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Lilith, Losing, Lavender, a love letter to love
printed by Graphius

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"Almendra Display" by Ana Sanfelippo

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production: Joke Liberge, Steven Jouwersma

published by a.pass (advanced research
and performance studies)



a.pass | advanced performance
and scenography studies

Hola*

4

0*

5

Love Stories*

One*

14

Two*

21

Three*

27

Four*

33

No*

46

Yes*

51

Five*

52

Six*

56

What*

60

When*

62

Love stores premiere*

Thirty Three*

82

Notes and interlocu-
tors*

87

Hola*,

You take a pencil and hold it from its very end. You lean its point on the paper and decide for something to draw in your surroundings. For example, the bottle of water.

You draw the bottle of water without ever lifting the pencil from the paper.

You move from the bottle's to the sofa's contours in the background, to the dirty finger stains and miniature reflections on the bottle; without ever lifting the pencil.

You finish.

It may look like the bottle of water, it may look like *it*.

Love walks with an image of life as a line in the dark. With some catholic guilt tattooed at birth, Love keeps it a secret; because the line does not continue or move into a better place, it begins and ends in the dark.

To exercise drawing is what I do.

"I have to learn technique before I break the rules!"

Over a Fabriano paper, charcoal in between fingers (and a lot inside my nostrils). My head follows my eyes on and off the human figure; usually a female model, sometimes an old drunk man with sunglasses. My eyes look at the nude, at the paper, the nude, paper, nude paper, nude. The nude becomes a surface; the paper a latent currency for the illusion of volume and mimesis. After so much of this repetitive movement, my right hand continues drawing in the gaps when my eyes are not on the paper, but travel in between or blink. I like these moments.

* In the time that you and I have known each other I have gotten to see a few things. Some things I liked some I didn't. With some of those things I am inscribing narratives.

A portrait of us in certain ways. However, I never had the wish to hang you on the wall and fix our portrait. I like the act of painting you a portrait, and with it, engross the narratives in the relationship we build on the way. I'll try to draw our story, our portrait, without silencing the subjects in the full stops.

And I wonder, is love in the eyes of who is looking?





Drawing of Lilith, is a response to "Lilith" (1892), by John Collier. The recovery of the representation by pre-raphaelite painters in the 19th century of Lilith as a femme fatale, dangerous, for which she is represented "beautiful" and naked, with the symbols of the serpent and long hair, is considered a male response with stupor and fear, to the new woman of the suffrage and emancipation movements of women of the late nineteenth century.

*When reading this book, you give consent to a polyamorous idea of reading and writing. Each text is the relationship at stake whilst reading it, having the next relationship with another text awaiting after.

I'm looking for a frame. I'm looking for a non-square frame. Something more rounded, perhaps oval. Ovals like circles but with an alteration. So in movement they are not a cycle but something with an approximation to come. Perhaps a question or an unexpected deviation; perhaps a doubt, a distraction or an invisible something. I fall in love and in chaos of unfinished writings. It's hard to tell what is artistic work and what is not, if it's all about the way of telling it.

Ovals. *Lovas*.

Unfinished writings that figure friendships on paper, that figure messages *on* surfaces, portraits of you and I in transition, pronouns *on* love stories, friendships *on* benefits, unnamed lovers *on* titles, retold narratives *on* dreams, workers as lovers & lovers as workers. Working *on* words, words *on* love spells. Finding love at work, working *on* writing and how to say, "How do you - how do you do, how do you love, how do you both, Love and Work, tell each other tools, and if you do, what tools do you two learn?"

With the oval of expressions that exceed language, when language is blissfully in trouble with many people, one typed and retyped formulation is calling my attention.

With this book I pause at the heart between you <3 I. I listen. Tell me, love, do you relate to drawing a circle with the non-dominant hand and realising it was an egg all along?

I search for feminist fonts. I find a site with typefaces designed by women¹. I choose Ovo.

This oval can be a womb, I'm thinking, a womb-frame. If I'm mixing in the recipe the *inter-personal*, *work-relational*, *infra-structural*, *supra-dimensional* - (and I don't know what) - then the oval frame of a womb can serve multiple processes (domestic, personal, professional or other) to be connected in their clues and unseen dots; similarly to the hand that continues drawing in the interstice of the blink.

1 <http://typequality.com/find/>

I am calling for an exercise in *wombing*: embodying a state of mothering, pregnating, waiting, expecting, as modes of studying; of enticing different and parallel narratives to intimate with one another, as much in their *abortion* as in their *premiering*.

wombing or to look closer at the inherent performativity in the exercises of drawing and loving. How do the relational agreements of the following formulations expose parallels in their agency?

"i" "love" "you"

"painter" on "paper" in front of "reality"?

"performer" on "stage" in front of "audience"?

IF performance work in a circular shape is like a complete choreography that finishes in the exchange of consuming it;

THEN, performance work in an oval shape is like an incomplete choreography that asks to being questioned OVER an OVER.

I do prefer the second one



I love you, as the image of an ongoing ovaloid relationship.
The energy bleeing through it, does not finish at the last
letter “u”.

If I negate love is *this* or *that*, can love resource back into
“i”? Is love a generative force of fictional, perhaps *italic*
“you’s” and “i’s”?

I do feel alone *in love* sometimes.

When you speak untranslatable and plurilingual mother
tongues, I appear stupid, monster-like, left aside.

You are part of our shared history of loving narratives,
attracted eyes.

Look at the bottle of water. Whenever you feel lost in this
reading, remember the drawing of the bottle and how it
does not look like the bottle so much.

Though it’s tilted, italic, to the side, *it is*, with its confusions,
curiosities, side notes and *what is not part*, the bottle of
water, in fact.

Love Stories

Kiss loves the risk,
kiss the risk, kiss.*

Note to reader,

At 12.40 on my new Nokia cellphone with no camera –but with Snake game– and at 10.40 in Rabat, Morocco, I let loose a tear in all its cells.

Little tear, bodied in all your cells and other matters by all of my old mad love and all of his old mad love. Enter this new moon in Taurus, provide us with warm milky ways until our blood is the colour of the supposed emoticon hearts. My new friend with the word Art in his name, coming from Finland, met me in a moment where my moon is in Taurus, he told me:

“You must set an intention”

I intend to no-mad love in all travels and directions, with the spaceship it needs as it is the biggest growing cell and uncontrollable, and all my mad ideas of friendship, *couple ship, women ship, mean ship, men ship*, and all relations in *ship*, may land in its restoration, towards its fullest delivery.

May, 2018. After a week camping in a museum. She became more than a friend, we didn't touch or kiss or make love yet but we slept on an inflatable mattress that had a hole. Every night we were an arm apart on top of the air bed, every morning we woke up squeezed in the middle. Celestina¹ object - I thought. He came to lay down on it once and said, "look at me like you look at her". I blushed, my chest jolly-hopped for him seeing my attraction to her, and I felt sorry for him. Few days later we sat on a big pillow together, he wanted physical attention, I didn't, I kissed him. He wanted to go to the artwork "Darkroom" upstairs. I said I couldn't have sex with the one straight man in the group who turns up to be the curator and whom invited me here. "I would feel as if you didn't invite me for my work".

I kept a notebook as a diary of the week.

07.05.2018

Dear Diary,

"Today I made a lot of new friends", he said after I made a joke about starting with "Dear diary". Everytime I write "diary" I'm confused if I'm writing "dairy". But apparently I know how to spell both.

Voices in the background,

"I think we are all going to have this relationship to sugar in the future"

"Injections and these drugs were common"

JS and R2 are astrologers, they got into some talks I could not

¹ The story tells of a bachelor, Calisto, who uses the old procuress and bawd Celestina to start an affair with Melibea, an unmarried girl kept in seclusion by her parents. Though the two use the rhetoric of courtly love, sex – not marriage – is their aim. When he dies in an accident, she commits suicide. The name Celestina has become synonymous with "procuress" in Spanish, especially an older woman used to further an illicit affair, and is a literary archetype of this character, the masculine counterpart being Pandarus.

