

Dear John,



Dear John,

I met Steve 16 months ago when visiting my sister in San Francisco. Steve was a friend of my sister and her husband and one night they invited him to dinner at their house, sort of as a blind date. Those things usually don't work out for me, but Steve and I hit it off right away.

Steve was a confirmed bachelor, but for the rest of my stay in San Francisco we were inseparable. We took long walks on the beach and learned everything we could about each other. It was incredible how effortlessly we clicked. We made love on the last night of my visit and I felt I had found my soul mate.

Leaving California was agony, but over the next year I visited Steve three times and he visited me in New York three times. Each time was magical, with as much lovemaking packed into our short visits as possible. We were entirely in love and insatiable with each other.

I had a good job in New York, but we couldn't be without each other. Steve asked me to move to San Francisco and he helped me get a job. Although the job wasn't as good as the one I'd had, it didn't matter because Steve and I were finally together full time. I moved into his apartment and it wasn't long before we were talking wedding venues and baby names.

Now, four months later, everything has changed. Within two months of my moving in, Steve had nothing left to say during our walks on the beach. We fought about petty things, and even our lovemaking became less intense and less frequent. Last week he told me he no longer loved me and wanted me to move out.

I'm writing this from my sister and brother-in-law's house, where I'm now living temporarily. I can't tell you how crushed I am. I had abandoned everything for this guy and now he's dumped me. I've even found out he's already dating again. The crazy thing is we were perfect for each other! It just doesn't add up, because we had always been so good

Signed,

Long Distance Runaround

Dear Long Distance Runaround

Your story is a sad one, but not atypical. How many of us have been swept away by the exhilarating feeling of new "love", only to realize a week or month into it that it wasn't love at all? One day we think we've found our perfect mate, the next we want to bury the experience as quickly as we'd plowed into it.

It's easy to confuse infatuation for love, especially when the sex is good. But the intensity of sex lessens over time for even the most physically connected couples, so we need to rely on more. You and Steve did great during your bi-monthly soirees, but who wouldn't? You'd anticipate the awesome sex you'd have, screw like rabbits for days, then excitedly plan your next fuckfest. The problem is you never actually had a real relationship to fall back on. And because your short visits were spread out over time, the physical intensity never abated. Your sex drives were forever red-lining, making it easy to fool yourselves. Simply put, you enjoyed the perks and squirts of a good relationship without having to deal with the daily responsibilities of it, and it caught up with you.

Love isn't all goo-goo eyes and gooey sheets. In reality, it's hard work. When you moved to San Francisco there was no more mystery and no more anticipation. And for Steve--confirmed bachelor that he is--there was no place to escape. My bet is ol' Steve began to feel smothered. Good sex is The Balls, but it's no match for the cornered feeling a confirmed bachelor experiences when he starts hearing baby names.

Have you ever heard the adage, "For every beautiful girl, there's a guy sick of screwing her"? That's what guys think who aren't mature enough to deal with the deep complexities of love. Instead of weathering the storms of true relationships, their happiness hinges on the shallow promise of variety. The fact that Steve is dating so soon after your break up makes me wonder if he's this type of guy.

It seems you gave Steve too much too soon. You abandoned your job, your city, and your independence before giving the relationship a true chance to develop. At the very least you should have rented your own apartment in San Francisco. Instead, you clung to the dreamy notion of "soul mates", and lost yourself in an unrealistic fairy tale. Next time, skip the goo-goo eyes and rose colored glasses and focus on what's real. No doubt it's hard to see clearly through a sexual fog, but that's precisely when you need the sharpest eye.

Thanks for playing,

John