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                                                       The Real Face behind the Mask

 The mask you live in is a film produced by the feminist film maker Jennifer Siebel Newsom. In this film the author explores the way masculinity is perceived and teach in the American society. The film is also composed of small clips with male with different stratum who share they stories about how they were thought to act like ‘’a man’’ or’’ be a man’ ’The part of the documentary that struck me was the scene of the middle school boys and the mentor where they wrote down on the paper the faces they present every day which are happy, silly, fun, though but deep inside them there are angry, sad, hurt. I connect to this particular scene as us women in the African culture have to wear different masks specially the mask of toughness and happiness. I have two masks i live in, the mask of toughness and happiness while my real emotions are fear and sadness.

      First, the mask I live in is the mask of toughness. I was raised in a culture where a woman is the pillar of the family. She is the one that have to take care of everything in the house, men are only providers. The woman is responsible of the education of the children, cooking, house shores and big decisions concerning the family. Every little girl is raise with that conception. Little girl are thought to be ready to leave the parents to get marry and be able to manage a house .When I got married I tough to be ready to fulfill this expectation. Every morning when I woke up I act like a tough person ready to do face any obstacle. Always going to my job, take care of the kids and house. The truth is right now, I am afraid, I am scare. This modern life is not easy. I find it difficult to follow this standard of being good African women. It hard I need help to take care of the house. I found myself cleaning my house ten times a day just because we are tough that a house were the is a women has to always be clean in case somebody come to visit. I always look serious people always tell me that my facial expression is cold, that I don’t share my feeling. How can you share your personal life if you are not sure of what people reel intention are. We life in a society where everyday something bad happen and most of the time involving close friend or family member .Yes I am scare, yes I don’t trust anybody. I have trust people in the past and be paid back in monopoly money.

         The second mask I live in is the mask of happiness. I always smile, help others but in reality I am sad, I am the one who need to be help. My friends always call me to ask for help or advise as they all call me the “mama”, they say that I gave them wise advices but who really there for me. I need a shoulder to cry or somebody to talk. I am going in a rough time in my life my parents stop talking to each other’s. My dad stop talking to me just because is no longer with his wife, my mom. What have I done to him? That the question I ask myself every single day and can find a reasonable answer. He just stops talking to me. When I see my husband play with our kids talking to them, cherish them I am sad and even jealous because I thinking of my dad.

        The masks of toughness and happiness really help me. They have made my life easier to face difficult situation, but I know that I have to face those personal problems and solve them in order not to wear masks and be my actual self.