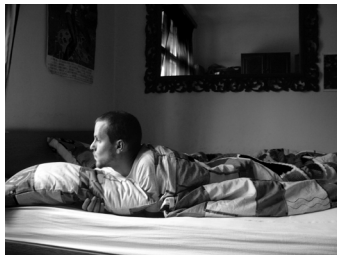


perfect lovers, (2002 – 2012).

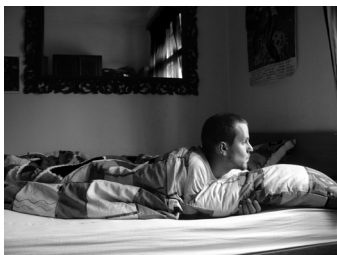
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K. was attracted to me, we both knew that, she was also scared of me in a way which made me feel



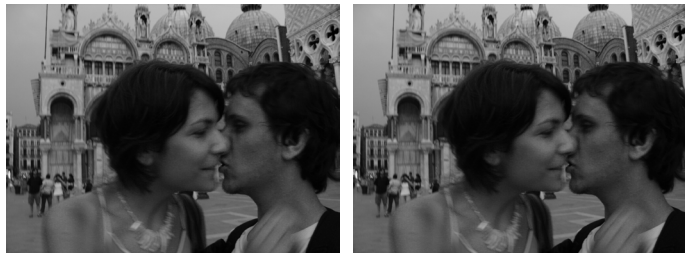
good. Talking about sex with K. and D. was a flirting and positioning game, like that night when we had sex while they were in the bed in the same room knowing that they can hear us. Before you came that night to K.'s house the three of us met. We were drinking and listening to music. K. was the first one to suddenly kiss me standing in front of a TV set and then I

remember she turned around
looking at D. who then kissed



me as well. Three of
us kissed shortly and then made
remarks about it and giggled.
From their gestures it seemed
that they had been preparing to
do this. I later lost both of them -
and even more sadly they didn't
loose only me.

There have been years since
I parted with P. without ever
declaring the end.



I received his postcard when
my doubts in our love were at

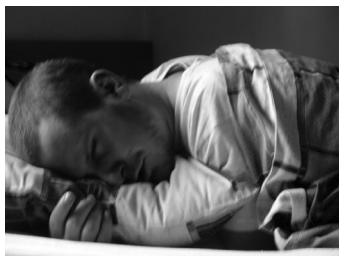
their highest.  I didn't
reply P. and I placed the postcard
among the branches of a tree
beside the American embassy.



I believe this foreshadowed my
infidelity.

G. was my dear and indecisive friend whom I have told more than I should have. I didn't think he liked girls. G. would do everything for me but I was the one who kissed him first. And we kept kissing for two months.

I thought this secret would never change me but we spent too much time together and became too close.

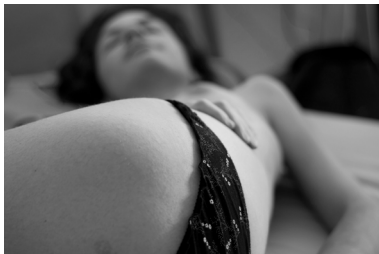


Then I returned home. And it passed a long time before we

stopped accusing each other. I was the only one who admitted being unfaithful until recently.

It was so strange to make out with someone else after so long. Both the fact that it was forbidden and the fact you and I developed our own language in sex made me so clumsy with M. She became my biggest secret after this – and not a good one to

remember.



W. liked us a lot—and we bore her to death. Later I wanted to see W. alone but she made sure we had company.

After you went to work I almost forgot S. called me to come in 30 minutes so she can give me a



present.

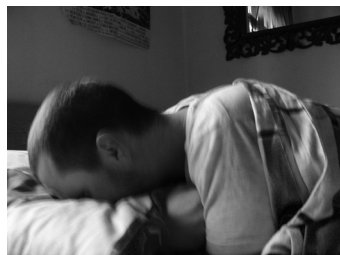
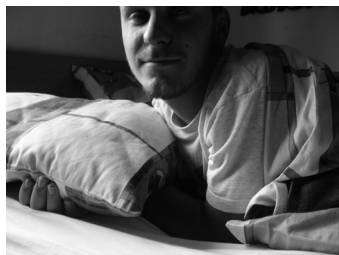
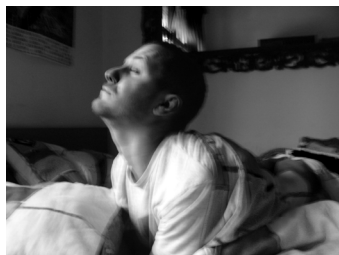
I remembered while S. spoke on the phone that when we first met she also asked for a phone



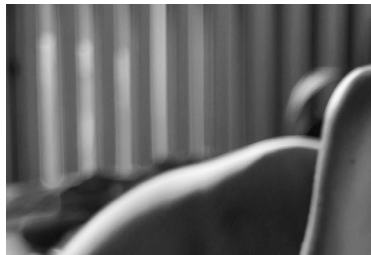
number.

When I saw S. this time she looked much better, and I came out in my pajamas looking cute to her this way I guess. She gave me these presents

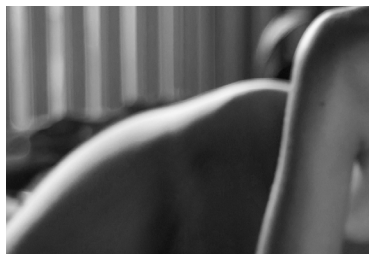
that were so obviously chosen to flirt with me, and I was stuck in this situation trying to figure out what was happening. S. is much older than me, which made this situation confusing and her especially attractive. As I realized later, the fact that I am so much younger made her want me. It's a pity I am not a student anymore since that was her fantasy, but the story she left behind although a porn storyline cliché changed so much for us.



When I first met K. I didn't think much of him and was jealous of him at the same time.

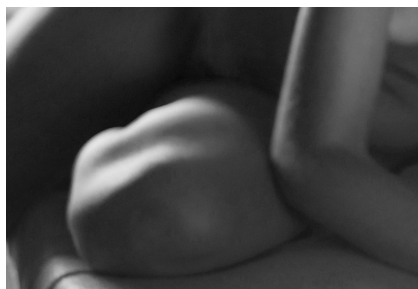


He was too beautiful, still he flirted with me. You knew I was attracted to



him, you were, too. Meeting K. later, in very different circumstances, we would talk for hours but he stayed even when there was nothing more to say. I interrupted his kisses with a

‘Brechtian’ remark: “I am allowed to sleep with you”. K.’s answer was that he chose to and we separated in the morning. (...) I met K. again. We were together for a week. He was very nervous which made me nervous too.



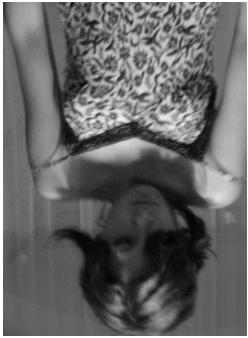
We don't write each other just send hidden signals of affection. I am K.'s big secret.

The first thing I remember of the night I was with H. was the late spring dark blue evening. We partied a lot at the time and worked a lot.

The communication between H. and me started in a weird way. I was very offended because of her uneducated western chauvinism. And I said this rather directly to her which made her sexually attracted to me—and this was obvious.

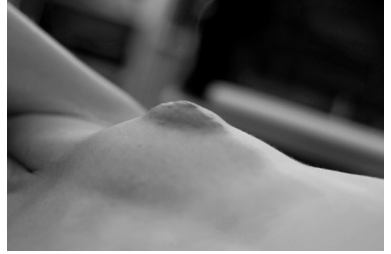
L. was watching as this was happening with amusement. The dance we had later removed obstacles and the rest was pure fun and play, through the halls

of Medika holding hands, on the floor of our studio, silly drunken art talks and such a nice kissing – until I had to leave in the morning.



The attempt to repeat it when she visited Zagreb again - was a disaster.

Did she first get me with her voice or her image? To love K. is



so slow and careful.

The attraction we have for each other is so strong and it makes me genuinely happy.

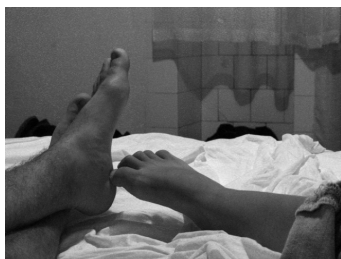


Attraction is strong but I need alcohol to further my advances. K. is also sometimes painful to us and sometimes she is our joy. You change often, what you think of her, but all three

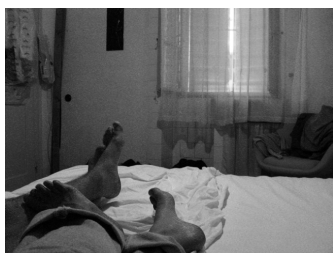
of us learn so much from this relationship.

Sometimes I wonder with excitement how much of what K. and I say to each other she keeps as secret, and we say so much to one another. I enjoy the little step-by-step advancements we make in our letters and talks ... and physical signs of affection we allow to each other. If K. was only free to do what she wants.

I love and hate the word and gesture games N. and I play on each other, yet I love to talk to her. I wouldn't know the attraction is mutual if you haven't said this to me. And possibly nothing would



ever happen. Before we all kissed that night, we also challenged each other to kiss while you were in another room, not knowing for sure what your

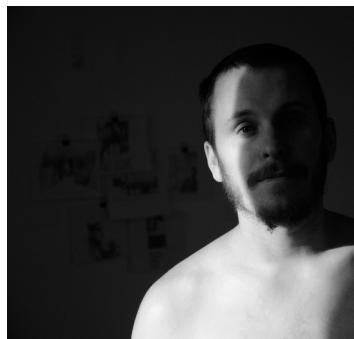


reaction would be.

Now I think of N. as, in the same time, the most open and relaxed sexually and the most complicated. We were so happy after that evening, weren't we?

F. was doing me a favor without knowing she was also your gift to me.

I. reminded me of high school even though he is older than me and he liked me even though I was not as young as his many lovers. I kissed I. and persuaded him to keep kissing me back, convincing him that you will not mind. We kept talking about relationships and bragging with affairs. Our kissing was short and



the conversation easy.

I hoped it would happen again, I. agreed but nevertheless made me ask one too many times.

Before that night we never exchanged more than a few words. He happened to be there when I was restoring my self-esteem. We drank, talked about nothing and wouldn't separate. Warned about me he left just to come back again. He wanted me and didn't want me but we went to his place. There I found out his name. V. slept with me and didn't let me leave.



He said I asked for the biting which I can't recall. When we

started to write this I was in love,
than in pain (...)

iva kovač & elvis krstulović,
a.k.a. focus group

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