

Chapter 21: Orson

Excerpt from Journal:

Cheers, Clarence.

As you remember, I've fallen in love with a girl. A woman, actually. No more mere "girls" for Orson. It's strange, this "love". Stranger every time I think I have it. I've been in love now, 5 times. Each time seems to be deeper and more meaningful than the previous. If I were a pessimistic fellow, I'd say those other 4 times I was wrong, and they weren't love. There is the possibility that this one (#5) is not real love either, and there's another level deeper and more meaningful and fulfilling waiting the hypothetical #6.

But you know me. I'm 95% pessimist, 5% optimist. It's that 5% that keeps me going day to day. Pursuing the dream. Looking for the right person to make it all clear and make sense.

I think I found her. I'm pretty sure. 97% sure. I'd say 98% or 99%, but I don't know her name. And I'm also not totally certain if she dyes her hair or not. Not that dyed hair is a deal-breaker on any level. I'd just like to know what I'm getting into, before I get into it, if that make sense. Probably not.

There was this French film that I recall, and as with all foreign films I only recall it vaguely and inaccurately. This man was in love with a woman. Everywhere he'd look he'd see her face on the people passing by. This was before CGI so the effects were crude, but effective. They just had the same actress wearing 100 different costumes (women, men, children, everything) and layered her in. I think she might have been a twin as well. The effect was arresting to me, and sticks in my mind as an example of helpless obsessive love. Infatuation, I suppose you'd say.

Although this was a very powerful tool, I never thought it to be an accurate representation of real life, or real love for that matter. Until I met her. I'm not lying or using hyperbole when I say that her face is

on the faces of everyone around me. I even have placed, in my mind, her image on inanimate objects. Buildings. Trees.

I'm concerned. If this is what love actually feels like, I'm not sure that I want it to rule my life the way it is. Or, if this isn't love, then what is it? A mental disorder? I don't have time or the discipline to be an obsessive stalker, but if this sensation doesn't stop, I feel that I'm going to have to.

Obviously, I haven't talked to her yet. I have been close enough to hear her speak, so I know her voice. Also, based on the topics she was discussing (Asian History, Modern Film Making, a snarky appreciation for 1970's comedies) we couldn't be a better match.

I should describe her. Just for recording purposes, although it's difficult to imagine that I would ever forget her description as it is currently on the faces of everyone and everything I pass.

She has dark hair (I wouldn't say "black" but dark... probably considered black in the right light, or a deep chestnut. AND, as I said, I don't know for certain that it is or isn't dyed.) It's cut short, just below the ears and angling up on either side towards the back. She used to have longer hair, I'm certain. She flips her head in the habitual manner of someone who's had longer hair and needed to move it without using their hands. Now she doesn't have nearly the same amount of hair, but continues the flipping. I suppose it's similar to phantom pains that limb amputees go through.

She has two different colored eyes. Green and brown. At first I wasn't sure, because I keep seeing her at an angle, and when I'd mentally note her eye color, then see the other side, I would assume that I had made some mistake (set myself up with a bad mnemonic memory device, or something.) But, then I finally saw her straight on (Made eye contact!) And sure enough. One green (a very bright and lively green) and one brown (dark and rich). I suppose she could be wearing a colored contact in one. Will there be no end to my assumed treachery of a woman whose name I don't even know yet?