

Story for performance #313  
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Source: Hamish McDonald, 'Iranian confrontation fuelled by memories of humiliation', *Sydney Morning Herald online*, 29/04/06.

Tags: [intimacy](#)

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Indestructible—I lie on the ground like platinum. I don't exist except for my eyes. My eyes are wide open in the darkness—and the darkness comprehend it not. The darkness stares back at me from the landing. Empty. Empty of you.

I know that you kissed that girl. I saw it with my wide open eyes. Kissingly with open wide girls.

And I saw it in my mind before it happened. I'd played the scene every time I got out of my car, and turned the corner into your bar. I'd played the scene every time I got out of my car, and turned the corner and turned the corner, and walked into the bar. And there—finally—there you were.

And what a relief it was.

At last I could get rid of those passionate words. Words that I'd rehearsed as I'd got out of my car, and turned the corner, and walked into the bar.

There you were—kissing for that whole minute. Everything was focused on that kiss, for that whole minute. Everything was focused and the world turned on.

Nobody noticed me standing in the corner. Insignificant in my new clothes (I'd bought them for a party that I knew would be abandoned.) Bar occupants talked as if it were normal. As if they were your friends. Because they were.

And you didn't get out of your car, and turn the corner and walk into my bar. You didn't notice me in my ready-to-wear smile.

And I walked slowly to where you were standing. And I bought a drink—the first whisky. And I threw it down my throat. And I ordered another and the world turned on.

After three you said I should stop. After four all the words that had got out of the car, and turned the corner, and walked into the bar, had walked on. Leaving me. Because I wasn't jealous. Because I didn't want you any more.

I said not a thing. Not one word escaped as I looked at you with my wide eyes burning, my whole world turning. My ready-to-wear smile shining. And we left the bar, and turned the corner, and got into my car. And you denied that it had ever happened.

And now I lie, indestructible in the darkness staring into a mirror as it stares back at me. There is no luxury in this waiting. I am finished with the waiting and so I get out of my car, and turn the car, and walk into the bar. And I ask Why? Why did you lie to me? Why didn't I walk out of the doorway, around my corner and into my car? Why did I stay? Because I cared? Because I didn't understand? Because I was me. Because now you have told me that it was all true. That you widely kissingly opened that girl. That you did lie. That you don't know why.

And now I get out of my car and turn the corner and turn the corner and walk into the bar. And I watch you for a second. I watch you for one whole second. Because I know why you are kissing that girl in that bar. I know that I can have you if I want to. I know that she is as insignificant as my clothes. And very deliberately I turn around and quietly oh so quietly in a world that turns I turn. I'm gone.

Far away, as far away as you can push. Because I am in my car, far from the corner. Far from the bar. And the world turns on, and turns on, and I've turned and I've gone.

*Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a story by Zina Kaye.*