

Dear Friend vol 6  
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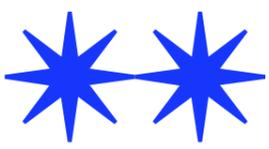
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QUEER

# DEAR FRIEND,

REPETITION

I'm writing you from many spaces and times — so much so that I don't understand the words "space" or "time" anymore, or where I actually belong. And what is the space that we occupy together? Does that exist? It's been such a long time since I've seen you, and since that time I've learned to really lean into my loneliness and think a lot about what it means to be autonomous. I'm not *really* writing you. Let's think of it more as a smoke signal that I doubt anyone will ever see. To tell you the truth, I've been lonely and wondering why it doesn't feel good like it has over the past few years. The last four years have been intense — I learned to rely on myself, to love what loneliness feels like, and how it can take on really different flavors over time. I learned what it means to sit with my hands and drive myself on my own. Alone. I learned how to be a solo entity and sit with the fact that I may never get the attention I want from someone else. So what does that leave me with? It leaves me with my work. I guess that's better than nothing. Or at least I keep telling myself that. I pulled the *death card* yesterday. I love when that happens.

BODIES

My work. I know that maybe sounds a bit depressing, to say *all I have is my work*. But I promise you what I mean by that is that I am trying to do the hard work for myself. I cannot rely on anyone else to drive my practice and get me to sit down and write for a few hours. I am the power and that is mine alone. It's kind of scary, right? Motivation is a weird thing — especially when I have no will to make something or follow through on work that I have committed to completing. Early on in my practice, I said yes to everything. I gave things away for free, gladly. It was the way to be! Free! But when I say the hard work, it's not just what I produce. I am trying to take a hard look at myself. Feel all the feelings. Process. So what happens when your very educated eye turns inward to take a deeper look at yourself? I am figuring this out, my friend(?).

LONELINESS

My father always told me as a child to "stop and smell the roses." Just let it all soak in, I guess. Right now life is messy. I'm sick of compartmentalizing all the things I do, make, think, the people I spend time with. I've learned to put up boundaries for myself, which has been healthy, but in terms of compartmentalizing — I am totally done with that. I just want eruptions and blurring.

LEGIBILITY

And so here is my letter. Consider it a bouquet of me trying to figure things out. Like when a phone feels heavy.

I've been thinking a lot about language. About care and mutuality. I have more grace for others than I do for myself in times of aggression. I wrote that with a very different puppy in mind. A blonde quarter-back puppy with mommy issues. I played midfield in soccer and found I was better and more interested in defending, which felt scarier because I never knew what was going to come at me really — being on the offensive was stressful and connected to scoring, but easier to do. You just sort of *go*. What happens when you stop? When you have to reckon with yourself and all that you have created and the trajec-

tory you are on? Do you get off the track? Do you hop on another rollercoaster? I want to be both.

Us queers have to be fully aware of our spaces. We don't have the luxury of just being. I've been wanting to use the old Photoshop plastic wrap filter on myself lately, listening to FKA twigs' "Cellophane" on repeat, as one does. I wonder if it matters that I make visible what is happening on the inside. It's a question of legibility. What happens if I am not legible? I purposely want you to work to find and understand what's subterranean about me. What if I gaussian blur myself? Can I, with intent, stuff myself into a folder — a room of one's own, if you will. This is a selfie I'll never text. It's a love letter I'll never send.

Letters, texts, text bodies, sexts. Bodies are complicated. Internally, externally, emotionally. I've been thinking about all these things a lot, maybe over the last two years more intensely, as perhaps I became aware of my body in a different way. I think intimacy comes in many different forms and we take a lot of things for granted — maybe especially those who have the liberty to not have to think or worry about bodies in space. I'm also thinking about the Glass Candy song "Feeling Without Touching" in the context of letter writing. Wondering when words are just enough (are they ever enough)?

Words allow us to be slippery. Like a continuous renaming and redefining of language in the context of desiring to be desired. Or the language of desire. And the allowance of failure, or the gaps that are produced in that failure.

Ok friend(?), I will leave you with 2018 iPhone notes because they still feel real:

*Time is the same  
as the time of the day when you synchronize and  
you have to align like two lovers or two clocks*

*A book for all time*

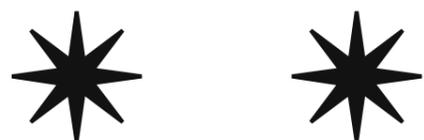
*And you will tick in unison and tick side by side*

*Love this place and be so able to love  
Be full of companionship and loyalty  
Leaning towards a new batch of blood*

*I believe in magic yes, but I believe in a magic  
that can be shaped post-divining rod.*

*I'm reading in bed and thinking of you, wishing  
you were reading here too.*

This is my way of saying I am always all ways thinking about you.



# SINCERIOUSLY, N