

From: Ditte Ejlerskov  
To: You  
Date: Tuesday, July 18, 2017  
Subject: Welcome to The Beach Club Shop

On Riri's beach on the other side of the planet, I walked into the ruins of Paradise Beach Club. A beach resort abandoned in the 1980's. I google Riri paddling these very waters. I paddle myself on a cheap foam surfboard.

I have tried to explain to you before that my stereotyping (of landscapes and people) is an attempt to make you acknowledge and take responsibility for your gaze and your (most likely white) privilege.

Now I have built on the apprehension of being configured within this white gaze. Because I do see through a white gaze. A male one. Most of us do. You do too, don't you? Let's not lie about this any longer. We remain ambivalent to the conflict between being critical of the position while living within it.

My gaze took me to quiet beaches, dreamscapes and resort wear. Now I have surrendered to those. I need to exhaust them. What else can I do? But can I relax in them? Can I consume them? Can you? Palm trees of sugar-sticky melting goo. Pixels from the 80's. A tan from the 80's. A pose from the 80's. A set of stripes from the 80's.

So, I have painted Riri bending by the pool for you. Riri paddling for you. For a lense. For you.

This is not about her. It is about you.

I still believe women like her are in possession of methods for de-colonisation and the implementation of true feminism, but this is not about them. It is about me and you. The writer, the reader. I am portraying my privilege and my impotence in the struggle for some sort of general compensation.

Then this: Even though my discussion about privilege is committed, I will always be removed from the real conversation. Will you too? It would be inauthentic of me to deal with this in any other way than through my sticky ambivalence and my "tourism" in the field. The impotence.

This letter is written in red ink. Under most circumstances, red colours are the first to fade when exposed to sunlight. Let your mind wander to a poster of a tropical beach where all colours have faded away except the blues.

I hope letters like these will not exist in the future. This will not.

Best regards,  
A White European woman trying to view her own sticky position.

PS: Through impotence I began drifting into patterns. Form from another time. A free space for me, where my mind can linger. This is holiday. This found me. This won me over. This relaxed me. I forget everything else. Drifting through time, this is my beach club. This is your beach club shop.