

# views: evolution: no, i too, love

February is my least favorite month. It reeks with chocolate-covered cherries and chrysanthemums. It is the time to celebrate that annoying word known as love.

I will be sending out hate cards this year, bastardized versions of the cute little notes I was forced to hand out to others when I was in elementary school. By the way, did anyone question the fact that boys were trading these love notes to each other? Noting the pattern of idiocy that accompanied "adults" when I was a child, I am surprised that action was not taken to rid us all of that homo-business.

Did anyone actually read 1984?

On a rampage I have been, trying to define my existence based on what I need, not what others need from me. It makes me vulnerable. And yes, it hurts, too. But I learn and I learn.

I have no desire to continue the strange etiquette of centuries past. If I saw a guy I thought was attractive, I would walk right up to him and tell him. Or if I thought someone was being annoying, I would just say it instead of talking about people when they were not there. And please, if you see me at a movie and you end up sitting behind me, don't speak; I'll dump my vat of soda on your lap if you do.

What is politeness but an old memory stuck in the mouths of every American?

The first time I said those three fucking words "I love you" I thought I was going to throw up. No, not because I was nauseous from the satisfaction that I may have finally found THE ONE, but because those three words were planted into my mouth by Hollywood Executives, fat from the neck up, too. Thank you big flat people on the movie screen; you have made my life a living hell.

And with all utterances of those nasty words, your heart can still be broken too, even if you're still with

**jason  
whipple**

your other love-challenged partner like I am.

I have always feared a broken heart. In fact, I have actually made decisions based on the fact that I fear, not because I actually wanted something. Yes, you can run away and still be standing in the same place. It's all an illusion really.

I'll admit it: I have been in such places of fear and pain that I was writhing on my bathroom floor, over-pained, weak, and paralyzed. In those moments, I always have a vision and can (finally?) describe it all in

repeating the pattern over and over again?

Disappointment only exists because of Expectation.

Emotional distress is powerful. I suppose they should market it in various purchase-able forms. Oh wait, they already do. I can find everything I need at the local drug and booze center. Everything is so simple and easy. I can't wait until we can all stay in our houses and never leave it, watching television 24 hours a day. At least they'll have a new gay channel, so the lives they portray can be double-fake and I can go further into an identity-less existence. Mmm... yummy... double-fake chocolate cake sounds good.

I suppose it is easy to be numb. Amber waves of grain. Right. Endless days of pain.

We're too used to it. Bubbles. Boxes.

## Mmmm ... yummy ... Double-fake chocolate cake sounds good.

my own words: The wholeness of my body and mind has been dissected and separated into five to six parts; I am still physically intact, but I am lying on that bathroom floor in pieces, crawling around, crying, angry; to become whole again I have to reach down to the floor with my broken back where those pieces are and pick them up, one by one, each searing hot and heavier than the one before it; I lose grip on them; I start over again.

I am love-challenged. Sure, I have experienced what I thought was love. How many times have you felt like throwing up when nothing went as you had originally planned, when the future you created in your head was erased by a fight, a fuck, or a new-found friend you start fantasizing about,

Saunas. Suffocation. No air. Nothing nothing. Nothing. Coffin. Worms. Creeping. Dirt. Alive? Movement. Shape. Form. Twitching. Electricity. Moving. Light. Alive? Alive? Am I alive? Are these hands mine? This steady breathing?

Involuntary. Choice. I am alive. I am back. Deep...deep...deep breathing.

In. Out. Slowly. Surely.

Be sure to celebrate Valentine's Day this year. Take out the construction paper and make your own at least. These are strange strange days these days. I'll say. Empty ones for most of us. ■

## UVM Lane Series February events



Irish singing legend  
Mary Black  
Tuesday, February 19  
Flynn Center\*  
co-presented with the Flynn  
"Blessed with a voice that is  
pure gold"...LA Times



"smooth, subtle, soulful and  
sophisticated"...Time Out  
Eric Bibb  
blues guitar and vocals  
Friday, February 1  
UVM Recital Hall



London City Opera in  
The Merry Widow  
Friday, February 8  
The Flynn Center

Tickets/Information: 802-656-3085

\*co-presented with  
the Flynn

[www.uvm.edu/laneseries](http://www.uvm.edu/laneseries)

## Patty Larkin AND Catie Curtis



Friday Feb. 8  
7:30pm  
Unitarian Church  
Burlington

TICKETS:  
Peace & Justice  
Pure Pop  
Middlebury  
Natural Foods  
Flynn  
Outlets

a benefit for  
**peace & justice center**  
863-8326 21 Church Street, Burlington



## Celebrate Pride!

candles CIVIL UNION jewelry  
stickers gifts, t-shirts, hats,  
pillows, soap hammocks  
books

**peace & justice store**

Open Seven Days • 863-8326 • 21 Church Street, Burlington



## Feminist Therapy

Leah Wittenberg

Licensed Mental Health Counselor

Psychotherapy for individuals and couples

82 Church St., Burlington  
sliding fee scale

(802)658-9590 ext.4

## Get involved!

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seeking writers, photog-  
raphers and volunteers.

Let us hear from you:  
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