

## *Reminiscences*

♪♪♪.Antecedent to this writing, the author had been searching for the Peanuts Gallery card that had found a place, and had lingered, in his memory; it seems, a vague, but treasured, memory. 'Stillborn' seems to characterize such recollections. This kind of searching becomes a challenge to one's remembering. At some point a feeling of loss sets in as the searching yields nothing but piles and piles of distractions, leading down other lanes, long ago abandoned. Through persistence, one succeeds, to feel some sense of relief, relief from castigations that argue for discipline, making order out of chaos; only to lapse into the same old, same old.

The A&P heir HH had a thing about handwriting (Graphology). The author had wondered if his scrawl is what earned him a stay at the HH Foundation in Santa Monica. Long afterwards, he learned that HH and LWD were born on the same day (not the same year; '11 and '33; 22 apart; if that wouldn't do it, a graphologist would have missed his calling).

The author has not pondered hieroglyphics, but he has noted the various arrangements of the 26 characters as vested in communications received from the opposite sex (you know, different). Whatever the 26 have conveyed, their shapes have conveyed little enough. That is to say, there isn't any detectable difference between love and hate in character formation. A declaration of love was welcome. And in the absence of hate, it was easy to assume love. 'Why write?' one might inquire. Nowadays, its 'tweet, tweet'.

The author seems to harbor the conviction that the women he has known have had several compartments in their hearts. They were able to look upon the world of men as something of interest to themselves, perhaps as friends, mates (providers?), or lovers; or imaginary lovers. His own heart becomes a guide to this phenomenon of nature, that is, his inner labyrinth has space for many configurations of likes and dislikes, being most inclined to the likes, often encouraged by the other. The author recalls the Peanuts Greeting Card with Snoopy uttering **I LIKE YOU!...** With hindsight, he thought there was something there that went unnoticed. He remembered her as a lovely young energetic presence, with a very bouncy, wiggly walk (not Snoopy). Some would callously ask 'what was she like, on a scale of one to ten?'. Young feverishness and impetuosity have their own attractions, apart from numerology.

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It was what else had been revealed in the 26 characters (not omitting the actual communication itself. coming from some distant city). The poetry of the revelations contained in the scrawl could not have been better stated if they had been written in some archaic font full of embellishments and structural consistencies. However, the latter would have lacked the individuality, the hesitancy, the shyness, and/or the boldness of the person so scribing. The author tries to relate the scribble with the bouncy wiggle, finding each of them almost whimsical. Yes! Of course he still imagines embracing, with eager arms, the frame that supported that beautiful young wiggly body. Yes! a moment in time.

There have been other moments. A finding of the poem (written on lined lab paper) on his desk when the author came to work, placed there at 1:00 A.M. (said so) with the author's name on the outside (in ink) and poem (folded inside), hand written (in pencil), that ended in; 'I am the master of my Fate, I am the Captain of my Soul.' More 'big stuff' from a young woman opening a compartment. To whom she gave an honorable mention in her oral thesis. The penmanship was mostly even, not whimsical, most letters formed individually, consistently, in a lower case script, observing the formal arrangement of the words into their rhyming lines and stanzas. Yes!, he recognized the style of the penwomanship from more formal notes affined to his duties. They had been on hikes together; he had peripherally visited her quarters, seen the lay of the land, and had smoked a joint in those environs. A full-bodied woman in student's garb, eager for something beyond her formal studies. None of this was evident in the configurations of graphological permutations.

The compartment theme seemed to find its way to a young married grad. student who offered a 'Love Always' in a departing note, along with a specific notation during her oral thesis., thanking him for 'trying to make me see the "Big Picture"'. Another script, of her own making, consistent within itself, executed with a very fluid felt-tipped stylus. The author was twice her age. She received her PhD after he had left the University forever. But he relented, to attend her thesis presentation, and for her ensuing party, where he opened his compartment to give her what he labelled the Last Supper, a collection of 'junk foods' she had confessed to consuming while a graduate student. Her response to the gift, a spasm of laughter, full of the recognitions appropriate to the occasion.



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At the time, these personages, and yet others. were occupying the landscape, he was linked to another, with a gradual diminishment of her compartment, while yet another ‘until death do us part’ was filling another compartment with torment and desire, irreversibly, in another whole burgeoning building, set aflame by forces that graphologists could never anticipate or ever decipher. Yes!, messages passed between them, her hand, practiced and even, full of declarations; his own a desperate glyphic barely able to contain a coherent expression of the inner urgencies. From her steady hand *“Do you want to give this a poet’s romantic ending of sweet parting of lovers? That would give relief – be noble – you would have the memory and your ego would feel good because I do love you and I gave myself to you.”....“I feel ambivalent as you know. There is a strong sense of duty, obligation, promises on the one hand, and a strong desire and love on the other.”* She cast aside the oath only to utter it once again to the author.



Overlapping compartments. Different words, different worlds, the sentiments, somewhat similar, in typewritten words that passed between his father’s oblique compartment, and the occupant of that compartment, yet another sweet young married thing (twice younger than he), whose ambivalence burned in her thighs. Ill-gotten compartmentalization characterizes this ‘union’. A Phallus ready, faint Heart, fizzle. The author pauses to consider this affair because his mother was impacted by a string of (compartments). Dad was predatory, a conquistador, of susceptible subjects. Eventually, mother, distraught by denials, promises, and betrayals, removed herself from the compartment that was hers to empty.

Before all the fore mentioned, involvement with a married mother of two while still an innocent babe proved a challenge for the author, in terms of human decency. The heat was intense, brought about by a seeming mutual interest. The author interested because proximity favored the interest, with or without a compartment. The mother interested because her own life lacked something essential. When the big day arrived wherein passions were expected to be released (unleashed) a great fizzle in the annals of Pentuphouse developed and prevailed. The author was a novice of the first rank, who, succumbing to the suggestion they tryst whilst the husband was occupied and the grandparents had

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ushered the springoffs to a matinee, yielded to anticipations not revealed or spelled out in any agreement or any supposed protocol. Instead of passion to meet his passion, a creature who may as well have been cast in stone as to set upon a bed suggesting that one might want a feel. To feel or not to feel was eclipsed by urgencies that led to the lower regions where the word 'Erosion' (*cervical ectroplan*) rose as thwart to consummation. Probably better for all around; a hasty retreat was sought in any case; the author was not confident of her assurances; hence his earliest departure was pursued as relief; though a lot less erotic, perhaps more satisfying, than a sanguinary consummation.

Dwelling upon this last did little to assure for a compartment. She was out of her depth; while the novice was drowning. Hindsight indicated that 'erosion' is real, and to be avoided, and to avoid certain activities while so affected. It's the humane thing to do. Also, any discussion was avoided by the author. The empty space was filled by her letters, script left to fend for itself. It is unlikely that big bold billboard letters would have produced any different result.

It is likely the girl with the wiggle wins the prize for suggestive detail with her somewhat whimsical, uphill, irregular slant, and hieroglyphic originality when she writes: "*What to thank you for first? ..... With a friend such as you have been to me, the list knows no definite beginning; seems to have no end..... I was sad to have missed saying Goodbye to you – to let you know how much all the things you have said and done meant to me.....I am already looking forward to seeing you again ,,Write if you would like. ...YOU'RE A LIKEABLE TYPE OF PEOPLE !!!*"

That is to say, she is still in a compartment. Perhaps sealed over, like an embryo in a hive, with no wiggle room. Stillborn.

There are other compartments with other tales to be told, revealing short-lived glamour; others more sordid in character; all defining some kind of animal that roams the planet. On the plus side there are those compartments that will forever remain empty.

The consequent in this writing echoes the coda:

Love always

♪♪♪♪. If one writes the four-letter word sparingly, as though held in reserve, does not mean that others observe such practice. The author seldom scrawls the word, and not often enough, utters it as reassurance to someone who utters it frequently. Is her compartment overflowing; is his meager in size, shape, and in content?

Narrated in Bookman Old Style 12 point. With Peanuts in Hobo Std 12Ppoint.