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***Second Puberty***

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That girl boss next door set out in search of her lucky stars, American dreaming of cosplay fairy tales for late-period-Lolitas.

The lure of a good luck story with bad habits drew her on, bulging merch-cart bindlestick slung over a baby-pink shoulder.

She followed the flows of feminized labour and blue collar desire, ever upward and over the borders of countries and classes, down into the comfy cleavage of the Zuri-Prealps. A high-heeled, tippy-toed Wanderung from Ritzy Rags to nouveau riche.

Neither a cliché seeking 'a good man' to marry-up, nor a Goldgräber cat-fishing for compliments, she sought instead to find herself, only to find she was two of a kind who had found each other.

Where two become one there is safety in numbers and success in a sandwich.

This Dynamisches Duo hit their second puberty with a smile only a viral year after being born. They scratched their name on the swing with acrylics to mark the occasion, happy in the knowledge that the the best way to be your best self is to be someone else altogether, but together with someone else.

Both mega-gemütlich and mega-unheimlich in the bosom of the double bubble – the subtle cashmere hierarches of Swiss Life and the CHF art scene – they together determined to blow that bubble until it shone like glass baublebags or popped like gum.

Pop Quiz: *Is a good pair enough to make a girl gang? Is everyone a winner on a team of pick-me girls?*

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Authenticity syndrome is a privilege only a few can afford, but imposterism is open to whoever else everyone might be.

The tired strategies of studied indifference are the navy-beige norms of an anxious masculinity: Ausgang links for Terminal Boredom.

Apparently *slumming it* is still a 'proper' role for artists to play but the busy dress-up box of the male gaze makes many squeamy. And yet the body positive populism of working class glam still brings all the boys to the yard.

Might 'bimbo' tropes be weaponized to ends beyond a thirst trap for late-night likes – like a sound investment in a sustainable career at times of increasing precarity and flailing institutions? (*At what cost and to whom?*)

Could artistic careers be sustained by subscription? (*Isn't 'collector' sort of a polite term for sugar daddy anyway?*)

What if online markets aren't just spaces for consumer therapy and attention deficit but surreptitious sites for subjective experiment?: for trying on new selves?; for finding new communities?; for building novel worlds?; for asking '*Who!?*' again and again?

Maybe feminism doesn't always show up in 'waves' but swings by on 'platforms'.