

The yoga professor addicted to rape culture has lunch every Sunday at his father's.

— So how did you manage, father, to survive the sexual repression during Francoist times?

His father sighed while filling the tupperware:

— Do you remember our trip to Rome? Such a nostalgia of something you never lived, Italy, for a Catalan person, isn't it? There I understood which is the difference between resisting to fascism and a nationalist-catholic genocide autarchy that isolates from progress a country forever.

The boy agreed.

— Do not get it wrong. We lived under sexual repression; but it is actually worst for you guys.

The boy's head exploted.

— What the hell are you saying, father?

— Of course. It is all about cordiality and political correctness, today's manhood: all about apparent freedom and respect; also when it comes to sexuality. But you keep reproducing the same frame.

The yoga professor addicted to rape culture without even knowing it stays silent for a while.

— The... frame?

— The frame, my dear. Like those you find in an oil painting, you know? That limit between what it is, what you see and you can understand; and what it is not, what can not be and

what you will not see. You guys have changed many habits, improved your attitude; but it still is the masculine perspective of the world the only valid and real one, isn't it? We are the norm, the centrality; we're the standard. Mr. Damn-naked-Da-Vinci's-man, you know? And women are perceived and treated as kids or sexual objects.

The father and the kid, crestfallen, hushed for a bit.

— OK, miracles do not exist, and guilt leads to no place. But push yourself into rigour and responsibility please.

The kid busted out crying. He didn't know yet how to transform guilt into responsibility.

— How did you do it, father?

— It's actually quite easy: you just need to think about a field. When you cultivate a field you need to look after it, isn't it? You need *a certain attitude*. Confidence, effort, patience... The same applies when relating with human beings. And you know, it is as simple as that: relating with a woman means relating with a human being. Women are human beings, isn't it? Women are human beings. Women are human beings. You get it? Human beings. Women are human beings. Nothing more; nothing less. Human beings, do you get it? Women are human beings.