

A Love Story

He, a nameless man in a nameless time, sees Her for the first time in person. "She is too beautiful," he thinks to himself.

This was a blind date. The two had mutual friends, a couple, who decided not only was a relationship was of eminent importance, but also that these two, each lacking such, should immediately begin dating each other. It was all highly logical to them, and they set the date up in secret. They broke the news to both about the plan, separately. Adam spoke with one half of the couple:

"Listen, thank you. That was awfully kind," he said. "But I feel really weird, you know? I don't know her at all, this Eve, that's her name? No." *I'm not prepared*, he thought.

"But we went through all of this trouble, and she is really excited to meet you. We told her all about you," one half of the couple said.

All Else

In the beginning there was nothing, and then this image popped into my head. A boy, a girl. Man and woman. And he sees her and says that she is too beautiful, but what he means is that he is not good enough. This is a blind date, so he doesn't know her at all. I should probably mention that in the story.

The male lover chases an unattainable female: Orpheus goes to hell but doesn't get to get Eurydice. Apollo chases Daphne. But they were all of them projections of these men. They invented the women in their minds, and then chased them, trying to possess them. Women are the subjected class, but I don't write them. What that says about my psyche. Anyway, the mythic figure of subjected women and projected fantasies is Adam and Eve. Eve is born from Adam's rib, so all of her characterizations are merely projections by Adam of the things he doesn't want to admit. His shadow, and the Other.

“What did you say? No I don’t care.” *What could he have said about me?*

The half of the couple gave a half-smile.

“You might as well try. If she doesn’t like you, then oh well. It’s not on you.”

“That’s true.” *Was it? This half had a lover.*

They didn’t need to impress or anything.

They didn’t need to go through the whole ugly human mating ritual. Date, be funny, be yourself, you’re funny. What does that even mean? Be yourself. Fuck.

“So where did you set this date up?” Adam asked.

“Over at the Ceres Club.”

“The gin joint?”

“Of course they sell gin, Adam. It’s a bar.

They generally do that.”

“Oh, of course.”

“We set the date for Friday at 8, which I’m sure you can make.”

This is so banal, and not even like the Hemingway story.

What is the gender of this friend? I don’t care, we don’t need to know. Are they gay, lesbian? I don’t really care. They just did a thing. Co-dependence is a cross-sexual experience.

Indeed. But why the cursing? I’m a little worried that Adam’s problems are starting to sound childish. I don’t want him to be a teenager. I was thinking a sort of vague twenties. Oh this could take place in the 1920s.

Who would name a club that? We don’t go to clubs to procreate. That’s the worst thing that could happen.

Why am I making this take place in the 1920s? I’m 21 in 2014. I don’t know anyone who was alive then. I’m a modernist at heart, I guess. Why not make this my era?

I don’t like to write this era, I think, because I don’t know how to write about cell phones.

It felt like my mother was setting up a play date for me. It felt like they pitied me for my incompetence. I couldn't get a girl, so they'd do it for me.

So it was set. Adam was to meet Eve at the Ceres Club at 8 this upcoming Friday. Adam could not find Eve through Facebook, and Adam did a decent job of telling himself that there were probably very valid reasons for this, and that he should not worry. In fact, he understood many of the reasons why, and sympathized with them.

Adam often loathed how quickly his life had passed. He was in and out of college in what felt like a month. In waiting for this date every second was monumental and, as it was out of trepidation, of operatic pain.

In waiting for this day Adam invented Eve over and over, a dozen scenarios, a few favorites. Maybe she'd want to come home with him. He saw her at the bar. She saw him, and smiled. Eve said "Hello."

I'd feel like my mom was setting up a play date. I'd feel like they pitied me and thought I couldn't do it on my own.

No! I've got to keep myself out of this story. This isn't about me. Not entirely. But I couldn't write it if I didn't feel it in some way, right?

This hasn't been about any of those things I wanted to write about. No projection, no chase. I only had three pages and I ran out of space. I guess I can throw in a few lines, but it has to end with him saying hello to her. Or her saying hello to him.

This is a nice description here, I think. But it doesn't make up for all the things I didn't do. I just wrote a story about some guy. And what I say it was about, what I say I wanted it to be about doesn't mean anything. Once I write it, it isn't mine anymore. Maybe that is what happened to God with Genesis. "Adam and Eve" wasn't a cautionary tale. God just wanted to write a love story.