

Cf

I remember what my mom would tell me when I'd move to a new school. Six years old, shy, and definitely worried. "You'll make friends soon enough", She would reassure me, "Just give it some time". And so I would give it time, and sure enough, I would become friends with a kid whose mother's words were more or less the same as mine. Any criticism I might have for my life, my mom's words of advice never changed: "Give it some time".

Time... Yes, time fixes almost anything. Not time itself – time is only a background ruler to calculate life. In seconds, hours or months, it all boils down to letting a few units of time elapse.

Having relived the euphoria of the Hippies in 9th grade, that same summer came disillusionment. During spring, I had discovered the Who's teenage wasteland, Cocker's little help from his friends, Joplin's summertime and a certain cheer of Country Joe McDonald. But then in summer, all I could see was the high water mark where the wave finally broke and rolled back and notice reality. When 10th grade came, I was a disgruntled boy, loving the 60s' music but knowing full well that time had... a-changed – That the 60's had been a pretty bleak era.

I'd become frustrated when some naïve girl exclaimed she'd love to live in the 60's. I would debate that the 60's wasn't just Woodstock. It was also shit. But flowers in ones hair, huge sunglasses, casual sex and psychedelic trips was all these hopeless teens saw of the 60's.

I knew that that time wasn't the place for me. And I also knew that... well that the 21st century wasn't for me either. "Give it time", my mom would have offered as advice. But how can I give time to time? Especially when I wanted some removed. It was all very confusing. Something was fundamentally wrong. No matter what angle I'd take to try to solve the problem, giving time to time remained irresolvable.

Well I gave it a few years, and sure enough, time wasn't fixing time. Time mends many things, but it has the irrefutable tendency of tearing apart others. I came to the impractical conclusion that my life would be better in cinematic time. This conclusion was not drawn overnight. An accumulation of Wilders, Allens and musicals blinded me and built me a dreamt-

up reality. Flashbacking me to being a young kid who just saw *Last Action Hero*, *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, with a Mia Farrow jumping in and out of the screen and finally deciding that her reality was the one to stay in, left me in a state of deep introspective melancholy. Unlike her, I would have entered the art deco world of Fred & Ginger, or the slapstick and surrealist Marx Brother world, or the snappy-response of a just-whistle-and-blow comment environment. But then, didn't Farrow's character decide to stay in her 1930s environment? Her dilemma wasn't "art deco or 2006".

Being a temporally displaced person isn't easy to handle. Sure, I can sing *by myself* by myself, walking Fred Astaire's syncopated walk. I can tap-dance a step or two while waking up with a *good morning*. But only alone can I do so. Only alone can I create the magical cinematic world around me. Not when hell, the other, is around. When will life surpass fiction? When will life surpass art? I've heard of it so often, yet never felt it personally. Will that be proof of [eyes look up]? When finally what happens *here*, to *me*, couldn't possibly happen in a film? No. It's when what happens *here* will finally be a bit *like* a film. That is the sole requirement.

If Woody was able to tell Diane what Boggy told Ingrid, why can't I tell [enter your name here] what Gene told Debby in the proper setting?

Because I am here – not in this screen where pixels are dashing about. Welcome to a world I know so little about! Lived so little, tasted so little, touched so little, felt so little, experienced so little and afraid of so much. You pixilated screen, you celluloid film and wavelengths, *I've been onto you from the start*. I watched you well, and trust me – I know you well. I saw through your symbolic close-ups, through the vertical pans, through the expressionist shadows, through your wailing violins. Things aren't the same here.

I must forego cinema's atemporal asylum. But I need to be out of time, out of *this* time, out the foul year of our lord, two thousand and six. What other gospel to follow, to believe in, to contemplate, to love? What force can touch my soul without hurting my body? Whose command shall I respect?

When the music's over, turn off the light. Wiser words have rarely been spoken. Will music protect me? I wonder if this wall of sound around me is the right solution. Will it obscure my view? Will it force me to sing goodbye to the blue sky and wait for the worms to come? It seems to be the case. This pathological love – obsession, is driving me... alone.

Have I finally found a potential scapegoat? For too long I've agreed on the "it's just the way it is and things are going to change" theory. But 1/4th of a century's existence is hard to explain with such a theory. But I love my scapegoat too much to rebuke it. I have so much feeling for it that I can't criticize it, negate it, nor dismiss it.

So will I only see her in my dreams? The lonely days are long. The twilight sings the song of an imagined happiness that used to be. Soon my eyes will close, soon I'll find repose. And in this recurring dream, you're always near to me. I'll see you in my dreams. Those lips... that I pretend were once mine, and those tender eyes that shine... They'll light my lonely way tonight. I guess I'll see you in my dreams...