

Tribute to Charles Schulz

I remember learning how to read with Charlie Brown comic strip books.

I forgot where I read the article, but the gist of the message was that we humans cherish things essentially because we can't stop or save time. You get one shot at the moment (the bloom of a rose, your parents at your wedding, the birth of your child, the last time you sat in grandpa's lap) and then it's gone forever. Schulz writes his comic strip for 300 million people for 50 years. He retires with his last strip saying 'goodbye', and then dies the day before it runs.

I wonder if we take comfort in our creations (songs, stories, paintings, companies, cultures) because they are in a way immortal, living on past their makers, beating time at its own game. Schulz' contract stipulated that no one may ever draw new Peanuts strips after his death. How ironic, or maybe how fitting, that his creations Linus, Snoopy, Charlie Brown et al turn out to be mortal too...

Geoff Brandt