

vision: assignment #2

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references:

So I go to Half-Priced Books and head straight to the front counter and ask, “Where’s the new agey bullshit metafuckingphysical crap section?” Employee #1 isn’t even sure, although he knows what I’m talking about and giggles with some agreement. I get passed on to Employee #2 who directs me to the section plagued by dusty patchouli odors, women with skirts too long and men wearing sandals with dirty feet, a big pet peeve of mine. I sat on a stool going through the books, more interested in the ones that purport to really tell me something about myself (yes, I do have abundant hair!!), and all the while hoping that I wouldn’t see anyone who might recognize me.

Astrology: Woman to Woman by Gloria Star

- Water Predominant – A feeling kind of woman, ranging from psychic to moody and definitely impressionable. Has artistic endeavors, good creative expression and a deep sense of passion. An insightful nature with compassion for others.
 - Air/Water Strongest – Sensitive with a fertile imagination. Need relationships that give plenty of freedom.
- Book does not tell me how to actually make my chart (although I can order one from Gloria) so I quickly tire of it.

When Will You Marry? Your Romantic Destiny Through Astrology by Rose Murray

- I am compatible with earth signs: Taurus, Virgo and Capricorn
 - My romance sign (the 5th house) is Scorpio
 - My partner sign (the 7th house) in Capricorn
 - My harmonious Venus period (the time for lovin’) in 2001 is in August
- I do not have a harmonious Mars period (the time for passion) in 2001 – this upsets me and the book returns to the shelf.

Numerology with Tantra, Ayurveda and Astrology by Harish Johari

- My psychic number is 6, Venus, which is romantic, slow, sensual, sweet spoken, diplomatic, and manipulative.
 - My destiny number is 7, Ketu, which is mystical, dreamlike, and intuitive. The destiny number is more important after the age of 35.
- This bores me quickly and it goes back on the shelf.

How to Choose Vocations From the Hand by William Bendham

- Venusian Mount Type: Medium height, soft pink skin, round or oval face with no high cheekbones, well-rounded cheeks, high forehead, abundant hair, eyebrows well-marked, and a voice that is full, musical and attractive.
 - Characteristics: love, sympathy, music, grace, passion
 - Marriage is the natural state, there are no diseases particular to this type, and they do not take life seriously.
- This pretty much tells me I should be a 50’s housewife, and so irritation speeds its return it to the shelf.

The Day You Were Born: A Journey to Wholeness Through Astrology and Numerology by Linda Joyce

- I’m a 6, Venus, ruler of Taurus and Libra.
- If EGO leads 6’s can become self-absorbed, seductive and manipulative.
- If SPIRIT leads the problem is usually unconditional love or addiction. Separation is also an issue with a severe fear of abandonment of love.
- 6’s have a special destiny; they are headed for a fall, a change of perspective where they must let go of a strong attachment.
- 6 rules desire.
- Natural psychologists, 6’s know what makes others tick.
- “Unique inventive minds,...their challenge is to know who they really are so that the mask they are creating for protection does not become their whole truth.”

the psychic:

5003 Burnet Road, wanted \$40 for palms and \$40 for cards. I only did the palms and talked her down to \$30.

- I will have a very long life
- She sees one marriage and three children, but not necessarily in that order
- I am being pulled in a lot of different directions these days. I have to work through the confusion and go back to what I was originally doing, originally loved and there I will find great success and happiness.
- There was a recent relationship that ended, but not really. There's a lot of physical distance, he's in another state. That one was it, the one that was meant to be. She sees a meeting somehow between us in the next 4-6 weeks.
- She also sees another relationship starting in the next couple of months. There is mutual interest but it will be brief, and only lead me back to Mr. Distance.
- There is a big move in the next 6 months or so, maybe a job change that takes me out of state.
- In the next few months there will be a short trip, more for business than pleasure. Before next year there will be a longer trip.

narrative:

I'm afraid to use the air conditioning in my car. I always think it will overheat, although that's never happened before. I often have irrational fears about my cars, mostly because I fear the huge pain in the ass involved in getting a new one. So I was driving at around 2:30 in the afternoon on Tuesday and it was hot and there was construction going on all over the road kicking up dust everywhere so it felt mighty dry even though I was pouring with sweat. There's hardly any greenery on the street so maybe that's why I thought it was so dry; pavement always looks parched to me. The parking lot next door to the house was all gravel and it bled into the front "lawn" of the house. It looked more like a body shop, and in fact I think the back of the house was some sort of brake service place. Two mismatched old chairs sat on the porch next to a giant chipped Buddha and an ashtray. The front door was a sliding patio door, which I found odd. It was locked so I rang the bell. A little boy ran to the door and tried to open it with no success, a woman who was probably younger than she looked finally undid the inside latch and let me in.

There were hardly any walls in the house; it was sort of a ranch bungalow done loft-style. The back wall was the kitchen, plus a few feet of tile. The rest of the gigantic room was almost empty. Two big turquoise sofas imitating a deco look, but given away by their 80's fabric, several Capodimonte lamps, more Buddhas and some elephants and the largest big-screen TV I think I've ever seen. There were some Nintendo (or maybe Sega—I wouldn't know the difference) accessories on the floor in front of it. Although there was nothing in the twenty feet between that TV and the wall that faced it, the three children in the house were sitting just inches away from it. From this vast expanse, she led me to a tiny room that I couldn't turn around in while wearing my backpack. The décor in here was something like ghetto-religious-icon-detritus kitsch, if it must be named that is. The Virgin Mary was embraced by Ganesh, who wears a rosary that rubs up against Buddha's belly, etc. There were dusty fake flowers and that smell of dead palm fronds, incense, and holy water. She wanted \$40 just to read my palms and I told her I only had \$30 so I'd have to go elsewhere. She took the \$30, and I still think I was robbed.

The first thing the psychic said was that I'd have a very long life, which I found disappointing. I had always counted on dying young, while my skin was still good and before I had to think about incontinence or coloring my hair. Her next major topic was my last love, which she didn't see as quite over even though I insisted it was. Jason drove with me, and all my stuff in a 15' truck, from Chicago to Austin. I knew it was definitely over when I didn't even care to fight with him on the way down. He stayed a few days. I kicked him out most of those days by saying that I needed to be alone to unpack and get my shit together. At the end, I took him to the airport so he could fly back to Ann Arbor. He was at the gate about to get on his flight and I was tired and didn't really care, so I said, "Thanks for your help," and shook his hand goodbye. He didn't look too surprised. My friends have told me that was pretty cold. I didn't think it was so bad, not as bad as saying nothing and walking away. We haven't talked much since then, especially since I told him he had the personality of dryer lint and bored me more than Christian talk radio. He should be moving to San Francisco this summer, but I don't know when, or if he's there already. I think all of it satisfies the requirements of overness. Anyway the psychic told me my last love was it, The One and Only, even though there is a great deal of physical distance between us now it is still meant to be and there will be some major contact between us in the next few weeks. Since I don't even know what part of the country he's in that's highly unlikely, and I think she's dead wrong about any sort of reunion. By the last couple of months I couldn't even talk to him, which saddened me somewhat since we were friends for quite a few years before hooking up. I blame it on Africa and my short attention span. He graduated the year before me and joined the Peace Corps, two and a half years in Ghana with no phone. Letters, always letters, wanky, cheesy, dopey, depressing letters. Soon enough Jason was little more to me than airmail, tissue paper and red and blue diagonal striped borders. I started calling him Par Avion, the Imaginary Boyfriend. He called me once when he was in Accra for a week. There was some sort of feedback on the phone so I would hear myself talking with a two second delay. I was hurrying to finish sentences before my voice caught up with me and he was crackly and sounded beaten. I could always write him, but I don't think I can ever talk to him again. He might ask for his stuff back.