair. IDGAF (but I also really do).

The little elf painting...he's looking at himself in the mirror. But he's kind of looking at us at the same time. The mirror stage, where he realises that he exists but also that he can be seen. He's constructing his ego. Just as we are all *the young girl*, we are all the little troll with the green mohawk, getting off on watching ourselves be seen by others. There is no me without men. That moment when you're a kid and you can't stop looking at yourself in the mirror because you realise that you're a person that can be considered hot or ugly and you still don't know what category you fit into. My parents banned me from having a mirror because I looked at myself too much. I'm the little troll...

The UK Channel 4 broadcasted dual “social experiments” Boys Alone and Girls Alone in 2009. They put a group of boys and girls age 8-11 in separate houses, gave them money, food, shelter and let them do whatever they wanted for a week. The boys went crazy, they fought, formed alliances but it was their open aggression with one another that made it work in the end. Boys are socialised in a way that allows them to release their libidinal energy and rage, hurting one another and smashing bottles, breaking things, shooting a nerf gun. These are excellent outlets for frustrations. On the other hand Girls Alone was so awful, girls are so excellent at psychological warfare. They'd lock themselves in toilets, threatening suicide and cutting, bullying till breaking point. As inhumane as the show was it reminded me that girls are cutthroat and capable of evil too.

Boys boys boys, can't live with them and can't live without them! Boys suck, but boys swallow too. Pretending I like music to impress a boy, pretending I'm extremely chill and carefree...

Types of boys: Skater, art boy, jock, nerd, predator, eboy, music guy, rapper, stoner, scary  
Types of girls: E girl, slut, emo, art hoe, basic, nerd, tweaker, bitch, crazy

You're either born slutty or a prude. You're either an Emrata or a Rosamund Pike. The iconic *Cool Girl Monologue* in *Gone Girl*, when Amy talks about what a cool girl should be. Like yeah it was really cringe but when she said it I understood everything. Good stories don't exist without projection. Men don't like *Gone Girl* because it reminds them that so much of us is based around them “*I ate cold pizza and remained a size 2. I blew him... semi regularly. I lived in the moment. I was fucking game. I can't say I didn't enjoy some of it...*” We exist in a fantasy prison that we don't know the origin of, but it's fun so who cares.