

Topic: Television Shows

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If They Said It Was So

By Morri Namasté

Memories. A decidedly curious and complex phenomena. We're talking about short-term memory, long-term, remote, forgotten, buried, implanted, suggested and very likely made up. To make matters even more convoluted there is such a thing as memory fragments where bits and pieces of different experiences are arranged and organized into one. No problem as long as you understand that what you think you are remembering is probably distorted in some fashion. No different than the childhood game of telephone. Look it up if you don't get the reference.

And so it was with the Mickey Mouse Clubhouse. All of my family stories would suggest great joy and glee transforming abruptly into lingering trauma, of which I have no real memory, I think. Can't be too sure of anything. Wondering if I heard it or if I experienced it.

As a young lad of three or four, word had it that I would plop myself down in front of the television set in my most favorite rocking chair that only I could fit into, and waiting for the show to begin. Evidently I was quite forceful about this and was not to be denied. Adorned with those famous mouse ears that only truly devoted fans would dare to wear I would await the call to voice. It is said that there are pictures of this; my father was a photographer. Although I might, if ever called upon, have to dispute the veracity of said evidence.

I would sing loud and proud the anthem of my most favorite show along with my heroes. Come to think of it I could probably belt it out. But I digress. Then I was done. I was only interested in the opening number. That's what I have been told.

I'm fairly certain that there was a time when my parents, cousins and grandparents thought my singing was the cutest thing that they had ever seen and heard. But that was to change. Some family member, I suspect mom but it has never been confirmed, went out and bought me the record of the Mickey Mouse Theme Song. Thusly armed I played that son-of-a-bitch incessantly. Breakfast, lunch and dinner. Morning, noon and night. Rain, sunshine, hail, snow. It didn't matter. It had to be played and I had to sing it. It was Little Morri's song. Time stood still ... until.

My once adoring grandmother, Bubby to all, who was never seen without an apron adorning her get up, and who in later years would refer to me as a "Cossack" in response to my growing hair, engaged in what can only be called and must be called, an act of Domestic Terrorism. She took my record and destroyed it. Memory being what it is I have no

recollection of the events except for what I have been told. I cried for days, for weeks. Some might say that the immobilizing grief remains unresolved today and likely accounts for my peculiarities, of which there may be a couple or many, depending upon whom you ask.

“Who’s the leader of the club that’s made for you and me...”