

HERE IN THE CITY I AM LEARNING A BRAZILIAN DANCE CALLED THE MACULELE

TWO DANCERS JUMP FORWARD AND BACK,



SPIN ON THE BALLS OF THEIR FEET, KICK THE AIR,



AND THRUST AND STAB AT ONE ANOTHER IN WILD, SEEMINGLY UNCHOREOGRAPHED ATTACKS.



WITH MACHETES.



MY LOVER ALSO DANCES
THE MACULELE.

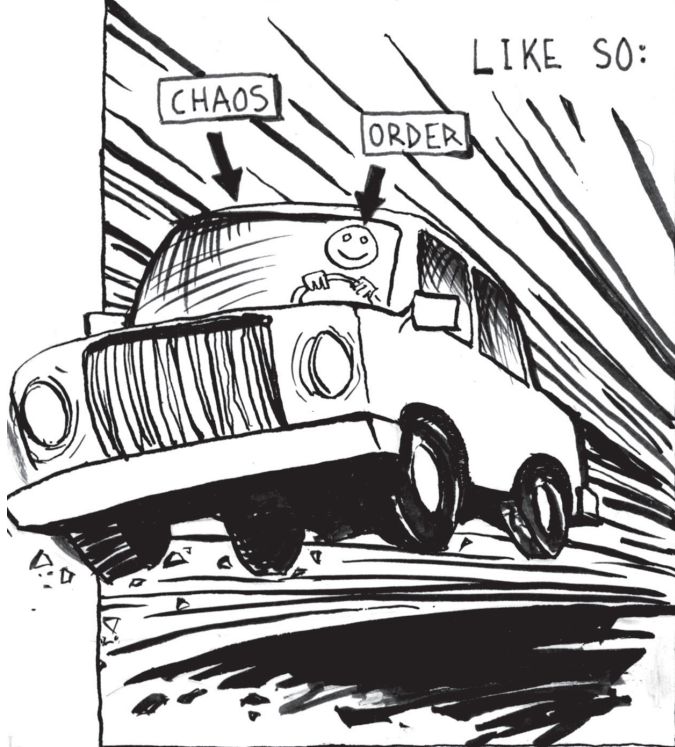


THIS IS HOW WE BECAME
LOVERS IN THE FIRST PLACE.



I LOVE THE MACULELE BECAUSE IT IS A JOYFUL
DANCE WITH A RIGID BUT INVISIBLE STRUCTURE

IT IS CHAOS STEERED
BY ORDER

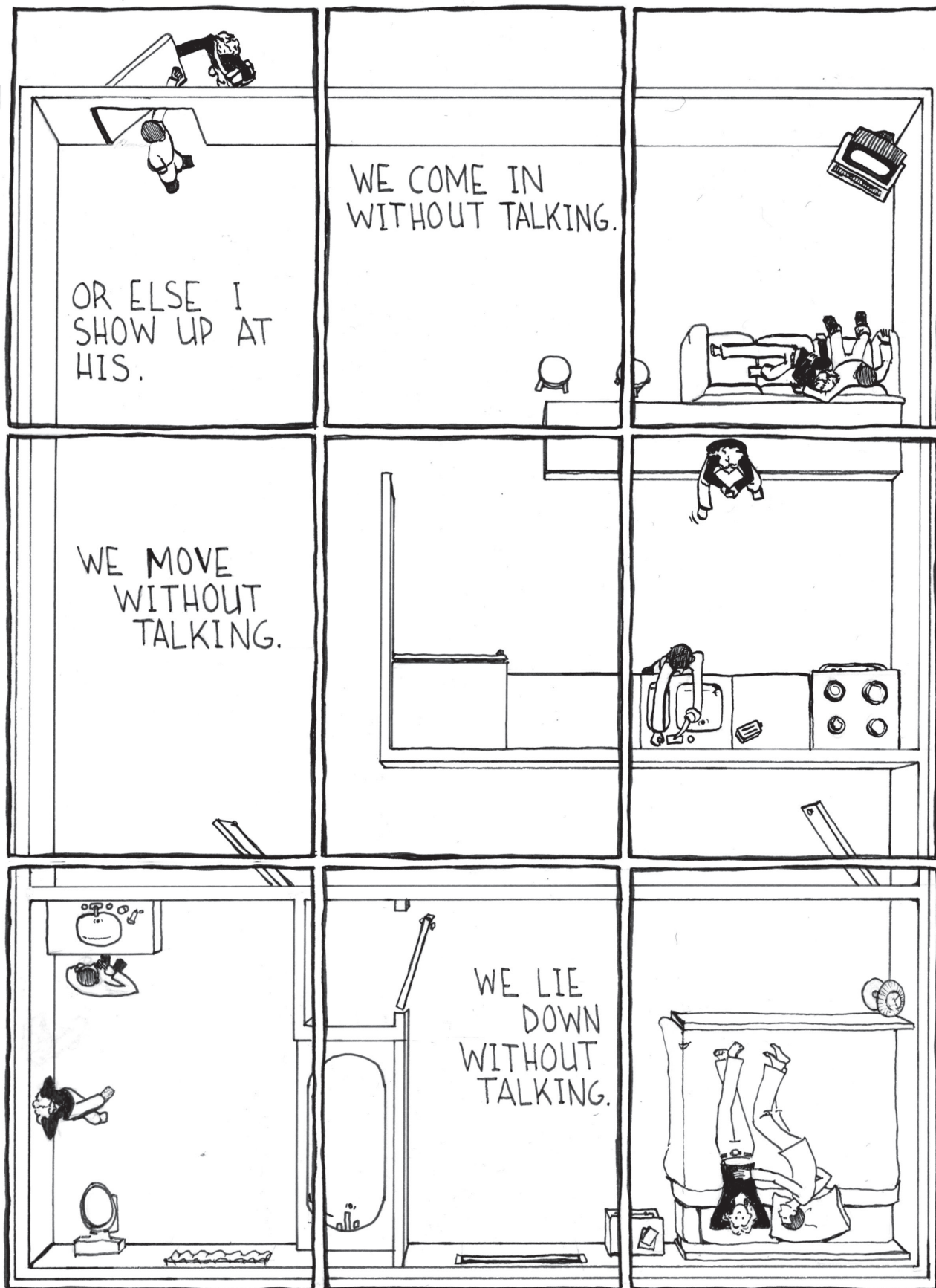


THE TWO OF US DANCE,
BUT WE DO NOT TALK...



AND WE DO NOT
HOLD HANDS.

INSTEAD OF CALLING ON THE PHONE, MY LOVER
TENDS TO SHOW UP AT MY DOOR.



THERE ARE RULES TO THIS PROCESS, BUT NOT REALLY.

LAST NIGHT I DIDN'T KNOCK BECAUSE MY LOVER
HEARD MY FOOTSTEPS ON THE WOODEN STAIRCASE.



THE
STAIRCASE
IN
THAT
APARTMENT
IS
LONG,

TWENTY-SEVEN
STEPS,
FOLLOWED
BY
A
LONG
HALLWAY.

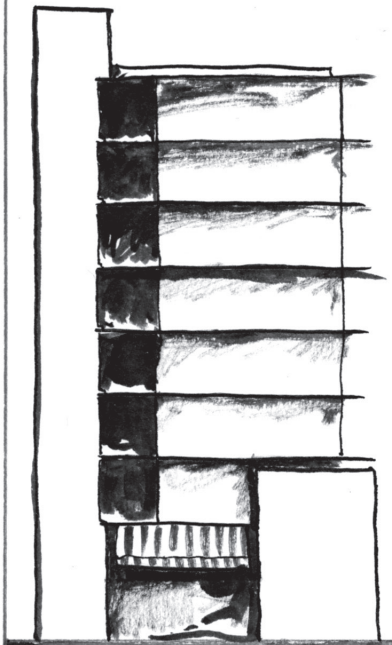
WHEN
HIS
DOOR
OPENED
I
REALIZED
HE
HAD

BEEN
WAITING
ALL
THAT
TIME.

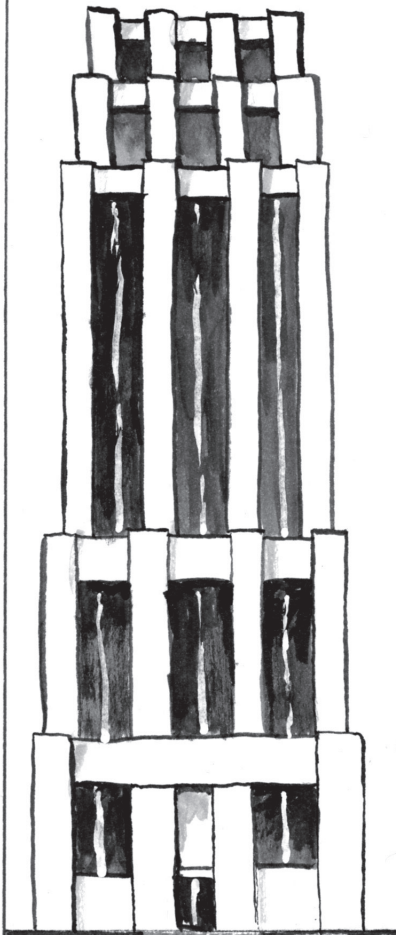
TWENTY-SEVEN STEPS, FIVE DOORS DOWN,
AND HIM ON THE OTHER SIDE, LISTENING.

THAT'S WHY WE WORK WELL AS
LOVERS—WE UNDERSTAND NOTHING
ABOUT EACH OTHER. BUT WE
KNOW WHEN TO MOVE AND
WHEN TO BE STILL.

DURING THE DAY I
WORK IN AN OFFICE



MY FRIENDS WORK
IN OFFICES TOO



MY LOVER ALSO
WORKS IN AN OFFICE



AT NIGHT WE GO TO SCHOOL AND DANCE



WE DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN TO EACH OTHER WHY WE'RE
HERE OR WHAT LOVE ISN'T. WE BOTH CAME TO THE
CITY BY CHOICE AND ALLOWED IT TO DO ITS WORK ON US.