

from VICE \*

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You're just so I don't know all over the place he was saying to me in his fin position which he deliberately held until I noticed him holding it with the breaking eggs in my hand and trying to get them into a jar before I had to give up. I mean this is life and you have such a strange approach, he said. I told him I didn't notice. That's the point, he said. He was squishing dimes between thumb and index finger of his left hand because he needed to make use of his hand.

The mountains were larger and darker than any I had ever imagined and no one was surprised but me. When I mentioned my surprise, I felt that I was shrinking in their eyes. It was a little like confessing I'd never had a sex fantasy and in the meantime we were still approaching the very black pass

Small velvety hands I could eat out of if I could get close to them before the critical moment and the dime bends like a bottle top, the useful making the useful useless, I say not expecting anything in response except the next subject possibly too large of approach. Another species would be easier to seduce I am about to say before he takes me in, shelter from the storm and all those kind of dance steps. What a show-off I say and don't can't take that back because

we were about to ascend in a car no warmer and probably not much more efficient than an ox-cart. I looked around to see who was wearing gloves and counted three men and two women but forgot the gloves because I started thinking about what each of us might have for a career and when I got to my own career I thought about who I could like to seduce and how would my career fit with that person's so for instance the professional dancers might prefer a business executive to a policewoman but a zoologist would be even better and so I thought if I prefer the dancer I will become a zoologist but dancers are so physical they're not sexual, not physically vulnerable and usually emotionally immature I was thinking because at that moment I was on the verge of becoming an underground cartoonist and who ever heard of drawing something perfectly beautiful in that case so I thought I would work on the ex-trucker now engineer not as a waitress or a school teacher but as a lighthouse keeper but he was driving

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It's humiliating to say, "oh, that that's just from my subconscious. I bet you make mistakes like that too, only probably not as often. And then he says, yes but I usually turn it into a joke or at least use it as some kind of flirtation. But one doesn't always have to be on time I say, handing him more dimes as if courting boredom is better than going home defeated. I'll just sit here and figure out what he's going to do next with those delicious hands and then after I can't stand to look at them any longer I'll leave my card with the embossed interlocked couple beneath a tilted world with no address or phone number just an idea

so it's going to be nothing. I mean I'm going to be nothing because that's more interesting than anything and if I decide to go after the historian next to the window looking out the window I will pretend to be a clothes designer pretending he's a manufacturer of clothes and he won't be able to tell if I'm serious or not if I really think he's someone who only looks like someone else until he either shrugs me off and stays an historian or gives in and becomes nothing too, and the trick then will be not to tell him not to be honest and sentimental but continue to change colors names motifs just to see what happens when the car gets to where it is we're going. In this dark eye of the storm we can be optimistic, we can be good, because we can only see each other, though there seems to be fewer of us than I thought I had noted but that's because of these fantastic leaves brushing against the windows with drops the size of thumb nails running down them glistening secretly in the black mess we are inching our way through with some purpose I'd be willing to take back

If you just apply some pressure and concentrate you can do anything you want, it's so obvious, he says. And I look at him hungrily, you mean I'll succeed, I say. And he says yes but you're artless and have you ever heard of artless pressure or concentration. Of course not, I say. For just a minute I had actually not noticed what he looked like. Suddenly I had the very peculiar sensation that I was going back to a time when I didn't know anything when people were opaque and their physical presences overbearing as a consequence and I was looking at him while a splashy invitation to leave overtly looped his torso. My audacity was blotched by overuse. The *objet d'art* and the artist are the same thing is what I thought but didn't say a thing except come with me to a dance which ended up being a front for a female cult in the center of a modern day labyrinth housed in a postmodern office building, the outer area of which was an enormous ball room. So we were to take our position as foils for