

# THE HORRIBLE BURDEN OF MAKING OTHERS FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE.



"COMING OUT", THE DECISION TO STEP OUT OF THE UNSEEN, THE UNSPOKEN, THE UNNAMED. TELLING OTHERS, LOVED ONES, DEAR ONES ABOUT ONES SO CALLED "SEXUAL PREFERENCES"—SOMETHING THAT IS NOT THE USUAL, THE EXPECTED, THE NORM; SOMETHING YOU KNOW IT WILL DISTURB THE POLITE AGREEMENT OF COMMON SILENCE. "WORDS ARE SO DEFINITIVE" A FRIEND ONCE SAID, "WHY PUT A LABEL UPON MY EXISTENCE, UPON ME?" BECAUSE. BECAUSE IT'S NOT ABOUT

"FIXING" ME BUT CLAIMING A SPACE IN THE PRESENT. SO THAT I AND "MY KIND" CAN HAVE A PAST AND A FUTURE. AND NOT TO GO INTO HISTORY ONCE AGAIN AS THIS OLD, UNMARRIED LADY WHO COULDN'T GET ONE, A HUSBAND THAT IS, OR ONLY LIVED WITH CATS OR ALWAYS WAS SEEN ALONE IN PICTURES - FOR NO ONE CONSIDERED THE WOMAN STANDING NEXT TO HER TO BE MORE THAN A FRIEND. A WOMAN-FRIEND).



THERE IS A DIFFERENCE  
BETWEEN FRIENDSHIP  
AND HAVING A LOVER,  
A PARTNER, A WIFE. IT  
MATTERS. IT MATTERS TO  
ME WHEN I ENTER A RESTAURANT  
WITH MY LOVER. WHEN I  
STAND NEXT TO HER IN A  
HOSPITAL, WHEN I INTRODUCE  
HER TO MEMBERS OF MY  
FAMILY. THERE IS NO  
REASON TO DENY OTHERS  
THE HAPPINESS I FEEL.

TO MAKE MY  
CARE AND  
AFFECTION,  
MY WORRY AND  
CONCERNS ABOUT THE ONE WHO IS  
DEAREST TO ME SEEN AND HEARD  
WITHOUT HAVING TO BITE MY  
TONGUE OVER SOMEONE THAT



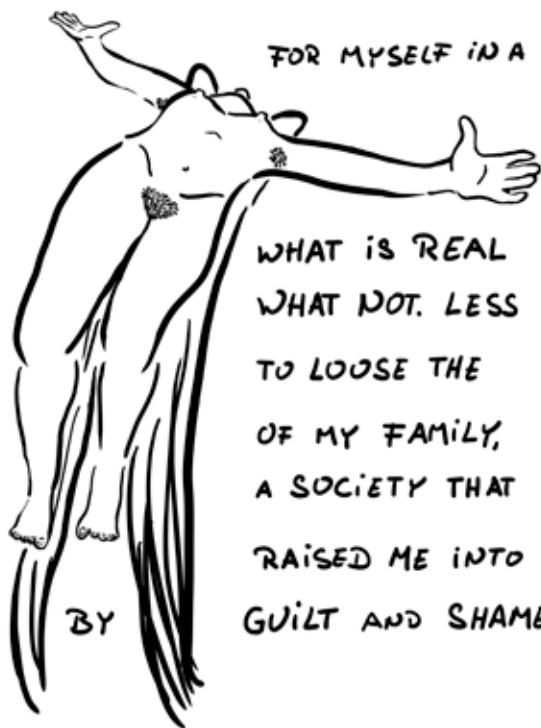
OCCUPIES MY HEART, MIND AND CUNT. DENYING MYSELF AND OTHERS THIS, CUTTING MYSELF SHORT IS UNACCEPTABLE. AND WHY SHOULD ONE!

TO QUOTE MERYL STREEP: "IT IS AMAZING HOW MUCH YOU GET IF YOU QUIETLY, CLEARLY AND AUTHORITATIVELY DEMAND IT".



IN MY CASE I WASN'T ALWAYS CALM NOR CLEAR. RATHER MESSY, OFTEN DRAMATIC, SWEATY, UNAWARE.

TO BE ABLE TO STAND UP "MERYL-STREEP"-WAY I MUST HAVE BEEN MUCH CLEARER AND ADMITTING TO MYSELF ABOUT WHAT IS FAKE AND TO ME, WHAT MATTERS AND AFRAID OF THE CHANCE NOURISHMENT AND CARE LOOSING MY PLACE IN ID RETROSPECTIVE INVISIBILITY, ACCOMPANIED



FOR MYSELF IN A WHAT IS REAL WHAT NOT. LESS TO LOOSE THE OF MY FAMILY, A SOCIETY THAT RAISED ME INTO GUILT AND SHAME.

BY

AND IN THE END PAINED, CONFUSED, ESTRANGED MORE PEOPLE, INCLUDING MYSELF, THAN IT WOULD HAVE BY SIMPLY TELLING THE TRUTH. IT TOOK ME A



WHILE TO RECOGNIZE THAT MY PLACE IS THE CHAIR NEXT TO THE ONE I WAS GARISHLY ASKED AND STRENUOUSLY TRIED TO SIT ON. THIS UNOCCUPIED,

DUSTY CHAIR THAT UNOBTROSIVELY OFFERED ME MY LIFE.

ONE OFFERED ME AN INSTANT ROSES GARDEN ON ITS TERMS, THE OTHER DIDN'T, COULDN'T. BUT IT ALLOWED ME TO GROW MY OWN.

IT'S THE RED PILL OR THE BLUE PILL, THE CHOICE IS ALWAYS YOURS, ALICE.

