

union in Azerbaijan, to educate women about their professional rights.

Although the women's movement has shifted attitudes and promoted emancipation over the decades, many—often older—feminists warn that all battles have not been fought and won. In the Netherlands, for example, the bread-earner economy still persists: a third of all women work in part-time jobs, often marginal and low-paid, and the Dutch lag behind the rest of Europe when it comes to women in managerial positions (a mere 7% versus 11%), according to the European Professional Women's Network.

'Women actually make much better entrepreneurs. They take much more responsibility, they're more cautious about spending money, and are much more capable of making a difference,' says Sascha Bloemhoff, also a team captain and a financial consultant who completed her graduation project on microenterprise in Nicaragua. 'Because Mama Cash is geared towards women and focuses on them as a target group, I think it's worthwhile contributing to that.'

Let's hope the race raised significant funds towards that goal. Last year, the campaign brought in 133,000 euros overall, which went to fund projects such as aiding a group of female Peruvian fast-food workers to form a union to combat sexual harassment.

'I've been very fortunate to grow up in the Netherlands. I went to university and had more than enough money to make my own choices, but not everyone has that—not even other groups of women who live here,' says Lochtenberg. 'I think being happy is about being able to choose: that's why I'm trying to raise money for other women.' As for holding another bath relay race next year, Lochtenberg said it's possible—after placing an ad on Marktplaats.nl, she struck a goldmine. 'Now I have too many tubs,' she laughs. 'And this is a fun way to get people involved in something that's much more serious.'

www.88days.mamacash.org

Kristel clear

Emmanuelle speaks out as Sylvia again.

By Sophia Kornienko

Near my house I recently saw a poster depicting a young woman's profile, strangely familiar, with 'NAAKT' written across it in block letters. Of course, I knew who it was. It was a classic brand in a new wrapping, delivered fresh from France, where the posters started appearing late last year. Many of us don't remember the woman's real name, yet forever preserved in our collective memory is the long Emmanuelle—not even a name any more, but an echo of first sexual experiences and the late sexual



VICTOR BIEB/REX/HERGOWEN

revolution. If the film had been made 30 years later, Emmanuelle would have been a computer game character, maybe a manga girl.

In reality, Sylvia Kristel is 54, lives in a modest apartment in an attic ('Amsterdam feels like an old shoe. It's fantastic!') and does not believe in cosmetic surgery ('In France they leave you no choice, but in Holland they do.'). She recently lost her beloved partner and overcame cancer.

The Dutch translation of her French-language autobiography *Nue* has just been published and is soon to come out in several other languages. Kristel has acted in over 50 films, many by famous directors, worked as an industrial designer and even made cartoons—but the world remembers her for a single role.

'It's weird that people tell me that all my photographs are like dead images. It is, of course, because I'm scared, like a rabbit in front of headlights, you know?' She says in a clinically lit room in Utrecht's Louis Hartlooper Complex, where she had been reading Pieter Boddaert's erotic poetry. For nearly a year she dictated her history into a microphone, working on her life story with Jean Arcelin. 'I thought this writer was quite capable of describing disaster in a poetic manner,' she says of the Frenchman. 'I mean, in the background you can hear the violins.'

The idea of publishing the book in France first came from her friend Bessel Kok. He told Kristel she shouldn't give priority to Holland because, as he

claimed, 'The Dutch don't like you.' But putting the book together with Arcelin was gruelling, Kristel says. 'I'd never visited an analyst or a psychiatrist before! What I didn't realise is that during the promotional tour that follows, they dig into the book, and I'm sitting there with a red face, because I'm shy, I'm timid. It was bad enough telling the writer, but it's very bad when journalists ask you questions like: "So was it true, did *Emmanuelle* really make you frigid for three years?" It was utterly painful.'

Kristel says she finds it confusing that she's only associated with that film. When she started filming, she thought it was going to pay for 'a nice holiday in Thailand'. She'd never even expected *Emmanuelle* to see daylight because there was so much censorship in Europe. However, the film ran for 13 years on the Champs-Élysées, and became so famous that it was included in Paris tours for Japanese tourists. 'First they went to see the Eiffel Tower,' says Kristel, 'then the Arc de Triomphe. And then they went to see *Emmanuelle*.'

Yet it was not the sexual revolution—of which she had become the emblem—that made Kristel happy. 'What made me happy was that serious directors now, all of a sudden, wanted to work with me,' she says, reeling off an impressive list of names including Claude Chabrol, Alain Robbe-Grillet and Walerian Borowczyk.

At the same time, something—either the success Kristel had, or the pressure of

Veni, veni, Emmanuelle

becoming iconic—turned her to alcohol and drugs. 'I think it was very stupid of me to let Hugo Claus, the father of my child Arthur, go. He was a very stable intellectual presence in my life. He was a kind of my Svengali.' In her book, Kristel describes how she fell for 'this imbecile—oh sorry—this brilliant English actor' who introduced cocaine into her life.

'When I arrived in LA, it was a social thing to do. It was like the happy few that did this occasionally as a recreational drug. But I am an addict, and I guess it is genetically determined. My parents were both addicts, of alcohol in particular, and I have inherited this. And it is also a known fact that you replace one addiction with another, so the moment I stopped doing coke, I'd pick up drinking. The moment I stopped drinking, I'd start eating chocolate. It's some default in my brain.' Then Kristel got hooked on (the considerably less harmful) painting, and continued until Freddy de Vree, her 'companion and inspiration' for 12 years, died.

'All of a sudden he got ill, then I got cancer, then he died and, to tell you the truth, I did very little painting. Instead of that, I immediately threw myself into memoirs. Because death all of a sudden came too close to me,' Kristel says, her avatar staring from the posters, immortal. **W**

Naakt by Sylvia Kristel and Jean Arcelin is published by De Bezige Bij.