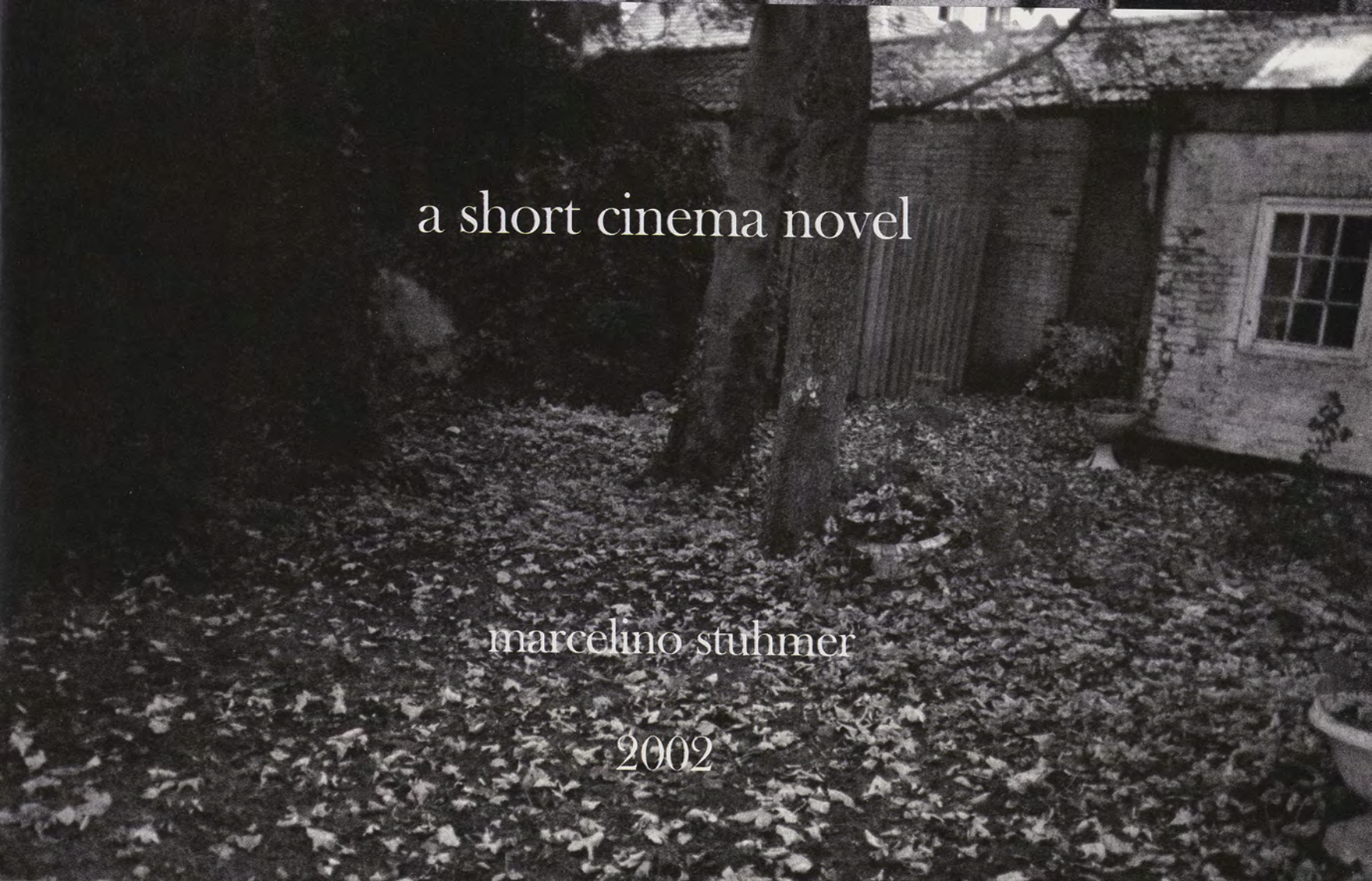




marcelino stuhmer

i'll be seeing you



a short cinema novel

marcelino stuhmer

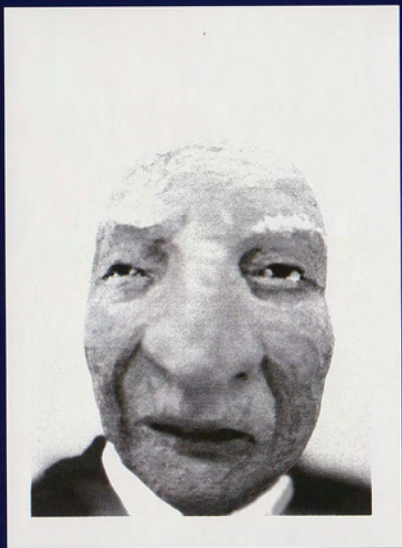
2002



marcelino stuhmer



i'll be seeing you



Mr. Papa b Jan. 5

Ukaphot

Gen



E53

E53

N3

N3

M26

M26













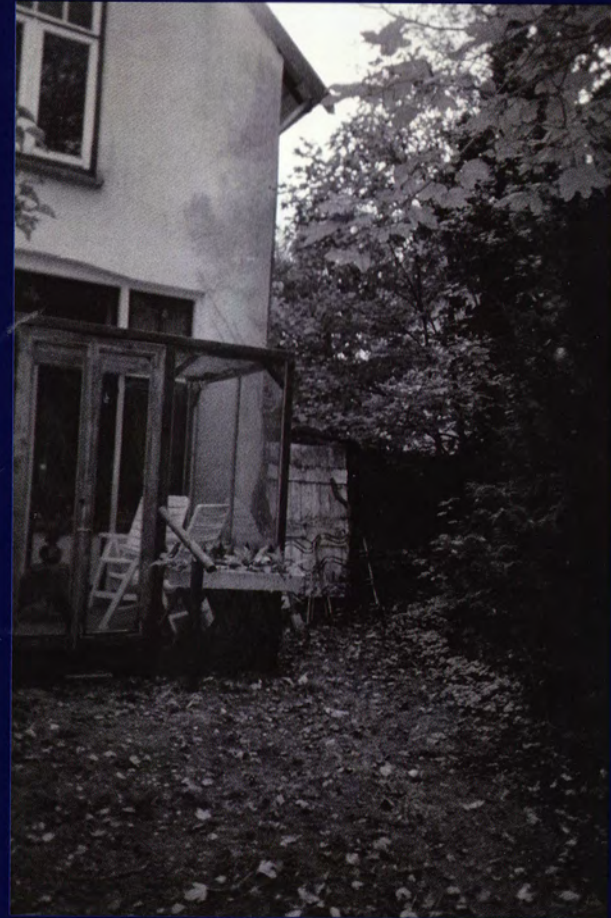


















E82

E82

N22

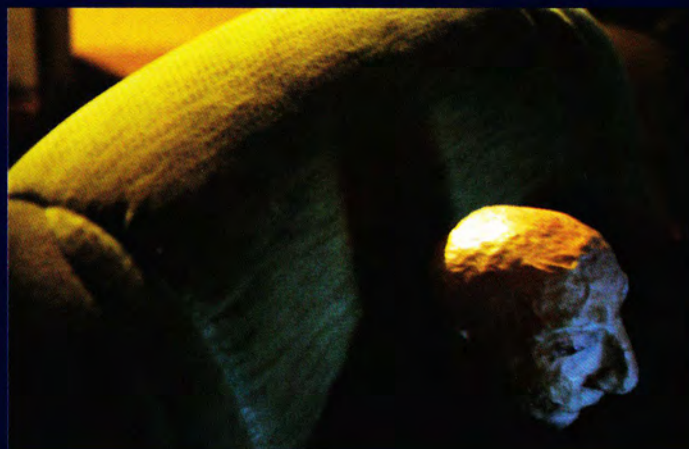
N22

M5

M5













AFRO-ASIAN FOREHEADS

Kit No.	Descriptions
M323	
M324	
M325	
M326	

MOUTHS (M)

VERY FULL AND FULL LIPS; ON MOUTHS WIDE TO AVERAGE WIDTH

- M301** Very full lips on wide mouth with closure line slightly downcurved centrally.
- M302** Very full lips, wide mouth, slightly open centrally.
- M303** Very full lips, wide mouth with dip in closure line centrally.
- M304** Very full lips, wide mouth with slight dip in closure line centrally.
- M305** Very full lips, wide mouth with upper lip fuller than lower and corners slightly downcurved.
- M306** Very full lips, wide mouth with upper lip much fuller than lower and closure line almost straight.
- M307** Very full upper lip, slightly thinner lower lip; irregular closure line.
- M308** Full lips on wide mouth with slight sharp dip centrally and thinning towards corners.
- M309** Full lips on wide mouth with upper lip of slightly irregular shape.
- M310** Full lips on average width mouth with corners thinning sharply.
- M311** Full lips on average width mouth with slightly upturned corners.
- M312** Full lips on average width mouth with un-

FULL AND MEDIUM-FULL LIPS ON MOUTHS WIDE TO NARROW WITH CLOSURE-LINE DOWN-CURVED CENTRALLY

- M327** Full lips on very wide mouth with corners upturned.
- M328** Very full upper lip on slightly wider than average mouth.
- M329** Full lips on average width mouth.
- M330** Very full lips centrally on average width mouth.
- M331** Very full lips on average width mouth.
- M332** Full lips on average width mouth.
- M333** Very full upper lip on mouth slightly under average width.
- M334** Full lips on mouth slightly under average width.
- M335** Full lips on mouth slightly under average width.
- M336**

M337

M338

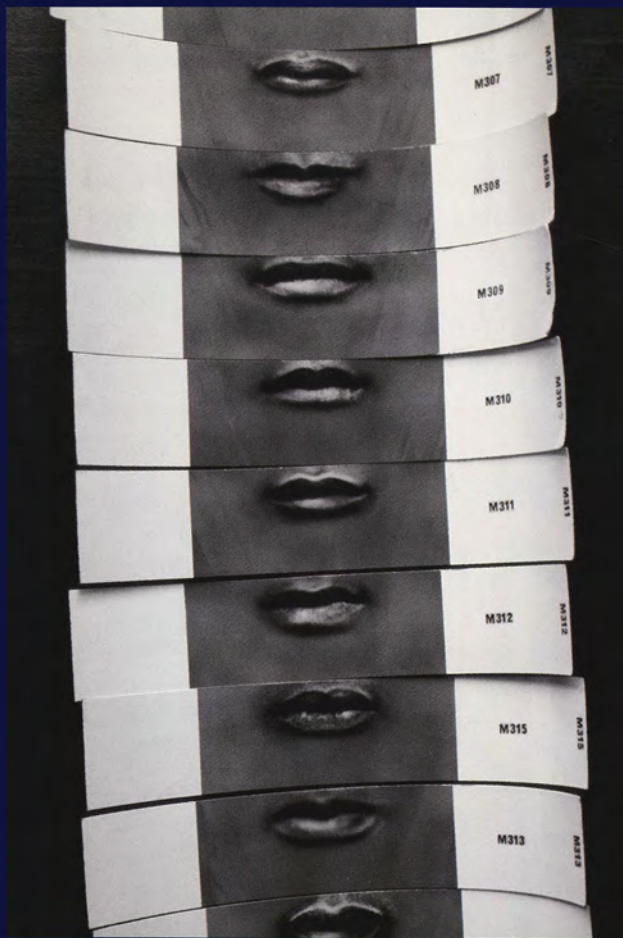
M339

ON MOUTHS SLIGHTLY OPEN

average width mouth very slightly
mouth with corners
with mouth.

No.	Descriptions
M372	
M373	
M374	
MOUTHS (M)	
VERY FULL AND FULL LIPS; ON MOUTHS WIDE TO AVERAGE WIDTH	
M301	Very full lips on wide mouth with closure line slightly downcurved centrally.
M302	Very full lips, wide mouth, slightly o centrally.
M303	Very full lips, wide mouth with dip in cl line centrally.
M304	Very full lips, wide mouth with slight closure line centrally.
	full lips, wide mouth with upper corners slightly dow









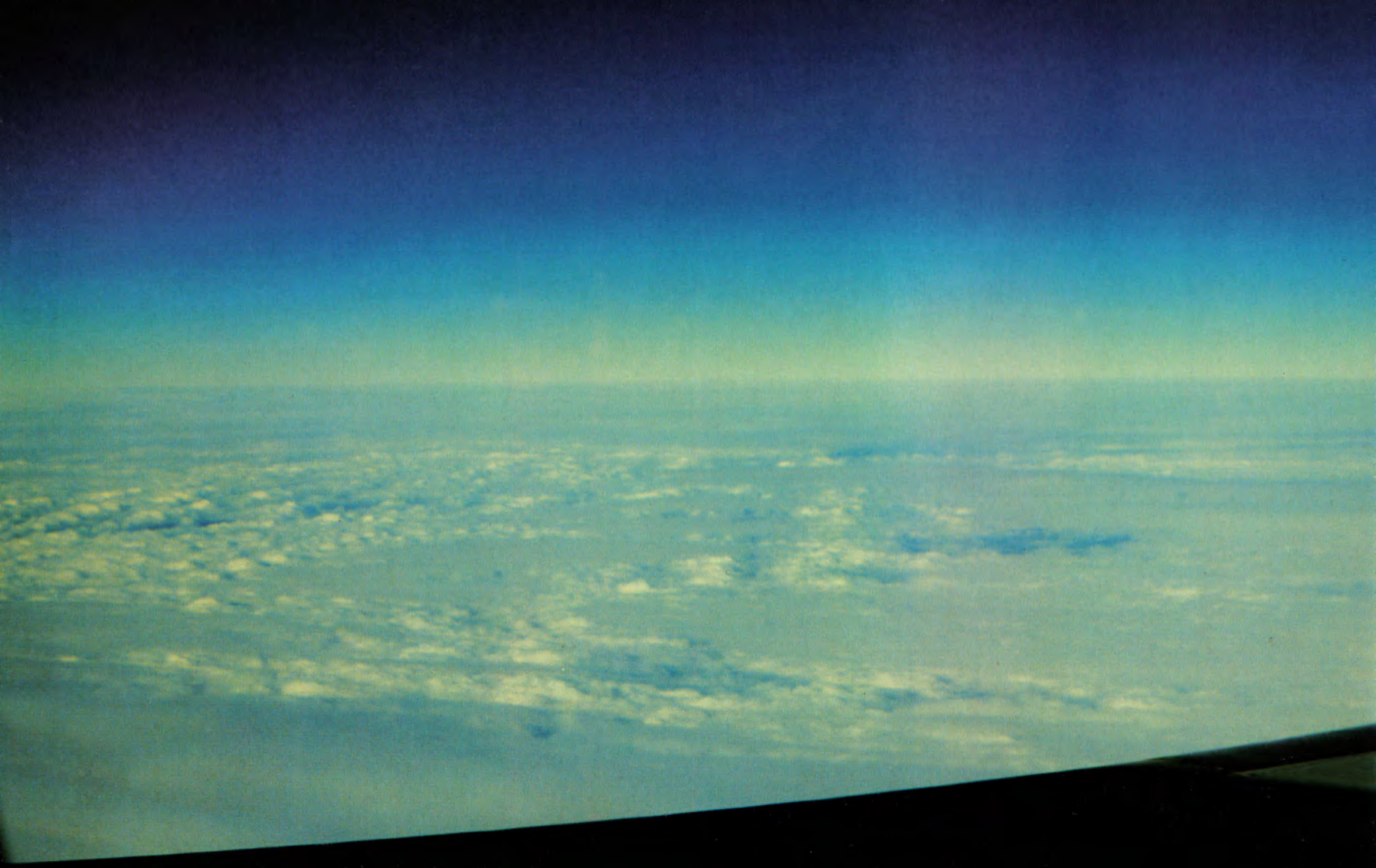


mouth n 1: the opening through which food is taken in and vocalizations emerge; “he stuffed his mouth with candy” [syn: oral cavity] 2: the externally visible part of the oral cavity on the face; “she wiped lipstick from her mouth” 3: the point where a stream issues into a larger body of water; “New York is at the mouth of the Hudson” 4: an opening that resembles a mouth (as of a cave or a gorge); “he rode into the mouth of the canyon”; “they built a fire at the mouth of the cave” 5: a person conceived as a consumer of food; “he has four mouths to feed” 6: (informal) a spokesperson (as a lawyer) [syn: mouthpiece] 7: an impudent or insolent rejoinder; “don’t give me any of your sass” [syn: sass, sassing, backtalk, lip] 8: the opening of a jar or bottle; “the jar had a wide mouth” v 1: express in speech; “She talks a lot of nonsense” [syn: talk, speak, utter, verbalize] 2: articulate silently; form words with the lips only; “She mouthed a swear word” 3: touch with the mouth

(Source: Webster’s Revised Unabridged Dictionary, 1996, 1998 MICRA, Inc.)

Mouths

Fourteen memories from a fifty-eight year-old
Dutch-born American Woman, April 2001



“It felt like I had been commuting back and forth between Holland and the United States for a full exhausting year, yet ironically this journey was even more draining when the physical travel ceased and it became purely mental.”

One

The jetlag was vicious and I was so disoriented. All day I felt like sleeping, like the stunted energy of a car, trying to start up when its lights had been left on for hours. But it was only 4 p.m. and I was really in a loop; I couldn't get that song “I'll be seeing you” out of my head. The song had been playing earlier on the airline's central music program, called Remembering the Classics. It featured the same song sung by 10 different artists, Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday, Frank Sinatra, Sarah Vaughn and others. I lay on the couch in front of the television half-asleep, but knowing that if I went to bed now I would wake up in the middle of the night and feel miserable the next day. Before I knew what happened, I woke up, my head had lightened and I felt rested. I looked at the clock, the red digital numbers indicated that it was 3:30 in the morning. The television was on. A smiling middle-aged woman in a small white room held up a soiled T-shirt with a large reddish-brown food stain. She tossed it confidently into the washing machine and seconds later, pulled out a brilliant and pure white T-shirt; she was beaming as if nothing could make her happier.

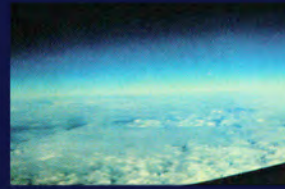
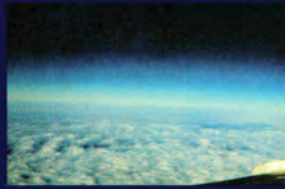
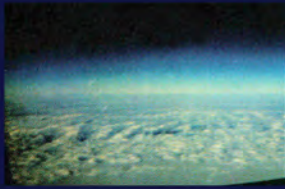
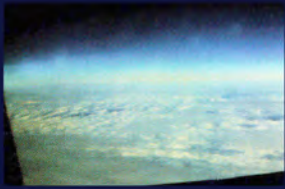
Two

In my parents' final year, time for them had accelerated, every week was like seven weeks and every month passed like seven months.

It became quite difficult to find qualified nurses willing to come to the home more than 3 times per week, in addition to this Mama became increasingly belligerent with the hired medical help, forgetting who they were as soon as they walked out of the room. So in February of 1999 I came to Holland to help my sister take care of my parents. Between the professional nurse's visits, my sister and I took on the brunt of these duties, but we were well aware that our inexperience and exhaustion could easily result in something tragic.

Three

When I walked up the stairs I remembered how cold the house had been growing up. The bedrooms weren't heated, and staying in bed under the tremendous weight of three or four hand-crocheted blankets was the only luxury I can recall. In the early mornings my nostrils would feel the sharp sensation of breathing in frozen air. I had once found some cigarettes in my older brother's pocket and pretended to smoke them. I watched my reflection in the window, shaping my small mouth into a circle to blow smoke-rings. The glass was just clear enough that I could still look out onto our garden; the yard was unkempt, and the rosebushes had not been pruned for winter. After I pulled the cigarette from my mouth, vaporized air puffed out like miniature clouds and the garden-view disappeared as the fogging glass came into focus.



50 years ago this house seemed much bigger; my sense of time was also more exaggerated. Even if I weren't tired I would have to be in bed promptly at 8:00 every night, and those nights often felt like an eternity. I remember one night, after Mama had put me to bed, there was the typical sliver of light coming in, she always left the door slightly open because I was afraid of the dark. I lay silently listening to every sound down the hallway.

I could hear that the radio was on, my father loved to listen to the radio detective show on Sunday nights. If it was very silent in the house I could hear the program clearly from my bedroom. This particular night I heard the entire show and was very satisfied because it was particularly intense, and for the first time I noticed the warm, soft toned voice of the male detective - it was calm and attractive with an Amsterdam accent. I liked his character very much, so much in fact, that I wished my father had become a police detective too.

After the program ended I was still awake, barely keeping my eyes open. I began to hear strange noises from down the hall and suddenly felt that I was wide-awake. There was screaming, a persistent moaning and then silence but I was afraid to leave my room. In the morning I crept out slowly, expecting the worst. I searched around for evidence of the altercation, missing lamps, shards of glass under the couch, but there was nothing out of place. I came into the kitchen, and could feel her eyes watching me. Did she

know what I had heard? I was too scared to ask. Mama looked a bit disheveled but there were no marks or scratches on her skin. Maybe the way she had painted on her make-up had covered up some bruises. Did she normally wear make-up? Somehow I couldn't remember. Her lips were colored a dark maroon; she held her mouth open as her lips quivered slightly. She held out her right hand and placed it on my forehead - I loved when she did that - and announced that I was staying home from school. "You have a fever, you're going to stay home and rest. Did you not sleep well again sweetheart?"

Five

Of course there are the realities that Mama's memory failure brought. The absurd associations and illogical responses always seemed somehow to remain concretely centered between understanding and awe. I remember Mama's last days in her own house, my 89 year-old mother was reduced to being a little girl. She smiled and grimaced, watching with anxious interest the nature program on television. She had this genuine look of a surprised child as she leaned close to the blaring screen. When the narrator said that the small rodent was able to store two days worth of food in its mouth, she smiled and muttered to me, "That's handy." Then all of a sudden, a large boa constrictor sprung on the helpless mouse, and systematically began to engulf it in its mouth and swallow it. Mama was horrified. She shrieked and looked away, "Ooh" she cried. Her mouth had somehow turned a bit inward, and her upper lip began shaking. I quickly turned off the television.

Six

Papa too found great interest in television, you know by this time Mama's hearing was nearly gone, so they didn't talk anymore. Together they would watch anything that happened to be on; each segment would seemingly qualify some mystery, some narrative that even if only momentarily retained gave them a certain resolve to keep "learning."

It was only after Mama was taken away that Papa's obsession with television began to take on an unhealthy phase. I had the guilty pleasure in hearing his explanations regarding what he would watch. He would often confuse what he saw with his own past experience. Papa, who never cooked anything in his life except potatoes and roast, took fifteen minutes to explain to me how to cook a good lasagna for 8 people, how the noodles between the layers of meat and cheese had to be cooked just right. It was important to add enough garlic, 8 to 10 cloves for a dish this big. "And the crust, should be crisp, use dried breadcrumbs, that's my secret."

For a two-week period the television was left on almost all day, while he sat across from it. Sometimes he would watch intensely, with his lips pursed and expressionless, other times having fallen fast asleep, his mouth would hang open, like the front door he would incessantly forget to close. From the kitchen, I would hear faded sounds from the television and could imagine Papa slowly sinking into his chair. These varied images had become his world, his reality and even when he was sleeping, these sounds and stories still penetrated his subconscious.





This was not the strict accountant, and religious man I once knew, who praised God, logic and organization. The rings around his cloudy eyes had grown deeper, his teeth were rotting daily with his refusal to visit the dentist. Remnants of his breath would stagnate in the air around the house. Papa now began to hear the war outside, gunshots, bombers, Germans creeping around the house. It relieved him when I said that I could hear it too; so we sat for hours listening to the war. In reality, my father was rather secretive about his experience during the war, claiming to have been in hiding for 4 years in Amsterdam, to avoid German labor conscription. Beyond that I knew nothing.

Eight

We watched a late-night film, which happened to be on BBC. It was about a British fashion photographer who had leisurely shot some photographs of a strange couple in a park, when the woman noticed, she came running and demanded the film. He refused and later when he printed the images in his darkroom, he was convinced that he had captured some mysterious criminal act.

Papa and I both fell asleep in front of the television, so we missed the ending. In the morning Papa was crying. It was unclear whether this emotion had been sparked from his war memories or if it had merely been retained from images from the film the night before. His lips trembled, as he seemed convinced that he was recalling a personal experience. He described the graphic details of a man choking, a strangulation. In an attempt to divert his remorse into fiction, I told him it was a movie on television, it wasn't a memory of his own life but a memory of a film we had watched together the night before. This news

came as a complete mystery to him. It seemed to develop in his imagination, as a complex metaphor of guilt recalling the layers of Christian symbolism and prophecy he used to read to us every night. I could see that he was trying to uncover what that meant, “a memory of a movie we had watched together the night before.” There certainly was an apocalyptic look in his eye, as I tried to calm him down. It was only the next day that I could look at Papa in the eyes. There was no indication that he understood what he was saying. If he had done or seen something criminal, he wouldn’t remember it. I couldn’t even have a conversation with him, because he would ask me the same question ten times. You can only feel remorse for something, if you can actually remember the corresponding experience. Don’t you think?

Regardless of the source of this memory, it was exhausting to both he and I. He refused to eat; like a child who didn’t want to eat his vegetables, he simply closed his mouth tightly whenever I tried to feed him. He now only slept during the days with the television on, which meant I had to stay up with him every night.

Nine

As I approached my old tiny room I remembered that between my bedroom and my sister’s there used to hang a small, framed drawing of a seascape that Papa had made. It was the only framed piece of art-work in the house. The drawing was behind glass and so the glare from the bare light bulb overhead made it difficult to see. As a child, I would occasionally take it off the wall - when my parents were gone - for closer inspection. It was a lightly rendered pencil drawing and I remember that one of the clouds seemed too large and oblong, simply too strange to be a real cloud. It hovered over the nearly still water like an organic UFO. Otherwise the drawing was quite convincing and I would imagine Papa drawing it very carefully and patiently. All the small marks that represented waves must have taken him forever I thought.



Ten

After months of planning and strategizing, my siblings and I had decided to move Mama to a rest home in May. We would have taken Papa there too, as quickly as a room would have become available for him, but before they could be re-united Mama died there in June. So in August of '99, I took Papa to my home in Salt Lake City where I could care for him and also be with my own family.

Eleven

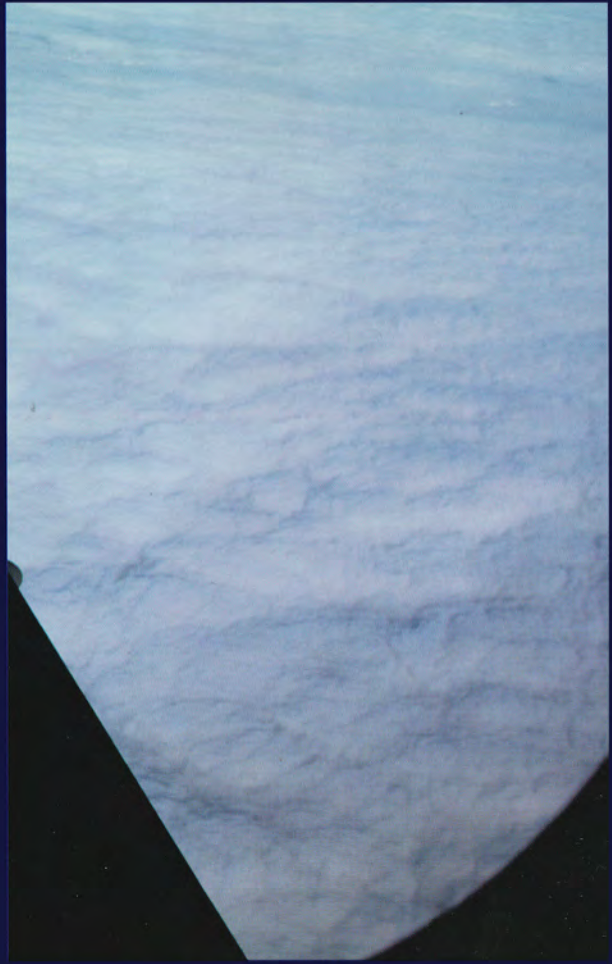
Now those waves from the drawing were real, millions of little marks bright and moving. I was flying back to America with Papa. I had a window seat and he sat next to me by the aisle. It was a large airplane, but Papa seemed oblivious to the hundreds of other passengers. I looked outside and could see only darkness, but my anxiety at bringing my 91 year-old father back to America was making me keenly aware of the journey. We made a stop earlier in London, and changed airplanes; Papa was confused and nervous as I pushed him through Heathrow airport to our connecting flight. Without being able to see me behind his wheelchair, he may have thought he was floating into the waiting station to go to heaven. He had come close to death a couple months before. All my siblings were called in; he had contracted influenza, which at this point could have easily turned into pneumonia. The doctor gave him two days to live, we all stood around and when we thought he was dead, he suddenly sat up, with his lips pursed and taut, and ordered everyone out of his room. I thought about this and laughed. I noticed the shape of the airplane window; it is a synthetic mouth with dark beige lips through which the landscape is changing. As we approached the airport, the lake reflected the warm morning sun, which every so often pierced my

retina with a stinging flash. I could see one area of the water was a dark emerald green; I imagined it was extremely deep there. Shadows of the clouds and the aircraft drifted on the water's surface, and waves from the wind and maybe even from our plane rippled across to Antelope Island. The clouds were large and strange and reminded me of Papa's seascape drawing. I now remember a small boat he rendered, alone on the water, reflecting perfectly, except for all those little marks penetrating its mirror image.

Twelve

7 weeks later, it was early Sunday morning, and I decided to go to church with my husband and to leave Papa with the nurse, who would be there for a few hours. I was feeling guilty and anxious about leaving but I had already arranged his breakfast and lunch, and would be back in time for a late afternoon supper. During the church service I made eye contact with a lot of friends whom I hadn't seen for months because of the situation with my parents. I was looking forward to socializing with them afterward, but I couldn't stop worrying about leaving my father alone with the nurse.

After the service I called home on my cell phone and the nurse answered, "I can't talk now!" and she hung up on me immediately. My face was wetting with perspiration as I redialed my home phone number. The phone rang ten times with no answer. I was panicking, I grabbed my husband and said we have to go now.



He was in the middle of a conversation, but looked at me concerned and asked, “What happened?”

“I don’t know,” I said “but something isn’t right!”

In the car I tried the number again, this time after 7 or 8 rings it picked up,

“He’s fallen down the stairs, when I helped him over to the table, he could not hold himself up. I sat him down in the chair, and he seemed all right. So I served him his breakfast, but now he’s stopped breathing...”

“What?! Did you do CPR? Call an ambulance!!” I screamed into the phone.

“I called the ambulance, but it’s too late...,” she replied.

When we got home the paramedics were there, they were already filling out papers, confirming his death. Papa officially died of heart failure.

Somehow I had almost anticipated it. In late September I accompanied his body back to Holland for the funeral, and a week later returned home alone, exhausted.

Thirteen

When I came back to Holland in February 2000, my siblings and I emptied the house where we had grown up in Utrecht. It was a daunting task! All this negotiation for the inevitable; my parents had lived there for 70 years and both of them, within two months of leaving it, had died. Somehow, the familiarity and security that all the aged furniture and knickknacks in this house symbolized had for decades preserved them.

My older sister - despite her real job as a house cleaner, had for a while fancied being an artist - she decided to document the entire process of the house being emptied with a bunch of small disposable cameras. I didn't understand why, the look and smell of the place was unbearable. It was like a memory chest being dumped out, a family history told in the rubble of decaying walls and worn-out carpet. My parents' lives could have been reconstructed from the bits of life experience told through scars and rips in old furniture that the Salvation Army would have refused. I told her "Memories don't exist in this emptied house, they're preserved in your imagination," but this didn't slow her down and she continued photographing everything in sight.

Fourteen

The jetlag was vicious and I was so disoriented. All day I felt like sleeping, like the stunted energy of a car, trying to start up when its lights had been left on for hours. But it was only 4 p.m. and I was really in a loop; I couldn't get that song "I'll be seeing you" out of my head. The song had been playing earlier on

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colophon

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Marcelino Stuhmer

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This book is dedicated to my family.

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