

Excerpt from *Friendship...*

How do we form our friendships, kinships and lovers? Whose narratives do I inhabit? Who inhabits mine?

There are some people you meet and everything crystalizes, drops into place, it makes sense to be around them. You become attentive to their details, nuances, perhaps as you desire to accompany them in their life?

The kind of telepathic friendship where the other fills in the blanks, a connecting of the dots where each finishes the other's.... sentences.

We drag stories around with us, some we love others we block out but they all make up our existence. When moving alongside friends I feel a particular freedom, along with the sensation that I am in a play, playing myself.

What in fact is a narrative of one body? What defines us? Is it the people around us, acknowledging our existence? It is said in relationships, people mirror one another.
Is it through this mirroring or calibration how we mark time?

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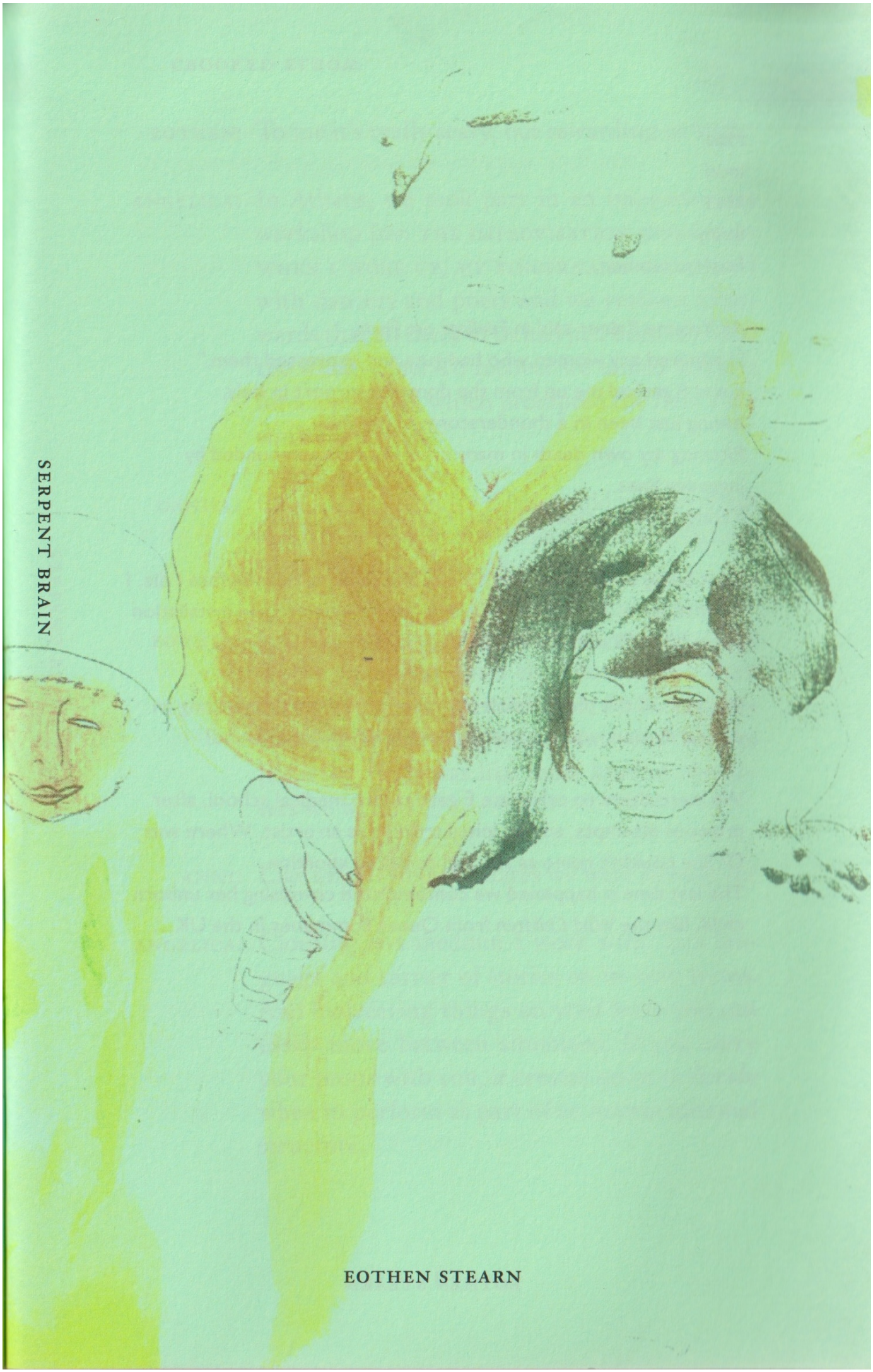
I spoke a lot that night to P, how to suppress feelings of wishing for a different existence. Why we feel there are better options on the other side, and how this is a sentiment of privilege, choice. We spoke of how to set your own goals of making and production, and of sharing a reality of not speaking the native language where we live.

My girlfriend let me film her naked. Saying sure, the art world has no love in it. Musicians talk about love all the time, artists do not. I have a lot of friends who withdrew from the institutional art world after their Bachelors.

CROOKED ELBOW

EOTHEN STEARN



SERPENT BRAIN

EOTHEN STEARN

Mad
loud
kind
funny
fearless women,

As Yvonne Rainer said in *Feelings are Facts*,
"I admired any women who had guts and expressed them."
E and R picked me up from the domestic airport in Italy,
having just been in a thunderstorm of my life,
Pitching my own death in many creative ways surrounded by jaggedey lines.
Tilting airplane, clouds, no trolley service this time.

Kept being both in fear for my life, and thinking how, before I die, I want to go to *The Lightning Field* in New Mexico to see installation by sculptor Walter De Maria.

Stepped off the plane, smelt the rain. It continued generating an optical illusion, was it coming from the sky or the ground?

We were there to celebrate E getting into medical school, after previous attempts, and an initial training as an artist. Where was D? She couldn't come as she had to get an abortion.
The last time it happened we contemplated co-raising her unborn child, like the *Wild Children* from Queer communes in the UK…

