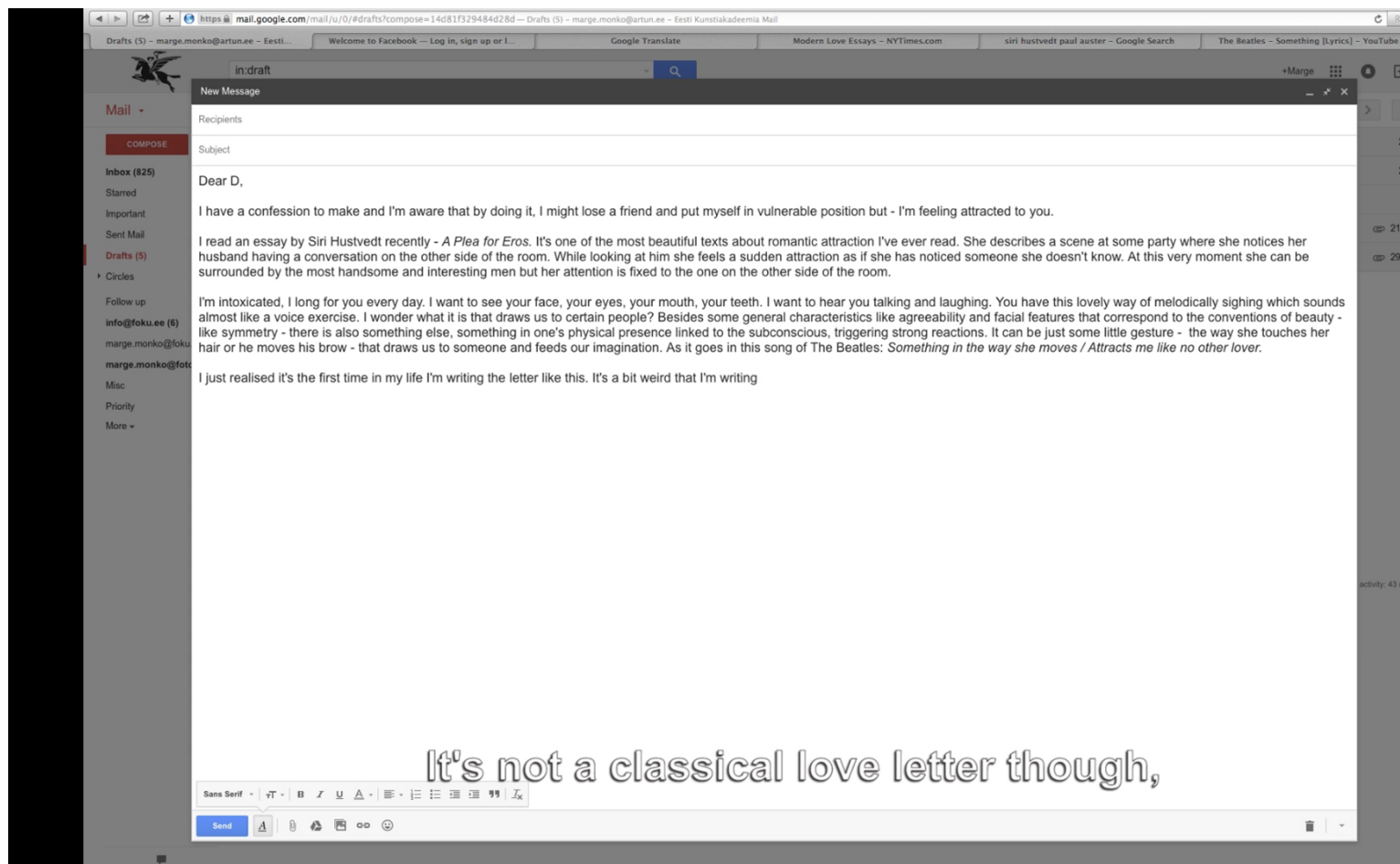


Marge Monko. Dear D

Dear D,

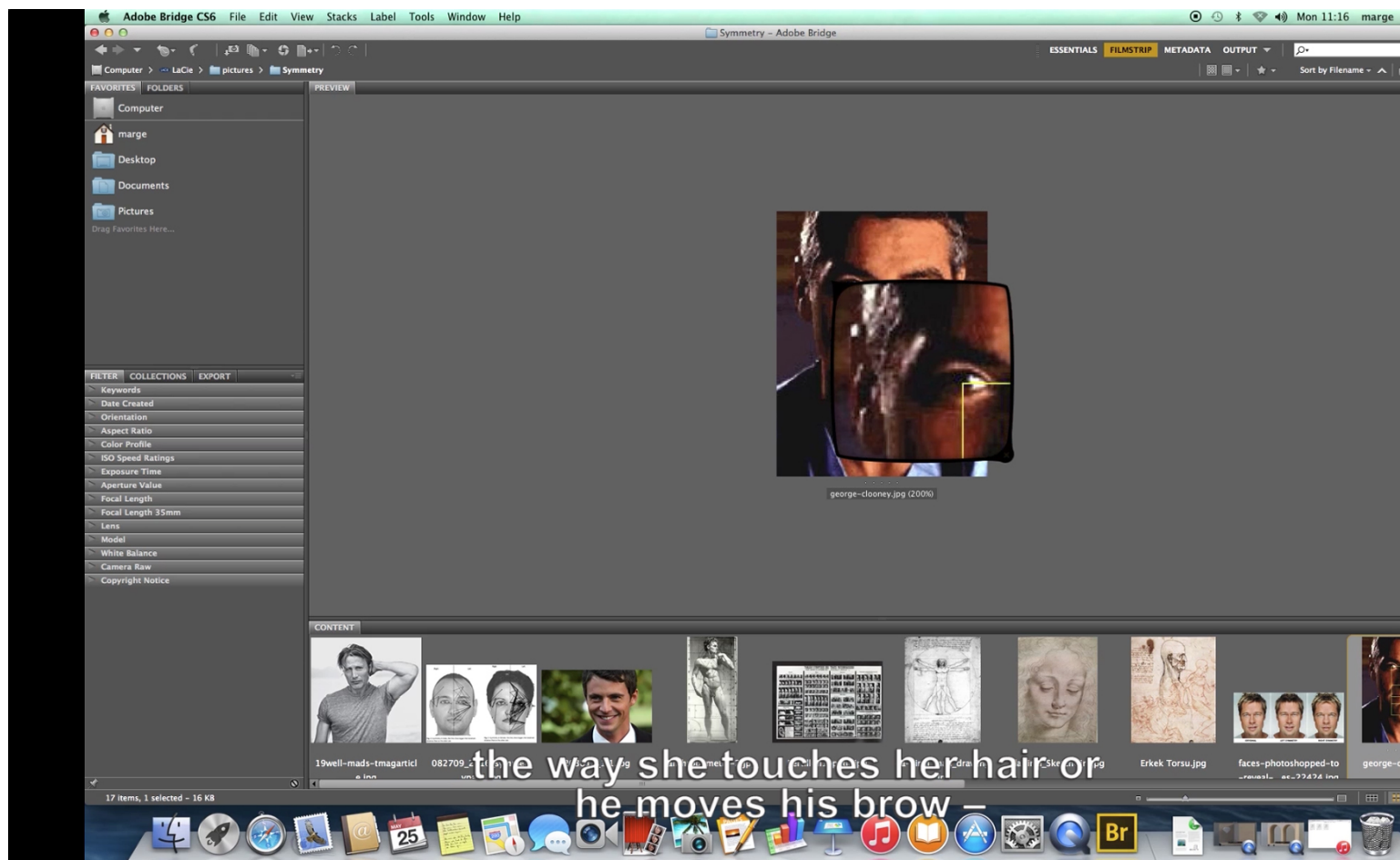
I have a confession to make and I'm aware that by doing it, I might lose a friend and put myself in vulnerable position, but - I'm feeling attracted to you.

I remember when I first saw you in K's kitchen. You seemed a bit severe and absent-minded, but when you smiled I could feel your warmth and your sense of humour. I felt drawn to you from that first moment, but I dismissed this sensation like I had done many times before, thinking that you wouldn't possibly feel the same way about me. Later, when you invited me for a drink, I almost freaked out. I don't know the reason for that. Does it have something to do with a fear of opening up and being close to somebody? I kept assuring myself that your proposal is probably just a friendly gesture and I shouldn't read too much into it. But your sensitivity, attentiveness and choice of words had an effect on me.



Recently, I read an essay by Siri Hustvedt - *A Plea for Eros*. It's one of the most beautiful texts about romantic attraction I've ever read. She describes a scene at some party where she notices her husband having a conversation on the other side of the room. While looking at him she feels a sudden attraction as if she has noticed someone she doesn't know. At this very moment she can be surrounded by the most handsome and interesting men but her attention is fixed to the one on the other side of the room.

I'm intoxicated, I long for you every day. I want to see your face, your eyes, your mouth, your teeth. I want to hear you talking and laughing. You have this lovely way of melodical sighing which sounds almost like a voice exercise. I wonder what it is that draws us to certain people? Besides some general characteristics like agreeability and facial features that correspond to the conventions of beauty - like symmetry - there is also something else, something in one's physical presence linked to the subconscious, triggering strong reactions. It can be just some little gesture - the way she touches her hair or he moves his brow - that draws us to someone and feeds our imagination.



I just realised that it's the first time in my life that I'm writing a letter like this. It's a bit weird that I'm writing it in English which is not my mother tongue (neither is it yours). But it feels very natural. Maybe because most of the books I've ever read about love are in English?

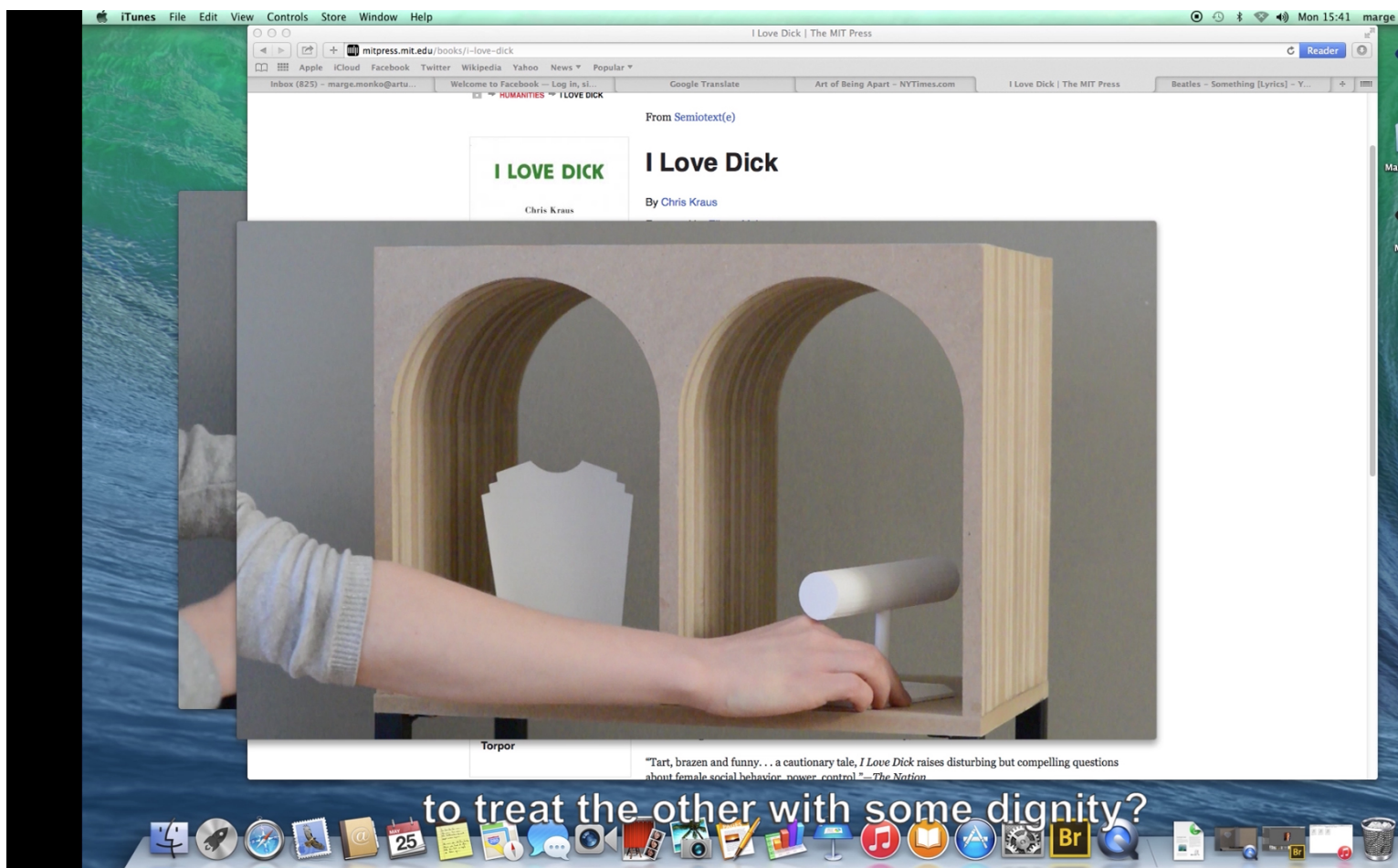
It's not a classical love letter though, it's actually a love-e-mail. Eva Illouz, who is a sociologist, says that internet is shaping our imagination with purely cognitive and linguistic content, whereas traditional romantic imagination was characterized by a mix of reality and imagination based on the

body. When the longing in the 19th century love letters was mainly caused by remoteness, the intension behind internet romances is to shape and control your self-image. Love letters have always been a form of fantasy, representing a better-articulated and sensitive self. I won't deny that it is uplifting to express myself that way. You're using the word 'lovely' a lot and you end your e-mails with a phrase 'with love', so you probably relate to what I'm trying to say here. Don't you think every person should write at least one love letter in their life?



I felt drawn to you from that first moment,

It is, by the way, a pure coincidence that your initial with what I begin this letter happens to be the same as in two other well-known books about love - *Letter to D* by Andre Gorz and *I Love Dick* by Chris Kraus. The text by Gorz is dedicated to his lifelong love Dorine. A year after it was published, he and his terminally ill wife took their lives. The old couple was found in their bed, lying peacefully next to each other. Kraus's novel is a story of female abjection. It begins with numerous love letters addressed to a guy called Dick. Her love remains unreciprocated but the letters are gradually paving the way for subjective writing which consists of autobiographical and philosophical references. To paraphrase her own saying in this book: she writes her way into the world.



I have to admit that I've rarely felt this kind of connection with someone. Affections can bring about casualties, there is no zero-risk love. I wish I could be more open to sensual experiences, more courageous in order to welcome affinity. Do I fear being turned down? I've witnessed kind intelligent people turning into inexplicably cruel beings while trying to shake off their admirers. In fact, I've been that person myself, and I'm wondering what made it so difficult to treat the other with some dignity?

We've had our moments but I know you very little, so it's possible that I've mistaken your generosity for something else. If that's so, do you think we could still be friends? I hope my epistle will stay between you and me, and the googlemail. If the content of it makes you feel uncomfortable, I insist that you'll ignore it. I'll be fine.

With love,









