

Lieve Zip,

Below I am sharing some fragments on complex intimacies inspired by personal experience and fantasy and our correspondences from the past two years; perhaps someday you can weave your fragments into them, when time is good.

Love Story (a fantasy)

I need to learn how to distance myself differently at a close distance so I can hold (on to) you.

Yesterday, I read that Anaïs Nin died of cervical cancer and I wondered if she got it because she had had sex with too many men, and what does that question mean?

So many questions come up through people that are close to me, and through proximity, the lack thereof. All the questions that rise when we are out of town, away, and out of touch.

When you're sexually not committed to one person but your heart is—despite distancing and shielding it—and the hearts of others might be too, are we still breaking through the boundaries of homogeneous relationship norms or are we perpetuating hierarchies fueling patriarchy? Who gets what they want? What role does Time-ing take? When to stop (another) fuck? How to listen to your heart and hold her like your lover?

During sex roles can change so easily and playfully in a way they cannot in every day life and you can bring those changes to extremes provided the sex is consensual and the trust mutual. Power becomes powerless; you tie me up but I love it and I end it when I want to; it becomes a sharing, we both hold the robes. Power becomes a stage for us to look at and perform around. We both are on the sides, pulling back and letting down curtains.

Smoke break; a temporal stop; never full, or not yet.

Every time we see each other is a new daybreak.

In every day life we cannot move or change our roles so rapidly because it is a shared reality, not an intimate reality. Perhaps if we'd dance we could change

positions as unexpectedly, but dancing is also a stage activity, a shared performed reality, not the 'real' reality.

Performance allows for the unexpected without the consequences pertaining in life after the performance is over. (In comedy the fool and the king can trade places; in tragedy the jealous wife, the mistress and adulterous husband can all be killed. Everyone can die because when the plays are over, established realities automatically pick up.) This, however, excludes performance art practices such as those of Valie Expo, Ana Mendieta, Yoko Ono, Cecilia Vincuña, Juliana Huxtable; so many women dismantling patriarchy through performance by showing their oppressed reality.

It seems as though men can act in life as if it were performance and not have to suffer reality's consequences. Is it therefore that women perform life? Then, life does become a dance, and sometimes we dance for a long while and find each other's rhythm but at some point someone gets exhausted or hurt and the dance ends. It is only a temporal stop from life—and when the performance is over we fall back to a systematic life that maybe cannot be toppled, and nothing is really solved.

Is the not committing to one pussy a rejection of systems? Will the lack of commitment cause more or less hurt? Or would it take all women and all identifying as female people to hold multiple penises to break patriarchal hierarchies and establish an even ground reality. Often, however, one dick is already too much and we just want to hold ourselves and be held without carrying twice the weight.

Why does this way of being open involve so many closings: closing distance, closing your heart, closing friendships, closing hope, closing out an us, closing off a small intimate world that cannot be transferred into a shared reality.

Where do love and lust touch? You can lust for someone's body and love their person, even love their body, but can you then still not be in love?

How can I trust you with my life but not with my heart?

A move away; cheap motel room; no alcohol; nude mirror selfie for girlfriends; a temporal stop.

Hiding is only fun if you can appear again; if you are found you lose, but at least you are part of the next game.

Is it true that to not experience hurts more than to experience hurt?

Any potential hurt will be worth the experience I told myself the moment I knew I would fall in love at some point.

I understand that any shared experience is different from any other shared experience, as we share ourselves differently with different people.

There are no words to describe touch other than touch; and upon reading that word we feel someone or something. There have been so many moments I wanted to touch you, but couldn't because of the roles we were in or by lack of physical presence. In those moments, I can touch myself in anticipation or I can touch you in my fantasies. Those touches quench us too but do not translate *feeling*. Waiting to feel (you) then becomes a suspension of intimacy into the realm of shared reality, until our touches meet (again).

It is true, every movement towards each other—when eyes meet and all the car rides that follow; every space we open to each other—my yard, your house, my house, a temporary place elsewhere, new home; every time we meet (despite not being exclusive) is shared just by us—those moments where waiting is answered by feeling.

Valeska Soares wrote: “I like the faint line between being seduced and being completely intoxicated by it.” I, too, like perfume and alcohol and smell myself while reading fragments of Winnicot in *Edut (Love Stories)*, 2012:

“Am I in love? –Yes, since I am waiting.’ The other never waits. Sometimes I want to play the part of the one who doesn't wait; I try to busy myself elsewhere, to arrive late; but I always lose at this game: whatever I do, I find myself there, with nothing to do, punctual, even ahead of time. The lover's fatal identity is precisely: *I am the one who waits.*”

Thinking of you here and wish I could be there, tonight.

Love,
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