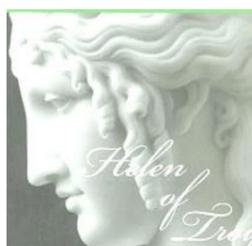


The Ideal Woman-it's all her fault!



WILL THE REAL BLANZIFLOR AND HELENA PLEASE STAND UP!
Yes, you, Helena.
You're from Troy, did you say? Somewhere near Turkey?
Oh, Asia Minor, I stand corrected.
Hey, you're the one who launched a thousand ships!
Men fought over you, didn't they?
Well, I can see why. I'd die for such flawless skin.

And Blanziflor. What sort of name is that? I thought you were a man at first,
Blanziflor and Helena, sounds like a couple I'd ask to dinner.
It translates as Blanche Fleur? Oh yes, White Flower.
And Bianca? Bit too soap opera. I think we'll leave it at Blanziflor.
That's much more romantic.



And over here, with nothing on, is Venus, aka the Goddess of Love.
Now, *you* are really famous.
There's the one of you in the Louvre - your arm's broken, unfortunately.
Got lost in transit, did it?
Then there's that rather racy one of you by whatsisname ---- Botticelli?
I bet it was hard balancing on that shell.
But I lurve your hair.

Well, all I can say is that it's all your fault.
Yes, all three of you and all those others that had the poor lads running after them, all chivalrous and adoring, jousting for My Lady's favours.
You're the reason that we are all waxing, shaving, plucking, colouring, dieting, moisturising, balancing on high heels, 'because they make your legs look longer'.

It's all because of you that those same lads eventually got fed up with all that bowing and loving from a distance, and decided to gain the upper hand.
And there we were, suddenly second-class citizens.
No money, no real education, however brainy we were.
Forced to 'know our place', which was to produce the next generation of lads, or else some of us had our heads chopped off!



But we conspired. Oh yes. Soon we were Shouting up our Song.
Votes for Women!
Let us work! Equal pay! Give us the Pill!

Do we like it?
Well, sort of.
We miss the days of chivalry, of the lads opening doors, giving up their seats,
Walking along the road side of the pavement so we don't get splashed.

Those were the days, my friends.
But hey, we've got it all, if we want it.
Husband, child, job, housework, stress, heart problems...
Depressing, or what?



But we still want to be adored, so we continue waxing, shaving, plucking, colouring, dieting, moisturising, balancing on high heels, 'because they make your legs look longer'.

Oh, Venus, Blanziflor and Helena,

IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!