



Is Male and Female the Dominant Pair?

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Abstract: The paper has pregnantly paused time and documented the journey of a gendered shoe. Are Male and Female genders dominant over other genders is the question. This paper actually lives out Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender and Queer (LGBTQ) - viewing, seeing, watching, eyeing, and observing three decades from age 20 till age 50. The style used is anthropomorphism. We find that MFLGBTQ is the real status and the male and female is not the dominant pair.

Index Terms - Male, Female, Gender, Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender and Queer (LGBTQ).

INTRODUCTION

Let us find out if the male and female is actually a dominant pair of genders. In these modern times shops and brands are a plenty for footwear. Bata, Nike, Woodlands, Puma, Adidas, Fila, Reebok, Xstep, Star, you would be able to rattle a few more...

There is this big footwear showroom where a particular pair was on display in a rack for sizes 7 by Asian 240 and Western 38.

Daily from shutters roll up until roll down with the same level of expectation this particular pair would await a pair of feet to wear.

There was such a day, when someone did come. The customer tried it out. That look and feel of liking was obvious ... the conversation fringed into the price, and there began a storm. The pair was just returned on to the rack...

Was the price too high or too cheap? As obviously the size didn't matter, was the credit card not handily available, was the colour too dull or too garish, was it the leather smell.... Ufff so many unanswered queries,

Many more occasions, every time there was this same look... same price... and the same questions rattling this shoe.

The season changed.

Lots of new designs and new footwear products came in the market afresh, Many imported ones too arrived to compete.

This shoe was shifted from the sales rack to the display shelf upfront, which is when this shoe realised that the shop had a nice view of being at one of the corners of a four-road junction.

The seasons kept changing and new offers were creatively arranged for each unsold piece thus far.

THAT INCIDENT

The pair of shoes in focus was busy looking out for faces to walk towards this showroom. It just noticed a new face; it thought maybe he would walk into the shop. Well incidentally can't miss the looks with Roman nose and curls at length, eye balls that roll without going beneath the eyelids nor touching the periphery. Will he turn, towards the shop, a small hope, just in case he does, would he try this pair, and strut around? Would he buy it and walk the fashion ramp or walk in rainy muddy swamp oh oh and even stub off a cigarette wearing this shoe.

When this fantasy train was chugging, a pause button was pushed momentarily, blinding this shoes' thought and vision, at that exact fraction of moment when the eyelid just closed, when the eardrum located the spatial position of a sound source and triggered a slipped heart beat... that loudest bang pressed the pause button. All heads turned that way. A heavily loaded truck hit him and simply wiped out a life in one stroke and there was an untimely end to that life.

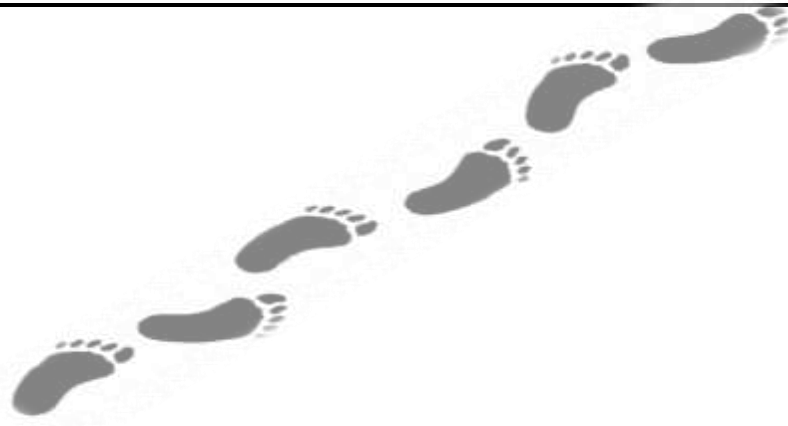
The grand puppeteer from above with eyebrows raised recorded one job less for him/her. Someone else had pulled the plug and booked the one-way ticket to heaven or hell.

Now, is this shoe pair sad or sorry? Was it a loss or a rescue from harsh reality?

The Earth and sun are relentlessly on a journey. By now the season ought to change.

This pair was shifted to discount sales rack. All set for the seconds' sales. Those were real busy days when everyone tried this pair. Funny but true no one picked it up.

Hmm this season also moved on and many more seasons rolled by...



THE JOURNEY CONTINUES

All old pieces with shelf life as old as this pair were sent back to the factory. What then happened to this pair?

No way, it never lost hope. ...Here is the pair reborn. ...Remodelled

Previously footwear was mostly designed by ergonomic experiences and user feedback. Now footwears have transcended. They have grown beyond those basics due to advancing technology and precision tools. They are no longer mono in role. They arrive fit to face competition tooth and nail...they transform from a rain boot to a shoe to a slip-on and back. Colours are plenty, a few microchips embedded they compete with the whole new world of vehicle industry.

The season arrived with a bang...this pair too turned out no exception an amphibian on land, on water, on ice (skater), on air. And all shoes are now UNISEX.

Soft on feet, pleasant to the eyes, fragrant and non-stinking, that quiet pair or that fashionable tuk tuk tuk ... every doggy in any house would love to chew.

A Sanskrit quote says “Karyeshu Dasi: works like a servant, Karaneshu Mantri: advises like a minister, Bhojeshu Mata: feeds like a mother, Shayaneshu Ramba: Pleases in bed like the heavenly beauty Rambha, Roopeshu Lakshmi: Beautiful like Goddess Lakshmi, Kshmayeshu Dharitri: Having patience like Earth, Shat dharma yuktah: woman who has this six virtues Kula dharma Patni: good housewife (a married woman who is not employed outside the home)” Similar is a shoe in these modern times, protective, thoughtful and perfect to please, seduce and cherish.

All this shoe wants in return is to be a pair of footwear that King Bharatha placed on the throne symbolic of Lord Rama (The protagonist in the Epic Ramayana) holding the reigns....

A splitting pair of questions always keeps sprouting...

That was just a shoe or was it just like a woman, or L G B T Q.

As you took the journey along that pair of shoes with life and emotions, pair of eyes and pair of ears and even gender, was it the choice of the shoe ever after all?

Practice of Hope

Fifty years of my journey on earth...

I saw so many season of worth and otherwise....

The summers showed up all tempests and drained me of my tears. Hope is all I still have.

Of common sense and knowledge I did doubt my capacities. Care and caution I did throw away.

The rain seemed just as showers, but pelted hard on my face.

The autumn left me bereft of everything I thought was mine.

I buried my tresses and my face in His (father's) shoulders, and then his (friend's) shoulders

And woke up shivering and teeth chattering.

The winter had set in the Warmth. Completely. Missing.

The promise of life seems the only reason to holds on.

Hope this nut shall crack with new leaves shall bear fruits and flowers

And blossom not to wither but to last for eternity..

And the sands of time shall mark me.

But then I just got agendered after having my effete removed

The journey is new, yet on the hackneyed paths, along the path shown by hope.

HOPE

Every woman in every country is trying to transform herself until death do her apart to be a best professional, best leader, best wife, best mother, best child to her in laws and parents, pleasing in looks, perfect cook. They are always under a scan. They are always into comparison. Always in competition Always at all age have to keep proving themselves, if not over others atleast over their own previous selves. Every pair of eye, ear is into judging all the rest of the women around.

The woman perspective has changed over every generation from when she draped herself in leaves to the yards and yards of clothing till she is back to wearing things and thighs.

Views of the female being has been confidential, comfortable, convenient, cowardly, conning, cunning, coloured, coercive, corrupt, collected, competitive, common, close, clear, cool, conservative, callous, corrective, compromising, cursing, conclusive and many more in shades that you have essentially felt.

Also the female being has been associated in every shade with every room ranging from the kitchen to the bedroom, to the sports-room and even to the boardroom, but yes she is like a drop of water on the lotus leaf moving between rooms.

There is always changing seasons and innumerable pairs of unanswered questions that she has gone through...

Love/Lust? Education/Wealth? Caste/Religion? Housewife/the salaried earning and still proving to be housewife? Home even if rented or a house even if it is owned?

The pair of eyes that have been viewing, seeing, watching, eyeing, and observing don't document the words that the heart and head speak not surely from the female gender senses. Those rare occasions whenever the male stray in their thought and action and write about women they document a male version of woman's perspective.

All I could do here is document an inanimate object – "a pair of shoes' " perspective only because it became unisex, but I am unable to document a human genderless perspective.

Somewhere the pairs have merged. The male and the female have actually merged in beauty parlours, they have merged in dressing, merged in shoes, merged in education (co-education schools and colleges) and merged in so many other gender spilt thought and actions. The problem is we have female moon and female earth and female flowers and female night and female of so many animated things around us and me as a female now iam thoroughly biased and cant get of that. So I really don't know how to express a true agendered perspective. All of us over the 800 years of regimen of text and documentation stand biased. We are short of lot of documentations we only have ("His"tory) complete with gender association from male perspective.

Into that world where only gender is a perspective and not a phenomenon lead me kindly light!!!!

CONCLUSION

I do know now, what to pin all this on... Let us begin a new journey along the path of Hope and make all the Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender and Queer (LGBTQ) to choose gender for all objects around and document all stories as just human and no more in just a pair of genders. Lets go beyond and accept that gender is a particular state of mind and mood disassociated from a body structure. Even men and women are at some point L or G or a B or T or even Queer like me. So it can actually be MFLGBTQ. Both Male and Female are also a part of this group and they are not a dominant pair. Infact the Hindu religion always has projected the god Siva as ardhnarieshwar meaning half female god. Assuming the female or a transgender status was normal for Siva as Ardhanari, Vishnu as Mohini or Arjun as Brihannala or Shikandi. I am sure centuries ago the genders were MFLGBTQ and not just male and female. Also the god Siva never gave birth to children, but then only god Siva has children who are worshipped as god. Brahma, Vishnu, Jesus or Allah does not have children who are worshiped with the status of god equal to the father. Krishna, Jesus and Allah all came into being. Even in Mahabaratha Gandhari's 100 sons and Kunti's 6 sons (including Karna) just came to being of virgin mothers. Christianity never said a man and women. It said Adam and Eve, which according to bible is that God's design for gender is a gigantic rainbow of variation, not a black-and-white conformity with sex. So we should go back to the thought that genders pass a phase in life and they could be M or F or L or G or B or T or Q at any point of time. Surely they are not what they appear by the physical structure of the body.

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