

**MANU BAZZANO**

# **DIFFERENCE AND MULTIPLICITY**

Adventures in Philosophy and Psychotherapy

ROUTLEDGE



“This excellent book, the fruit of vast learning and passionate commitment, celebrates our complexities, our multiplicity, desiring, and acting. The chapter on Fanon and Existential Phenomenology is a good example of how this book engages with important and timely issues. As well as Fanon, this book calls on feminist perspective, on the civil rights and postcolonial movements, as well as LGBTQIA+ movements. How could anyone with an interest in psychology, psychotherapy, psychoanalysis, philosophy, critical theory, and the political context in which we live not find this book compelling and rewarding?”

**Dr Onel Brooks**, *psychoanalytic psychotherapist, existential-analytic psychotherapist*

“The shock that his last book *Subversion and Desire* produced was not enough for Manu Bazzano. He is coming back with a new book, even more radically opposed to the psychotherapy orthodoxies. Its polyphonic language, its openings to philosophy, literature, and the arts make the reading of the book instructive and exegetic, a source of great *jouissance*. It establishes the author as first among equals with his distinguished colleagues in queer studies and the queering of psychoanalysis. This is a book that teaches us how not to betray our desire”.

**Dr Chloe Kolyri**, *queer psychoanalyst, lecturer, and author with degrees in medicine, psychiatry, and neurophysiology. A founding member of the Greek anti-psychiatry movement, as well as of the collective on Deleuze-Guattari studies, she has published on queer-gender, Deleuze, and psychoanalysis*

“Few writers and therapists are capable of fearless critique, sharp sociocultural observation, and seeing below the surface of an argument or opinion. In this book, Bazzano demonstrates this rare ability. Reading it leads me to question what I thought I knew or understood about the art and craft of therapy. I felt shaken out of complacency, unsettled, challenged, and stretched. In charting this complex territory, Bazzano has contributed to my development as a therapist. This book instils greater openness and curiosity, providing a key ingredient of compassion”.

**Dr Rachel Freeth**, *therapist, trainer, and author of several books including Psychiatry and Mental Health: A Guide for Counsellors and Psychotherapists (2020)*

“I’m convinced that Manu Bazzano is the best critical writer in the whole therapy world at this time”.

**Dr Richard House**, *former therapist and former university lecturer in psychology, psychotherapy, and education. He was an editor of Self & Society. His latest book is Pushing Back to Ofsted (2020)*

“Manu Bazzano is by far the most empathetic and insightful therapist I have ever encountered. His outstanding intellect and deep compassion mark him out as exceptional within his field”.

**Tim Lott**, *award-winning novelist and columnist*

“There are so many ‘Butoh’ people out there, of questionable quality. Manu Bazzano is a performer who is not replicating the ‘moth-eaten’ tropes of Butoh but has found his own way”.

**Marie-Gabrielle Rotie**, *internationally renowned Butoh artist and teacher, senior lecturer at Goldsmiths College, London, the UK, and founder/producer of Butoh UK*

“Bazzano’s writing reminds me of Thomas Browne, the seventeenth-century polymath – similar preoccupations, a wide range of interests, deep curiosity, and learning in the alignment and conflict of science, religion, and myth”.

**Paul Mayersberg**, *writer of many screenplays including Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence, Croupier, and The Man Who Fell to Earth*

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# Difference and Multiplicity

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Psychological and psychotherapeutic orientations often neglect the notion that the individual is not one unit, but rather a coalition of affects. Providing a multidisciplinary framework for the practice of psychotherapy and philosophy, this book explores and embraces this multiplicity within the human psyche and challenges the reader to explore and celebrate difference within society.

Chapters reframe the breadth and scope of psychotherapy as an endeavour at the service of both healing and care, while also fostering bold exploration, emphasizing the risk and adventure of being alive. Through clinical studies, first-person accounts, forays into contemporary philosophy, psychoanalysis, psychotherapy, and the arts, this book presents insights that inspire readers to be in the world with courage, compassion, and kindness, with the sense that we do not have to know who we are before becoming active citizens of the world. Bazzano then extends that exploration to the domain of public life by examining contemporary challenges related to climate change, race, gender, ethnicity, and more.

This book is an essential read for therapy practitioners and professionals of related disciplines, who want to expand their knowledge and find different ways to understand and practise their art.

**Manu Bazzano, PhD**, is a writer, psychotherapist/supervisor, Zen priest, and Butoh dancer. He is a visiting lecturer at Cambridge University and Goldsmiths College, London and founder of Affect Therapy. He facilitates psychotherapy courses and Zen retreats in the UK and abroad. Among his books are *Zen and Therapy: Heretical Perspectives*; *Nietzsche and Psychotherapy*; and *Subversion and Desire: Pathways to Transindividuation*. Website: [www.manubazzano.com](http://www.manubazzano.com)



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# Difference and Multiplicity

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## Adventures in Philosophy and Psychotherapy

Manu Bazzano

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For Jim

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## Also by Manu Bazzano

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### **Books**

*Zen Poems*

*Haiku for Lovers*

*Buddha is Dead: Nietzsche and the Dawn of European Zen*

*The Speed of Angels*

*Spectre of the Stranger: Towards a Phenomenology of Hospitality*

*After Mindfulness: New Perspectives on Psychology and Meditation*

*Therapy and the Counter-Tradition* (with Julie Webb)

*Zen and Therapy: Heretical Perspectives*

*Re-Visioning Person-Centred Therapy: The Theory and Practice of a Radical Paradigm*

*Nietzsche and Psychotherapy*

*Re-Visioning Existential Therapy: Counter-Traditional Perspectives*

*Subversion and Desire: Pathways to Transindividuation*

### **Butoh performances**

*The Skin is Faster than the Word*

*Men Going Down*

*The Innocence of Becoming*

*The Angel of History*

### **Music Albums**

*Walk Inside the Painting* (with Daedalo)

*Naked Dance*

*Sex, Religion, and Cosmetics*



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# Introduction

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*Difference is not diversity.* Diversity (often paired with “equality”) is all the rage in our neoliberal world. It avows a bland appreciation of equally bland notions such as variety and inclusion. “Variety is the spice of life”, we say, barely hiding a yawn. For only a bored/boring person would say that. Meanwhile, glossy promotional brochures of overpriced colleges and universities tell us: “Our institution is *truly* inclusive; we welcome and appreciate a wide range of people of different social and ethnic backgrounds and of different genders and sexual orientations”. Diversity is very good – for business. And so is inclusion. Inclusion into what? The answer is straightforward: of Difference within the precincts of the Self-Same. The assumption (philosophically naïve but politically harmful) is that there is a centre, a norm, a dominant mode into which difference is generously, graciously invited – as an outsider. Ah, the generosity of the liberal host, whose generosity is the talk of the town, from whose generous lips generous words tumble out. Beware of those who worship the word “generosity” and its intricate geometries! Beware of those who tell you that the doors of their home are always open! For there will be hell to pay.

Unlike diversity, difference is free from, nor does it buy into, the idolatry of identity in relation to which it is supposed to emerge. It does not presuppose the existence of the Same in relation to which it comes into being. Difference, in other words, is *difference in itself*. It is no longer understood as an empirical link between two terms endowed with their own identity (“*a* is different from *b*”). If there is identity, this is shaped by a prior link between *differentials*.

*Multiplicity is not pluralism.* It is not caught in the simplistic dualism of One-Many. It does not assume the existence of One, on the foundations of which it then goes on to proliferate into the many.

Pluralism in philosophy gave us Habermas, once Adorno's research assistant and later responsible for selling out the Frankfurt School to the *Bundesrepublik*, for turning a rich legacy of thought and praxis into the compounded banalities of communicational theory, the myth of consensus, the defence of representational democracy – all the insipid shibboleths of current liberalism so dear to mainstream psychotherapy. One could say that Habermas did for Critical Theory what conventional existential therapy has done for existentialism, turning the latter's already wonky tenets – being-towards-death, uncertainty, meaning, freedom, choice, and the hot air balloon of the “human condition” – into even more ridiculous categories and growing detritus, zealously building a zombified range of notions. These are duly varnished through formulaic repetitions within cultish and pricey “existential trainings” which continue to reproduce a veritable regiment of conformists.

Pluralism in psychotherapy gave us more than banal existential therapy. It gave us the Psych Supermarket. Clients/patients came to be seen as customers (when not perceived as unidentified objects in bagging area and dealt with via a set of A.I. pet “therapeutic” solutions). Demagogically invited to choose from different brands, orientations, and approaches, they may be then offered a deal, which on a lucky day could mean two simultaneous approaches for the price of one.

On an intrapsychic level, the psyche is not plural. It is *multiple*. The self is at its very origins not one but many. A plural view of the self has still One at its centre. A multiple self reflects instead the porousness of the world into which we are embedded, as the heart in the organism to paraphrase the subtle and forgotten teachings of Maurice Merleau-Ponty. Both difference and multiplicity are *metaphysical*, Deleuze would say. If that word scares you, dear reader, how about “ontological”? That would mean difference and multiplicity are constitutive of Being, while at the same time corroding Being of its alleged substantiality, edging it towards a field of immanence, towards Becoming and a musical ontology.

\*

Written over the last two years, this book incorporates past and present preoccupations and possible shreds and hints of innovation within two practices which continue to be central in my life – philosophy and psychotherapy. “Philosophy” can be rightly seen as a grandiloquent term, in an

era when many fancy themselves as “philosophers”. To think that neither Walter Benjamin nor Fredric Jameson, two thinkers of the highest calibre, ever used the term for describing their work gives pause for thought. The advent of what was simplistically labelled poststructuralism helped us redefine the adventures of philosophy as belonging to *theory*, a term that includes not only dialectic engagement with Heraclitus, Plato, and the entire philosophical canon to this day but also one that encompassed forays into psychoanalysis, the arts, “high” and “low” culture, the everyday, including personal accounts of the writer/practitioner’s lived experience, a view of *philosophy as a way of life*. The latter does not entail a moralistic view, as in living up to the standards of chosen and elevated philosophical concepts. This would align philosophy to a branch of religion or rather ersatz religion. I have too much respect for religion, for its degrees of depth and complexity to consider these cheap exploits being anywhere near it. What do I mean by that? Listen to existential therapists harping on about a badly understood idea of “authenticity”, applying “meaning” to an unsuspected reality that doesn’t give a monkey’s about their grandiose bestowing of meaning. Listen to humanistic therapists showing off their badge of fully actualized beings who bestow unconditional positive regard at the drop of a hat, and you’ll see what I mean. Listen to psychoanalytic therapists forensically and arrogantly dissecting traumas in the vain hope to heal them, thus bringing patients back to their reserved seats in the traffic jam and their bullshit jobs. That’s what I mean. No, philosophy as a way of life has thankfully other manifestations, all of them rich and interesting and as far removed from the cheap moralizing of our deeply puritanical/permissive era as one can imagine. Foucault is in there of course and so is Pierre Hadot, despite the simplistic packages they have been boxed into. There is no better example than my beloved Nietzsche, irreverent virtuoso of philosophy-as-a-way-of-life, with his arresting notion of the *Great Health*, the great mark of which, as he says in the preface to what is still my favourite among all his remarkable texts, the *Joyful Science*, is limitless gratitude after a long and debilitating illness, paired to the keenly felt presence of the world around him, April weather, and the triumph of high spirits.

It’s a cold sunny day early afternoon in January as I write this, the month of the two-faced god who looks at past and future, at transitions and imperceptible boundaries. Nietzsche’s Great Health is clearly not our insipid “wellness” with its active pursuit of holistic yoga-mindfulness-healthy-habits routines designed to preserve the incurable insularity of the middle-class

and to keep the ravenous stupidity of corporate ideology ticking the world over. Great Health stems out of deep illness, that is, a state of profound vulnerability, well beyond the cosy Jungian cliché of the wounded healer; it is a philosophy born out of the endgame; it carries forth the very schoolings of serious illness; it rejoices in the rare joyous spells of energy, strength, serenity, and clarity which unexpectedly open up like the sun through the clouds today, at 3.40 p.m. on a silent Friday afternoon – resisting (out of dignity, out of beneficial pride) giving in to the facile lures of consolation and melancholy conclusions about the so-called “human condition” (Hannah Arendt has a lot to answer for, alongside her existentialist aficionados!). Great health means that, for instance, in the midst of a painful heartbreak, one is able to sing on a cold sunny day a hymn of joyful aloneness and a ballad of praise for abandonment, which is after all our primordial state of being, our state of freedom/destitution, of lush decreation, our final words at the end of the human dance of dust, jawbones, and stars: *Eli, Eli, lama sabachtani*.

It is also inseparably linked to bursts of creative power – in whatever form or shape these may manifest in different people. It has to be, as the creative act is one of the most concentrated expression of power (the generative power implied in *puissance*, rather than the dominating impulse implied in *pouvoir*).

When reciting words such as “actualization” at psychotherapy trainings, they don’t tell you that, if you were to seriously pursue it, it will separate you from the shiny puddles of shared values. To become who you are is a dangerous pursuit. It should come with a health warning. If you then happen to be an artist, your blessing and talent will become a curse. You may be thinking, ah the tortured artist cliché! And how late-romantic, how old-fashioned of me, harking back to none other than Otto Rank! If only we’d paid heed to the insights of this astute analyst and writer. But then we would have had to accept that so-called “actualization” (a term I loathe, a wimpy version of Nietzsche’s will to power as will-to-become and create oneself) is not for everyone, for most of us want certainties, a cushy job, and exemption from life’s vicissitudes. And who can blame us? Most of us coming out of psychotherapy trainings actualize as replicas on the authenticity/congruence/originality assembly line, flawlessly parroting Klein, Rogers, Herr Heidegger, Gendlin, and so forth.

My own ongoing illness, becoming more complicated after my first diagnosis in the early months of 2022, continues to teach me how to stay away from the usual siren calls – versions of *hope* – as from the usual bogey-men – versions of *fear*. One chapter is dedicated to the practice of no fear, no hope – difficult, unending, one that I have seen in action from friends who are now very ill and from those who recently passed away. That I can write, scribble, compose, speak, and dance is a sign of good health to me. But let us leave Mr Bazzano: what is it to us that Mr Bazzano has got well again for the time being?

\*

I don't like presenting a systematic introduction to my books, and this one is no exception. Readers will choose whether to read it systematically or dip at random into any of the chapters, discovering perhaps themes and threads that are useful to them, even those I might have failed to spot while immersed in the writing. I explicitly advocate and encourage, after Rorty, this sort of "creative misreading", discussed in the *Everyday Uncanny* chapter. In other words, dear reader, don't worry about what I "really meant" by this or that. Notice instead what it does to you, if it affects you in any way, positively or negatively, and if you're willing to take it further, to make use of it for your own life.

Over the last four years I have given myself more fully to an art form that I practised on and off since the late 1990s, and which I consider to be a new way of writing, in Derrida's generous sense – writing with the body, in this case. I am talking about *Butoh*. Some of my performances last year in Italy and London – loosely based on Walter Benjamin's *Angel of History* – were so generously received that I felt emboldened to continue this uncertain and potent terrain. I felt greatly heartened by the positive feedback and encouragement of my Butoh teacher Marie-Gabrielle Rotie, a major international Butoh artist and performer. You will find traces and transcripts of some of these experiences in the *Wayward Angel* chapter.

What has shifted for me since the publication of my last book *Subversion and Desire* is that I am under no illusion: the areas discussed here are *reservations*: segregations or enclaves where one is permitted the cultivation of a style, the sketching of an impression of individual and collective freedom with little bearing on the workings of the neoliberal machine. Sex is one of such segregated places. Some contemporary

sexual practices are discussed in two chapters, one of which critically engages with Saketopoulou's notion of *exigent sadism* and present my own formulation of *affirmative masochism*. From BDSM to endless variations, including consensual nonmonogamy (CNM), polyamory, and so forth, these are styles encased within a private logic, rarely if ever spilling over into the sphere of *desire*, of an emancipative force able to substantially change the iniquitous structures of society. In our current historical *conjuncture* (a pertinent term coined by Stuart Hall), desire has become unintelligible, entirely superseded by pleasure. No matter how free, edgy, and innovative one might be in the bedroom, the air-conditioned dungeon, or the customized sex party, none of these libertarian stances ever translates into revolutionary, progressive, or even merely compassionate politics. On the contrary, they are aligned in the current conjuncture with the libertarianism of our "leaders", desublimating any residual wish one might have to engage in civic action.

The same applies to art, literature, and psychoanalysis/psychotherapy. These domains are reservations because they are essentially dominated by *reactive* forces. Does that entail throwing in the towel? Not in the least. It does mean, however, taking a hint from counter-traditional philosophy, that is, from an *untimely*, rigorous practice of both critique and foresight and be prepared to express uncomfortable, even unpopular ideas with the purpose of clearing the way for the advent of *active* forces – life-affirming, *adventurous* in the true sense of the term. Not the self-centred quest and escapade of neoliberal subjects for whom all experience is a terrain where to plant their little flag of identity. Instead, adventure as *ad-venire*, as being ready to respond to what is *to come*, to the unknown and the uncertain in the perpetual theatre of becoming.

Even before being an invaluable if little understood philosophical concept, *Becoming* is a way of daring to do our unscripted thing in the world with courage, compassion, and kindness, with the feeling that we may not get a second chance, with the sense that we don't have to know who we "truly" are before being active citizens of the world. It seems to be that the organism (the body, with and without organs) does this most of the time effortlessly while the Cartesian dead ringer that has taken over our life takes a long time to get that the season turned a few weeks ago. This applies to practising philosophy, doing psychotherapy, dancing, being in and out of love, making new friends, saying goodbye to what's already dead and gone, and to welcoming the new.

The body kind of knows, not because it keeps some stupid score but because a new inbreath takes up where you left off. A new moment. A new being, if you can bear it. The heart already nurtures your future. The air is full of new scents, and on a musical beach, one morning, you find it in you to forgive those who harmed you, because they didn't know, nor will they ever know the depth of the harm they caused you, caught up as they were, as they still are, in their terrible righteousness, their manicured beards, their soft Calvinist manners, all moral boxes ticked, all right noises made to please the masters, the heads of department, the heads of school, and finally their mum and dad. Meanwhile you are alive to your lips, your eyes, your hands, the voice that wants to speak, and sing, and tell stories to create bridges and affirm the autonomous current of affect that runs through all human and nonhuman bodies, the current of desire that is freedom and joy and social upheaval and revolution. Well yes, that too. There is no time to rest, or to feel sorry about yourself. The field will be soon full of flowers even if your old love has gone. The sun is already so sweet, pale blue and tender like the colour of eternity in the Florentine paintings of my memory. It will be great! There is no time to pause and think and show the world how reflective you are! Forget yourself. Forget the applause, the compliment, the "I love you" texts on WhatsApp. They won't be coming no more, sweetheart. Let your heart break. Be touched by the ten thousand things. See how everything is in motion. Where does that path go inside that Cezanne painting, you ask. Give me your hand my love, let's step in. It was a beautiful ride. It will be an even more beautiful ride ahead.

London, January 10, 2025

# Perversifications

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### Enchanted afternoon

When the train came to a stop, I phoned Dora to say I was on my way. I'll leave the door unlocked, she said. Left the station at a steady pace, Dino says, the heat in my body caressed by gusts of wind all the way from the sea to this narrow alley, this backstreet beloved of our afternoon walks together. All sounds muted by a heartbeat that felt no longer mine but set in the clouds, eternity participating in my fever. Walked by the semi-abandoned church on the hill, then headed down to her place. A glance at the sea at the end of the square. Stepped inside a hushed living room. Took my shoes off. Made my way to the special room, where I'd never been before. Dora sat motionless in full regalia, black boots, black corset. She looked at me tenderly, nervously. We didn't smile or speak. I undressed – calmly, dutifully. We went straight into sex, both of us thrilled by the novelty and, in my case, also a bit puzzled by the alienation effect caused by the setting. Brecht would have approved, I am tempted to say now with hindsight, but of hindsight the graves are full. What do you mean? I ask. Oh, it's an old proverb, he explains, it means it's easy to be wise after the event. Anyhow, I'll spare you the details, Dino says. I am self-conscious when it comes to sex. Suffice it to say that it was an enchanted afternoon. Time stopped. Nothing else mattered. We were transported into another dimension, and both knew we were closer to each other than ever.

### Interrupted love

Reality, or more likely its cheap surrogate, showed up when she spoke of Sybil, the Jungian oracle, Dino says, who gave Dora steady, half-solicited counsel, and whose verdict now avowed that by hanging out with me she precluded the chance of meeting someone who could be *really* there for her.

*Amen*, Dino says in mock veneration. All the same, he goes on, I felt that everything we experienced on that occasion was tender and true. That the depth of our love was heightened; it spoke of mutual trust, willingness to play, to suspend for a while our tangled knots.

Now I'm not so sure, Dino says. A long silence follows. What's on your mind, I ask eventually. Well, I had second thoughts. I now see that episode as a feast of bondage and abortive unity. I can now see that I was merely an extra in a play. I may be rationalizing of course, divorcing myself from what I felt. It seems to me that some other . . . drive, yearning, *fancy*, took over our love. In that theatrical scenario, I was ushered in to witness and play a marginal role in her psychodrama, a script where the main characters were Gary, her ex and her one true love whom she never truly left (a guy who beat her up regularly, who once raped her, and took her to sex parties), and her father, a classicist *manqué*. I'm thinking of that time when during a video call out of the blue she started masturbating. I wasn't sure whether to feel flattered or what. I did feel confused and distant, like it wasn't about me, I was an object, but then is it ok for a man to feel objectified?

I see what you mean, Dino, I say. You felt excluded, you didn't matter, though I am not sure about your conclusion. It sounds, if I may say so, reactive. Sounds like you had expectations that were not met, and this made it difficult perhaps to experience in a more open way what was unfolding. I am reminded of that quote by Georges Bataille, an author you may know: "I wanted experience to lead where it would, not to some end point given in advance".<sup>1</sup>

Yes, he replies, I understand that, and can't say I like where I'm going with this. How so? I ask. What was special about that particular encounter? Dino says. Was it the am dram set-up, the sex? I mean, sex with her was OK, but I had far more exciting encounters with lovers in the past, lovers who were truly generous, unlike Dora who is merely fond of saying the word *generosity*. To talk of generosity while doing diddly squat is sentimental. It's sentimental, as some people do, to wax lyrical about the munificence of the singular eucalyptus tree, burning so as to be beneficial to the species, while ignoring that this generosity is circumscribed to their own and that eucalyptus trees also dry out the soil draining all the other plants of water. Anyway, who cares, right? I'm just trying to say that the exhilarating thing between us was love. When I met her, I stopped having sex with anyone else, including my partner. This is still the case; would you believe it! I never told her this. Don't ask me why. Maybe I kind of felt that it would freak her out in some way, that she would experience it as pressure or something.

I don't really know. How ridiculous I have become! Between us, love was the thing; it permeated everything. I do wonder sometimes whether I've ever loved anybody the way I loved her. Go and say that to her friends. But I also wonder whether feeling special was for her a more tenacious need than love. I don't know. In the end, she couldn't really do love, so we did high drama instead. Sure, experimentation is great, and so is pleasure. But pleasure is not desire; it isn't about freedom; it is often re-enactment of unresolved stuff, compulsion to repeat static set-ups where the other has no say, cannot affect her, the protagonist, in any meaningful way. Sounds cruel, but to me that is a fatuous pantomime! Am I embittered? OK, maybe I am, so what? It was like, hey, I'm bored, why don't we go to a West End theatre to watch *Slave Play* like cool people do! Then I'll write a *PowerPoint* presentation listing all the cutting-edge bits for my dissertation. Never got my money back for that worthless ticket I never used. It's like, I am bored, darling! Spank me again, Dino says to no one in particular, with a smirk on his face, before I go to the polls to vote for the Tories. You sound sad, I suggest, and a bit angry too perhaps? Yeah, I *am* angry. For all her love of transparency, she had quite a secret arsenal of BDSM stuff in her closet. Transparency my foot! Forgot to tell you that once, the morning after a lovely evening spent together, she said to me over breakfast while we were having a really nice time: "You're just like Gary after all. You too are a bad guy; you hang out with me but you're with someone else". All this, as expressed, is a matter-of-fact, sweet, passive-aggressive tone. Now, I'm no saint, but I was stunned. I had my bit of fun and haven't been, you know, a paragon of virtue. Does it mean that I'm just the same as a guy who beats women up and rapes them? OK maybe I am! Need to think about that one. But no, I really don't think so. But I let it go. I had to. Mainly I'm sad, that's true. I mean, look at me. Another day is one more day away from her. The other week I allowed myself to drift. I remembered all the things I treasured about our love. Funny how sex wasn't really part of these. Moments of serenity, laughter, tenderness, the two doves by the living room window one December afternoon; our laughter carried by the wind in spring as we walked up our beloved path, past the school; the picnic on the summer grass; the autumn light flooding her kitchen; the hushed tender talk after love looking at the ceiling. What does it matter if we live or die? Dino asks the room. We have loved; that's more than enough. True, we were inept at shielding this precious love from the bad weather of our own demands and inanities, from people's judgements and envy.