



A Little Too Quick on the Summer Lovin'

After seven months of celibacy, I was looking for more than sex as I moved to Provincetown for a summer gig.

March 6, 2024 By [JMV](#)

Lounge music and curated lighting fill the room as I type on the bar with the sound of 42nd Street traffic honks outside of Red Eye, a queer safe space in midtown Manhattan. I just had a meeting for an upcoming show I'm planning and feeling super grateful that I am able to pursue activities I've always dreamed of doing. I've had to write and heal and overcome things in order to get out of my own way. I believe that finally writing my last post has helped a lot. It cleared so much blocked-up energy and allowed a creative flow to return, and now I'm able to write the way I like to again.

The last post was very heavy and it had to be told to describe why I was so rigid in my thoughts and perspective on lifestyle choices, even the ways I would end up pursuing relationships and need to have controlled environments. Trauma will get the best of you everytime when there's not a way to heal. I didn't have that in the early bits of Summer 2018 where we will pick back up.

I had just arrived in Provincetown for the second summer I would be spending there. We jumped into rehearsals to put this show up and open later that week. I really loved this show. It was a way of me being able to open up and feel so free being naked on stage, a very tiny stage, but we got to perform in front of new audiences every night. Just not on Mondays, which we had off.

I did all the usual things upon arrival: unpack my luggage, workout at the gym, get my favorite coffee in town, go for a bike ride, and go grocery shopping. I was minding my own business picking out some of my necessities, some splurge items, and of course the glutenous options. I saw two people walking around together, one who looked very familiar and the other I had no idea who the heck he was. I did know he would not stop staring and was practically stalking me. I looked at him, but didn't really give him the time of day while there. I wasn't looking for sex after seven months of celibacy and his energy didn't have "date" written on any of it.

Later on when I was at home, I had a message on Grindr waiting for me, and it was from him. The digital age that allows us to message instead of speaking up in person. He agreed to go on a date after some chatting so we decided to meet at Bubala's, a restaurant in the center of Ptown on Commercial Street with a huge outdoor patio. I don't remember exactly what I wore, but I do

remember his bleach blond hair mixed with a leather jacket. I kind of thought it was a little much for where we were, but I wasn't going to judge him too hard for wanting to appear as a rocker.

Throughout our lunch date we spoke about the things we want in relationships, including the boundaries and styles we preferred. I was very clear about what I wanted in that moment. I am always open to ideas of open relationships or polyamory, but after something is built. It was interesting convincing someone to be committed when we should have just never dated, but instead we dove quickly into a monogamous relationship and in many ways it felt too quick for me—still I figured this was a chance for something very special.

We ended up spending every single night together and waking up together. Throughout the day we would sometimes hang out, but quite often we'd go about doing our own thing until later in the evening. This was quite the summer romance, he was more than obsessed with my butt and he wanted it all of the time, so I obliged. Things felt like they could actually be on an upward trajectory.

We were both in Provincetown doing separate competing shows. Our producers were quite resentful toward each other, but as casts we really enjoyed bonding and getting to know each other. We'd go for beach days and so on together. Our producer loved it, but the other was somewhat angry knowing we were all becoming close friends. It seemed a little like the Capulet versus Montague drama in *Romeo & Juliet*, which at times was comical and other times just unnecessary drama.

We just wanted to live and have fun. When the owner of the club for his show said I couldn't stay overnight anymore, I was fine with it, but my boyfriend put up an argument and it became too much followed by him leaving the show. It created a riff, and we didn't know what would happen next—but we did know we wanted to continue to try and make our relationship work. Only time would tell.