

# i'm freezing

Christiane Hamacher

“I’m interested in overcoming fear: to hide from it, run away, then turn and face it, exorcise it, to be ashamed because of it and finally, to be afraid of fear. That’s the subject.”

Louise Bourgeois

My mother always tells the same story about the birth of my brother and how everyone was so happy about it. Taking powerful strides. Working. Today no problem anymore.

We’re equals now. And at the same time, we’re not.

My hand runs gently over the surface of a painting. Hesitates. As if it was someone else’s body. The mystery of the presence of the other. Of the other’s physicality.

Feel, explore. Perfect proximity and yet so distant.

To touch and be touched.

Can I believe my eyes. I feel. Probe the surface. Run my hands over it. Hesitantly. Searchingly. Cautiously.

Gently. I want to become one with the thing I touch and yet it remains as it is. It changes only through the caresses of my touch. A picture.

Surprise me. Take me. Pull me into your world full of intensity. Let me shatter like the chains I have cast away. My reality mixes with yours. To feel. To feel the edges of reality. What is mine? Yours?

Being a woman. In our world. I can choose what and how I want to be. Friction. Dominate. Subjugate myself.

Play. Be. And the knowledge that I can.

Love when it finds you. Tender. Everything is new. Dream. Ecstasy. Sorrow. Living the whole of human being in a few scant seconds. And then to feel again. Feeling on the edges of reality. No chance of capturing

that. As soon as you grab hold of it it's gone. Hold me.  
You are the only one who has the whole picture. Because  
you are the picture. Complete as you are. Unchangeable.  
In my perception you are brought to life. It is a matter of  
seconds. Of years. I have no idea. Everything falls apart.

Feeling.

A scent. Of your closeness. Your presence. I am so  
close to you. I don't want to miss a single moment.

Impress your scent upon me. Then you're gone. But

I remember the scent of things.

My fingers vibrate on the surface of the glass. They find a  
grip. Then again no. Sounds. Noises. Soft, still, vibrating  
gently in the air. Skin on glass. Our impotence imprisons us.

Who will escape – you or me.

Christiane Hamacher, nude f/m 2012